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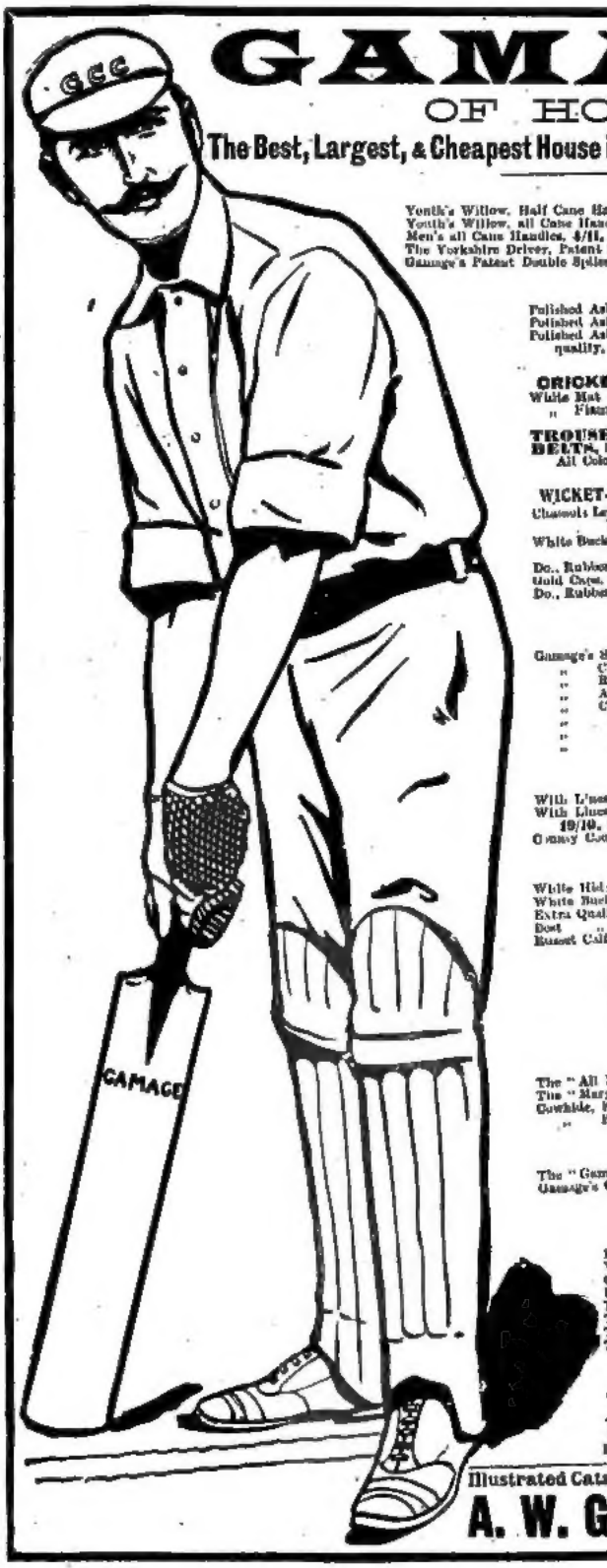

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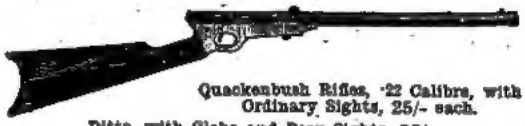

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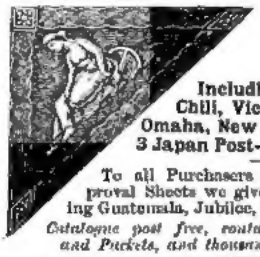

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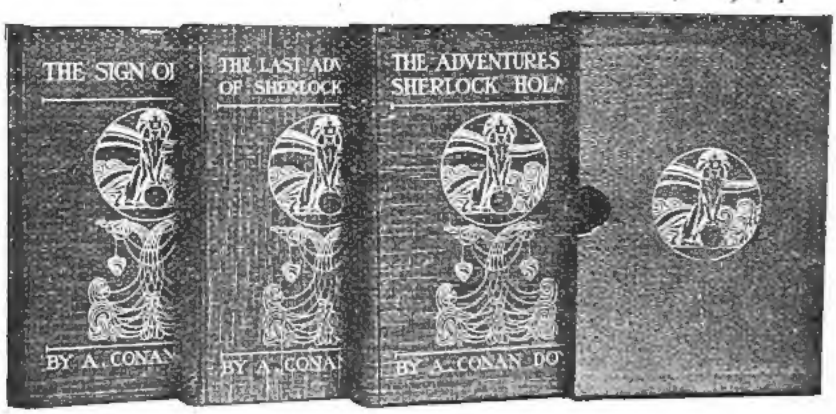

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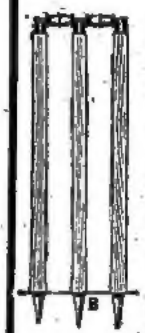

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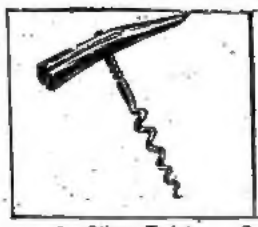
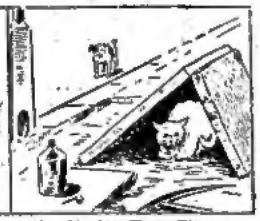


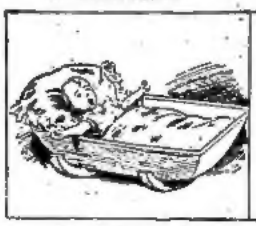
1.—Oliver Twist.

2.—Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.

3.—Kenilworth.



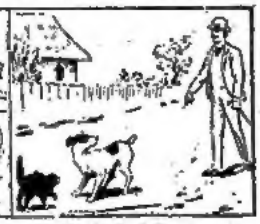
4.—Under Two Flags.



5.—Kidnapped.

6.—The Stickit Minister.

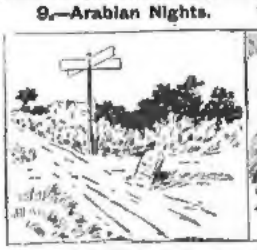
7.—Uncle Tom's Cabin.



8.—Called Back.

9.—Arabian Nights.

10.—Hereward the Wake.



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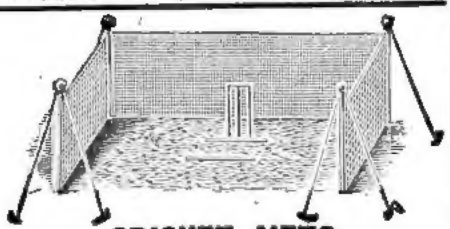

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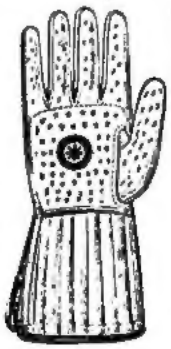

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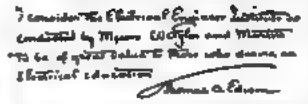

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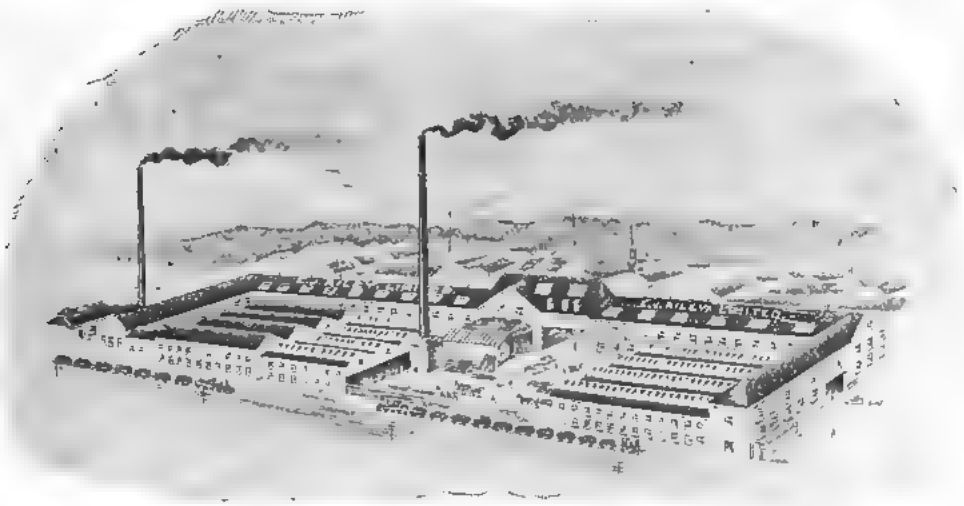

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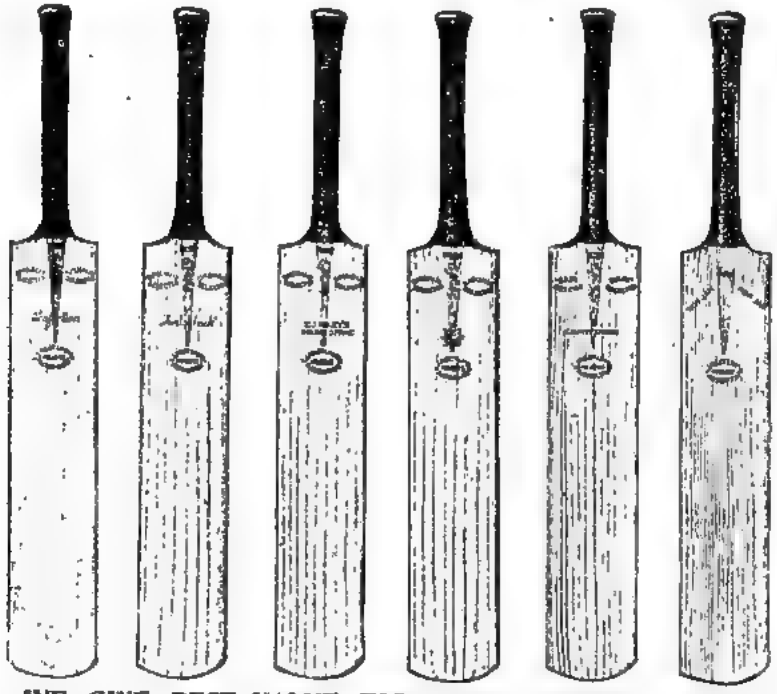

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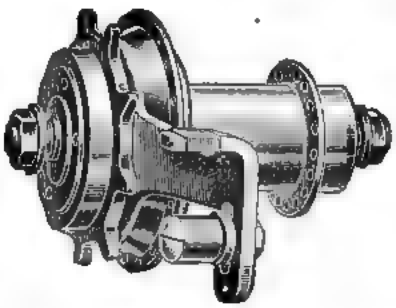

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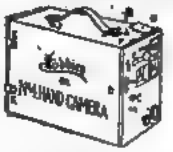

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Contents for May, 1902.

		PAGE
"LET HER DRIVE, SIR! LET HER DRIVE!"	*Frontispiece*	
TALES OF ELIZA'S. (II.—The Eleventh Place.) Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	Fred Swainson	99
SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS ... ... Hereford County College, St. Bees Grammar School, Stockport Grammar School, Bridlington Grammar School, Avavon School (Dublin), Redland Grove College (Bristol).		108
OUR SCHOOL ARMY ... ... Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.	A. E. Johnson	109
VACCINATION IN THE JUNGLE	Hall Thorpe	114
THE JALASCO BRIG. (Chaps. V.–VII.) Illustrated by George Hawley.	..Louis Becke	115
SOUTHAMPTON ROYAL PIER	"No. 6"	125
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (The Stamps of Great Britain.) With Illustrations.	E. J. Nankivell	126

(Further contents on next page.)

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Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
THE REVENGE OF OAKLEGS Illustrated by C. Grunwald.	Joseph C. Lincoln	130
WHEN THE BLUES REBELLED With Photographs of Christ's Hospital Scenes.	Rev. G. Hugh Jones	138
A DEAL IN CHINAMEN Illustrated by Warwick Goble.	Captain Charles Protheroe	141
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (Cricket Hints from Australia.) With Portraits of H. Trumble and M. A. Noble.	C. B. Fry	149
TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE. (V.—Sandy Hill.) Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	H. Burrows	155
WHEELS VERSUS WOLVES Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.	Arthur R. Power	157
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY		163
J. O. JONES. (Chaps. VI.–X.) Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.	R. S. Warren Bell	164
THE SOUTHAMPTON FOOTBALL TEAM		178
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED		179
THE CYCLING CORNER. (Common Sense and Cycling.) With Illustrations.	Haydon Perry	180
OUR LIBRARY CORNER		183
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		184
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		188
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		191
RESULTS OF MARCH COMPETITIONS		192

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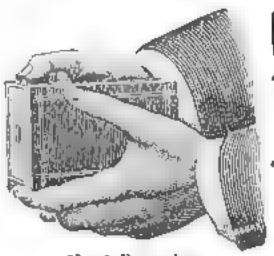

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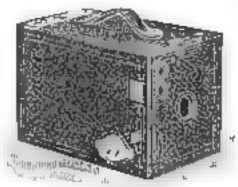

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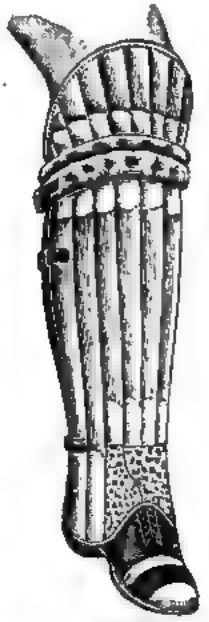

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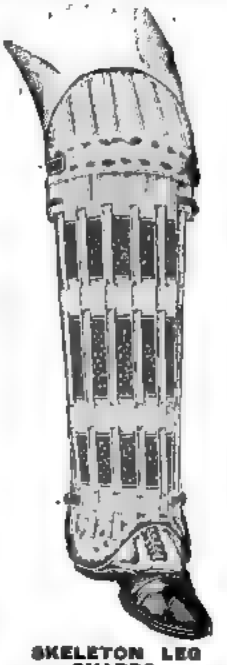

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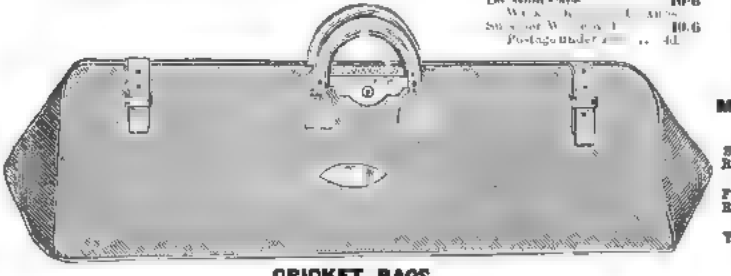

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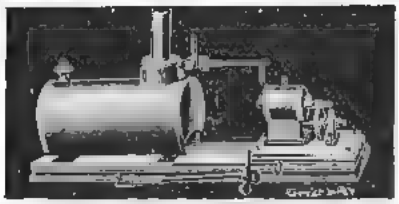

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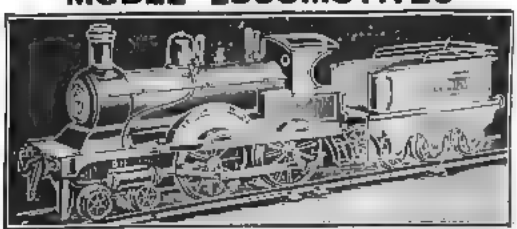

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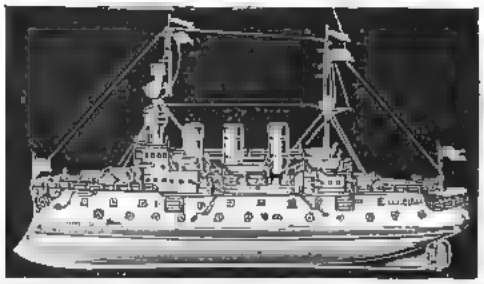

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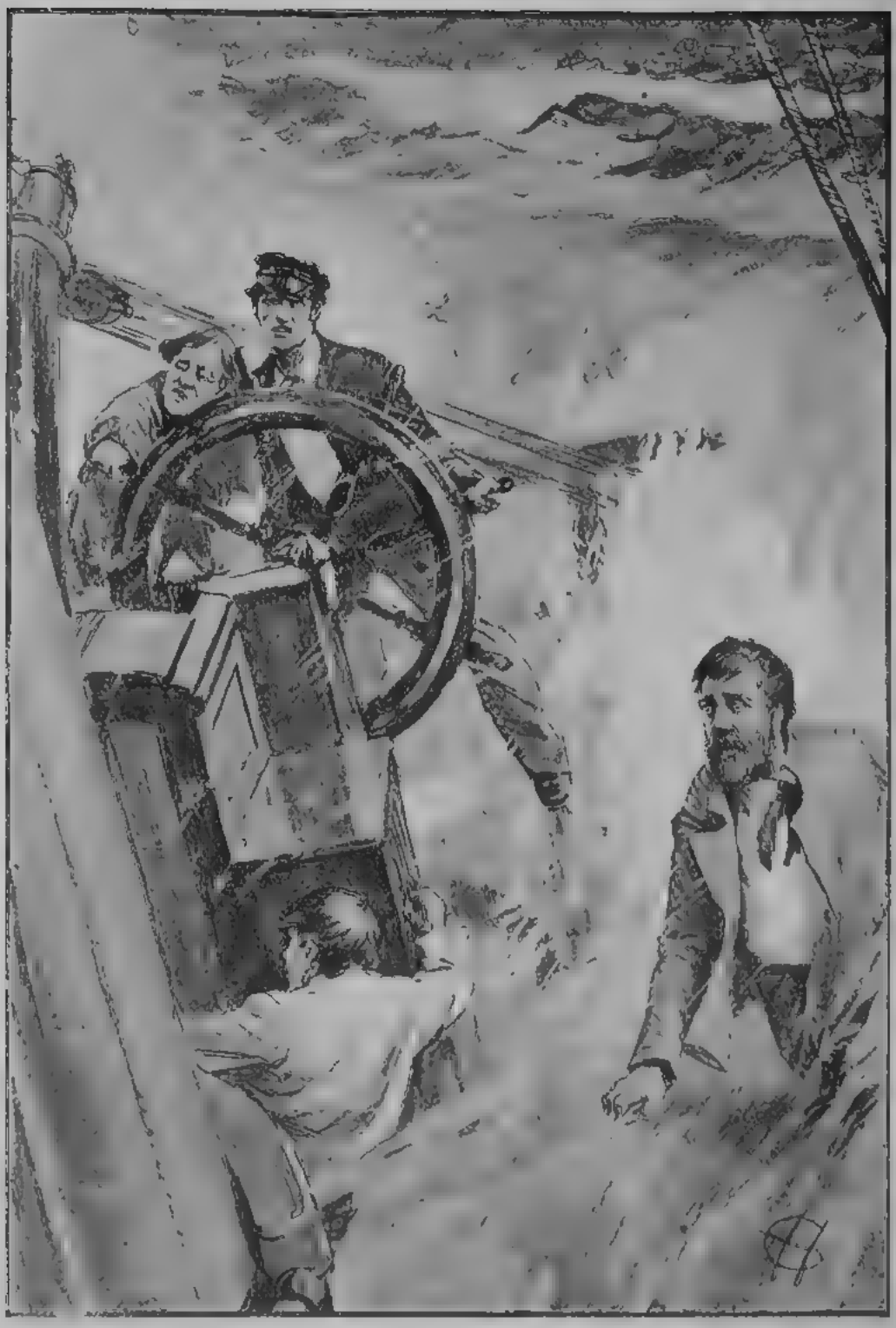
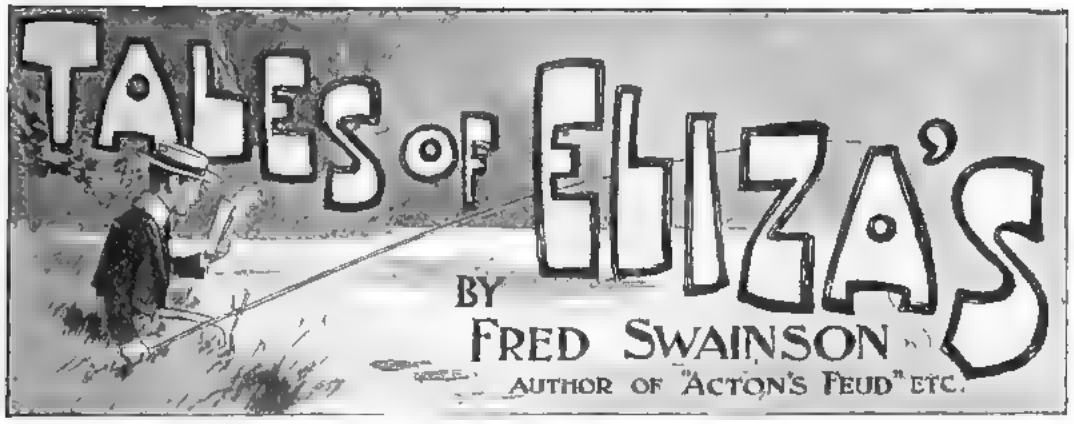


"LET HER DRIVE, SIR! LET HER DRIVE!"

(See page 119.)



No. II.—THE ELEVENTH PLACE.

I.

RICHARD CROOME, *aetat* XV., a bright and shining light among the Junior Ancients of Smith's House, had hurried down to the Lower School nets early after tea, accompanied by his inseparable chum, John Major, also a Smither, to the end that he might obtain a favourite bottom net. Croome and Major, as experienced warriors, knew how much an end net—especially a bottom-end net—contributed to peace of mind whilst they took their usual half-hour spell of batting. In this way. Suppose you had, through mere sluggishness or unforeseen causes, come upon the Lower Field ten minutes after the ruck of the Juniors, you would perforce have to content yourself with a middle net—if even one thereabouts were vacant—and then have, in your proper turn, say, twenty minutes of "*mixed*" batting on a broken turf, with one fellow in the next net cutting his balls hard in the direction of the small of your back, and the fellow on your right crashing his leg slows within inches of your nose. And suppose the net "leaked," and let particularly well-smitten balls occasionally loose in your direction? Well, you'd think more of arnica than cricket. Your twenty minutes with the bat would be in a horrible light, when you could no more differentiate between a fast yorker and a long hop than you could between a Jap and a Jap. And, probably, if you were keen about your batting, you'd find the best bowlers would be sending you up perfunctory "drops"—for no fellow can bowl two hours on end, and then do it decently—the "mediums" would be weirdly medium, and the "slows" fooling with underhands. Then, probably, you'd be so waxy with things in general that you'd go in for slogging—*not* like Jessop—and that rots a fellow's cricket more than anything. Croome and Major had learned much of these things by bitter experience, and that's why they had cut short their tea. This being understood, you can see that, when the pair saw the bottom net—their marked prize—occupied, they stood at the gate and lifted up their voices in unison.

"Who is the brute, Jack?"

"Who is he?" said Major, surveying with sulphurous looks the enemy, unsuspiciously playing forward to imaginary balls.

"It's that fat ass, Wren."

"Wren!" said Croome. "George! it might have been worse. I'll move *him*."

"Keep him a few of those cherries, Dick. We must give him sops and wine to start with."

"Serene, Jack," said Croome, returning a handful to the bag. "He shall have some sops certainly. I know the animal."

The "animal" hailed the pair genially when they came within earshot. "Been pottering here quarter-of-an-hour, Croome. Send me down a few balls, there's a good fellow."

"Rather!" said Mr. Richard Croome, suavely, as he hung up his coat. "Have a cherry, Wren?"

Wren took the bag and helped himself generously. "Been expecting someone turning up for an age."

"Anyone bagged the net with you, Wren?" asked Major, nonchalantly.

"No. We'll have a family party, Maximus, eh?"

"We will, Jenny," said Major, who only allowed his chums to expatiate on his name. "The Wren's an early bird to-day, it seems."

"And bags the early net," said Dick, tightening his boots. "Cute bird."

Wren smiled complacently and ate his cherries.

Then Croome began to get his length, and Wren paddled about doing his uttermost with Dick's balls. Major joined in the fray, keeping them wicket-high and very fast. Those that didn't hit the wicket hit Wren, for Wren was no bat. Wren liked slow, off balls, which he could cuff under the ear somewhere in point's direction, but didn't like neat, straight bowling, which either kept him picking up his stumps or rubbing himself convulsively. He picked up and rubbed for half-a-dozen overs, and then a fast, rising ball from Croome took the unfortunate bat just on the wrist, where a rap stings like a hornet. He dropped his weapon like a red-hot poker, and paddled hurriedly round his wicket, his face red with emotion.

HE DROPPED HIS WEAPON LIKE A RED-HOT POKER.

"Sorry, Wren," sang out Croome, cheerfully. "We want the roller down here."

"Wicket kicks like a mule, Jenny," said Major, soothingly. "Heaven knows when it was watered."

"It worketh," gurgled Dick, to his chum. "He won't stand another dozen."

Exactly two balls later Wren fell over his stumps in trying to dodge one of Croome's expresses and then the pair could see that the wretched youth was considering whether the game was worth the candle. This was the psychological moment, and Croome seized it.

"I say, Jenny, Sussex are all out."

Wren was a Sussex man.

"No," he said, coming anxiously down the crease, half forgetting his own woes. "Why, Fry and Vine——"

"Here's the paper, old man," said Croome. "Fry, c. Foster, b. Wilson, 0."

Wren clutched the sheet and hobbled off under the lee of the net, and Major philosophically donned his pads. Wren forgot his own batting in that momentous c. & b., and Jack was getting his eye in when the Juniors swarmed into the field. The pair invited a couple of their chums to join them, and a family party did indeed possess the end net in peace.

Dick Croome was, what I think is termed, a born bowler. He was a terror to all small fry in junior house-cricket, had been "considered" as a candidate for the house eleven last year, had robust hopes of being one this, and was open, with his chum Major, to play any other pair in Eliza's at single wicket for love or for tea.

He had his little following of devoted worshippers, and was nice enough a fellow not to be spoiled by them. On this particular evening he was in rare form. Major, though a decent bat, could make nothing of his

chum's best ball, and the rest of the family party seemed to spend half their time at the wickets explaining how they had been beaten.

Then, as the climax to a successful night, Roberts, the school Captain, passed behind the nets, and came to anchor with his friend, Burke, behind their netted alley. Major was beaten for the nth time, and Roberts got interested. "The youngster sends down a decent ball, Rod."

"Which nobody can deny," said Burke, as he watched a seductive slow trim in from leg and hop over where a bail should have been. "The root of the matter is in him."

"And he breaks from either side, too. Jove! that was a beauty! Well placed, young 'un," said Roberts, to Major, as that youth played his friend artistically through the slips. "Who is he, Rod?"

"Young Croome—Smither's, I fancy—and a great gun, I hear, among his own tribe," said Burke.

"Small bore, though," said the Captain with his smile. "I'll try an over from him, I think."

The Captain moved to the wickets in that quiet, solemn style peculiarly his own, no side, no hurry, no pretence. Major slipped under the net as Roberts took guard, and prayed that Dick might do the impossible. At the tenth ball Roberts was squarely beaten; his leg stump lay drunkenly across the others, and he turned quietly to Burke, who murmured, "Shade too late." Jack clutched his cap in an ecstasy of delight, and Richard Croome, as he retook the ball which the Captain trundled back to him, felt the joy of life. Roberts then straightened his stumps, and for a merry five minutes hit Dick all over the place. Then he came out again, and got into his coat.

"I'd like to see you, Croome, at the Sixth's nets to-morrow. About seven, I should say, will do."

"The Sixth's nets," gasped Major. "Dick, old fellow, you've done the impossible. What does it mean?"

"Mean," said Croome, staring after Roberts and Burke. "It means that Roberts has sunstroke."

"My guess is that you're booked for the eleven, and ——"

"Don't rot, Jack, please, to that extent. Roberts is undoubtedly mad."

If anyone had told Croome a month ago that he should have a net allotted to him at the Sixth, that he should bowl at the Elizabethan eleven, and that he should take a not infrequent wicket, he would have considered that someone was rotting him to an awful extent, and would have noted the same in the usual way. But that which a month ago would have seemed hardly a laughable absurdity, was now an accomplished fact. Roberts brought Lurgan, the house master, who knew a cricketer when he saw one, to witness Croome's bowling for ten minutes, and the two had compared notes. The school professional—a great light in his day—admitted that "Mister Croome's best ball was not a bad 'un." Then Croome began to believe that he must be able to bowl decently.

On a day when, as he lay on his back under the elms, a fat bag of cherries by his side, watching the cricket going on in the sunshine, Jack Major came running in his direction like a whirlwind.

"I say, Dick, seen the notice board?"

"No: anything special?"

"You're down to play for Roberts's side v. Burke's to-morrow."

"Honour bright?" asked Croome with a blush.

"'Pon honour."

"You're an awful brick, old man, to come and tell me. So's Roberts, to give me the chance. 'Everybody's aw——fly good to me.' And Mater's coming down to-morrow, and Kate and Flora. Won't she be cock-a-hoop!"

"Which of 'em?" said Jack, without enthusiasm, for he resented the intrusion of frocks into the sacred mysteries of cricket.

"Flora. Why, you know, she's no end jolly, and *she* knows something about cricket anyhow, whatever Kate and Mater may do. She'll be more than satisfied."

"Of course," said Jack laconically, "and so shall we, and that's got a heap more to do with it. I tell you, Dick, Smith's Ancients will give you a rare leg-up when you come out or when Roberts puts you on. We've scratched against Bultitude's crowd on purpose to shout."

"It will be awful if I make an ass of myself," said Croome, rubbing his moist palms together at the thought.

"Now look here, Dick," said Major, impressively. "You've got a chance that only comes once in a life-time, and you must jolly well take it. There's one place in the eleven that's open yet. Seton and you are for it."

"Seton's an awfully decent fellow, Jack," said Croome, slowly.

"Granted. But he's a bat, and I know old Roberts wants another bowler, rather than a bat. Do something smart, if you get half a chance, and Roberts will put you down against the Hussars as eleventh man. That's

the school's last canter before Lord's. And if you can get one or two of the soldiers' wickets ——"

"*If*!" said Croome, colouring as this rose-hued prophecy came from his friendly oracle.

"Didn't you fool old Roberts with your quick ball, you blushing cuckoo! And isn't Roberts as good as their best? If you get one or two of the soldiers' wickets," resumed Major with a solemnity befitting the occasion, "you are given your flannels; you go to Lord's as first change, and you ——"

"Oh! Cork the rest, Jack," said Croome, hardly daring to conjure up such ravishing prospects. "Whenever did a Junior Ancient go to Lord's?"

"Never," said Jack. "But there's one on the way now. Gentlemen," he solemnly apostrophised the unconscious cricketers flitting up and down the green turf—"this is a record-breaking age, and—er—er—Smither's Junior Ancients do their parth."

"We will now have an ice," gurgled Croome.

II.

Croome had commissioned his friend to go to the station gates and wait the coming of his people. Jack had gone, but was secretly a trifle dissatisfied that Dick's relatives should choose such a momentous occasion in his chum's school life to pay an ordinary "how-are-you-Dick" visit. He escorted Mrs. Croome, Kate Croome, and Flora—Jack always forgot her surname, but associated her somehow with the hills and the heather—with cold politeness to the cricket field, explained with all necessary emphasis why Dick wasn't there to welcome them in person, and what might happen to Dick if he kept a good length. And they all seemed to understand, especially Flora. She waved her hand enthusiastically to Croome, fielding long leg, and he telegraphed his greetings.

One Elizabethan had contemplated the rapid rise of young Croome in cricketing estimation with very mixed feelings. Robert Seton was not a brilliant fellow in the school or out, and had realised with a kind of bitter resignation that when he should leave Eliza's his name would go with him. He was leaving at Midsummer—for he was on the verge of nineteen—and he felt a kind of pitying dissatisfaction with himself, when he thought of the drab-coloured, neutral record he was leaving behind. Nothing good, though certainly nothing bad. He was in the Sixth, exactly in the middle—oh, hateful mediocrity—poised midway between the brilliant Roberts and the sleepy Burman; he was just *not* good enough for the footer eleven, but he had hoped that he might get into the cricket eleven by virtue of a straight bat. Since the wickets were first pitched in April he had toiled like a galley slave at the nets to improve his batting, but he had seen place after place in the eleven filled up until only the last was open. This, he thought, and all the school, too, was reserved for him. This was a month ago. Now his usual luck had attended him, and he found his last chance changed to a very problematical one indeed. Young Croome had arrived to upset the last of his school ambitions. He recognised, of course, that Dick was more or less of a young phenomenon with the ball, and knew, only too well, that, generally, his own cricket was merely average attack and defence, but he thought dolefully that Dick would have heaps of other chances to come, while his own sorry chance of leaving a decent name behind him was his last.

He had written his father that possibly he might be included among Roberts's chosen band, and his father, who had watched poor Bob's career with hope deferred from year to year, had come down to see how things were moving.

He received his son's forebodings in gloomy silence. He was almost inured to this missing of things at the eleventh hour, and, as the pair sat moodily down in a quiet corner, they were too busy with their own gloomy thoughts to notice that, well within earshot, Miss Flora sat absorbed in the game. She had begged to stay to watch the cricket rather than accompany her aunt and Kate on a how-do-you-do promenade.

"Who is this Croome, then?" asked old Seton, pushing his stick savagely into the turf.

"That youngster fielding long leg."

"Is he so superlative after all?"

"Oh, yes; there's no good saying he isn't."

"Why, Bob, he's got the cut of the Junior School about him."

"Not about his ball though."

"He fields decently, I can see," said Seton, watching Dick pounce on a low, swift glance deftly turned by Burke.

"Oh, he'll develop into something big one day, and he's a decent youngster too. George! I can imagine some of the little animals swaggering about in his shoes!"

"Well," said Seton, senior, watching the cricket in moody thought, "I believe I shall be as disappointed as you, Bob, if you miss your flannels."

"Sorry, pater. I'd like to get 'em, no end. if only to please you. I've had some beastly luck at Eliza's, and this is only carrying the thing to the bitter end. Here's the lovely programme for this last year. I was fifth out of ten for the Holden, second for the Seale Medal, just too mediocre for a Monitorship, just not good enough for footer, and now there's a kid just too good for me at cricket."

"Besides," said Seton, "I'm not out of the hunt yet. Who knows what I may do? Roberts wouldn't ignore a decent fifty."

"Well, get them, Bob, in the name of all the gods. Hallo! your young paragon's going on. Shall we see fireworks?"

"Hope not. Hear his chums whisper."

Croome took the ball from Roberts, and the Smithers let the world know, in general,

THEY WERE TOO BUSY WITH THEIR OWN GLOOMY THOUGHTS TO NOTICE MISS FLORA.

"But you're a bat, Bob. Why does Roberts prefer——?"

"No treason," said young Seton with a wholesome laugh. "Roberts will do the right thing. He thinks of Eliza's only, and he's as honest as the day. He has the choice between a fair bat and a good—very good—change. Which would you take?"

Seton looked at his son and smiled too. "Anyhow, Bob, you're true blue."

that he belonged to them. The fourth ball rattled down Burke's leg stump, and dissolved a stubborn partnership. Seton turned to his sire, and the latter shrugged his shoulders. "He caught Burke in two minds, Bob. That ball beat him all the way. The lad knows his business."

"I'm next, pater. Shall we stroll to the pavilion?" The pair got up and went slowly round the field.

"Hope I shan't hear you, Bob, under a couple of hours," said Seton, as his son turned in to put on his guards.

"I'd gladly talk on the scoring board till then, instead."

Five minutes later, the Setons, father and son, crawled dismally, side by side, silent as the grave. Croome had bowled the melancholy senior for a duck. When Bob spoke, it was about the holidays.

Croome's cousin had perforce to hear the major part of this conversation of father and son, and when they finally moved away she found herself wishing sincerely that Dick might have his average spoiled somewhat by the senior Elizabethan. The girl realised how much the eleventh place meant to the Setons, and how an appearance there would round off rosily a grey and unsuccessful school career. She could see that Seton was no jealous, envious fellow, willing to put down her cousin's success to luck or to Roberts's favouritism, as a meaner spirit might have done; he would take his defeat without a tinge of uncharitableness. She respected him for his intense desire to represent Eliza's, and more for the manly way he championed Dick against a testy, parental outburst. "And it is his last chance. And Dick has oceans before he leaves. If I could only make Dick see it—— I wonder if. . . ." Flora thought about many things and forgot the cricket going on before her eyes.

The match was over before Croome's people caught their train to town; his mother beamed upon him, and Kate developed an unusual respect when he offered an opinion, but, as appeared wonderfully strange to Dick, Flora seemed to have a mind curiously distrait from cricket. At the station gates she wished him "good-bye" as though to make up for any lack of previous attention, and Major, who kept an observant eye, didn't fail to notice it.

As the pair cantered quickly back to Eliza's, Jack jerked out: "I say, Dick, Flora's not quite sure what to make of your analysis. It has simply knocked her into a cocked hat."

"Don't believe she was in form this afternoon, Jack; didn't seem over and above pleased with things in general."

"Jove, she ought to! When has anyone got five for eighteen this last age!"

"Awfully glad I got Burke. He was set, I thought."

"And Seton, Dick. Why he simply 'mowed' at you."

Dick came to a full stop. "Jack, 'pon honour, I'm sorry I outed old Bob."

Jack laughed a little scornfully. "Don't blub, dearie."

"But——"

"All's fair in love an' war—and cricket. Man, you've simply to go for old Seton. It's you or he for it. And you're the man. Whenever did a Junior Ancient don whites? Think of the power and glory. . . Why, old Smith kept pulling his hairs out one by one while you were bowling, and now he's patently scraggy one side. And——"

"Don't sing like that, man," said Dick, blushing hotly at his friend's lyric outburst, "but come in and get Bultitude's work done, and, hang it, let's drop cricket!"

III.

It was agreed by everyone that such a public performance as Croome's—five for eighteen—could not be passed over by Roberts. It was evident that the captain had discovered a treasure, and for a week on end the school discussed the possibility or probability of Dick Croome—*aetat* XV.—getting his colours and playing at Lord's in the only match that really matters. Roberts gave no sign, but Dick was at the Sixth every night for an hour, until Roberts said he had done enough. Seton was always there playing his average game in his usual average style, but there was the air of the forlorn hope encircling his efforts. The week dragged on its weary length of uncertainty and doubt, and then on the Friday night a grave and anxious crowd clustered round the notice board under the clock. Roberts, punctual to the minute, came out with his list, pinned it up behind the grille, and went quietly away.

Against the Hussars on the following day Croome (R.) was the eleventh man. Seton (R.) was the reserve. The older fellows went away buzzing, the Juniors shouted out the news as they went pattering off, each Smither scuttling for his house like a bolting rabbit, and ahead of all was Jack Major, cap in hand, fleeing like the wind. Seton heard the news and crawled back to his den; to the end his "luck" had held.

That fateful notice of the school captain's meant that after the match against the Hussars, Roberts would tell Croome to go and get measured for his flannels. From tomorrow the magic red line now ruled above

his name would be drawn below, enclosing Crome (R.) in that honoured band of cricketers—the St. Elizabethan XI. Within a week Dick would be Lord'sward bound.

Dick had hauled Major off to the river, immediately after the news, to see if the waters of the Lodden would not cool some of the ardours of his friend. When they came back, Dick espied a letter on the table.

"From Flora," he said, lifting his eyebrows.

"She can't know already," observed Jack.

Dick opened the letter, read it, and then gasped.

"What's the row?" asked Major, as Croome backed into a chair with a face as full of consternation as it had lately been of content.

"Oh! oh! Hang it; read the thing. See if you understand it."

Major clutched at the letter which his friend shied savagely on the table, and read it through to the end. Here it is:

Home,
July 3.

DEAR DICK,—

You will remember that I told you that I should be going down to Dormer's Court some time soon, and how you said you "*jolly well wished you were going too.*" Well, Aunt Vivian and I are to go there to-morrow, and you *are* to come *too*. It is all arranged for. Aunt has written to Dr. Carver and your own Beak—isn't that the word?—and you're excused your call-overs, and are as free as the air until 9.30. Isn't that jolly? You see the value of a cousin now, don't you? While Aunt and Mrs. Dormer talk art and poetry—gossip—you're to pilot me round the place. Our train calls at St. Elizabeth's Cross at 11.50, and I'm not going *ever to forgive you* if you don't say "*Adsum*" when I open the window. We return from Dormer's by the evening train, and it will drop you down again at Eliza's (horrid word) safe and sound, among all your beloved majors and minors. I hope, young man, that you appreciate your privilege of being cousin to

FLORA M.

Jack dropped this letter like a red-hot

DICK READ IT, AND THEN GASPED.

coal, but he said with cool concentration, "Jove! the matter's simple enough. You send a wire and say you're not coming."

Dick writhed in his chair.

"You send a wire, and tell Miss Flora that Dormer's Court will have to do without you."

Dick sputtered angrily, "Oh! Hang my luck!"

"*Luck!*" howled Major, "why, you're wallowing in luck! Wire her that you're down against the Hussars to-morrow. Wire her that you're going to be put in the eleven. She'll see that—why, the Queen would!"

"Oh! What an ass I was to fall into the Dormer business! I'll wire, but she'll never forgive me," moaned Dick.

"She says she won't," said Jack, grimly; "but, hang it, man, what does that matter if you go to Lord's!"

This didn't comfort Dick much, but he went out and borrowed a telegram form. "Look here, Jack," he said, as he sucked his pencil in despair. "Will you go to Dormer's and——?"

Major moaned as he sank back into a chair. "Oh! Keep me out of it, Dick. I've been counting on to-morrow's show ever since you bowled Roberts. This is what it always means when there's a parcel of fuzzy girls in anything."

"Flora's all right, Jack. How was she to know?"

"Right, my dear, let her know now, then," said Major, grim as death.

"It would look better if I could send you to see her round. She'd not think so much about it then. It's awfully rough on you, old man, I know."

Major wriggled over this proposition as though he had been tipped into a cactus bush, but at last he blurted out: "All right, you silly ass, put that down."

"Thanks," said Dick, fervently. "She'll not think so much about it as she knows you pretty well. Her aunt isn't such a bad old dowager, either."

"Don't trot out the aunt, too," said Jack, dismally. "Flora's enough."

Dick prepared the momentous wire; the sentences were short, but they left nothing to the imagination—at least, he hoped not; and after handing in the message he and his chum talked themselves to sleep.

There was an orange envelope waiting for Croome in the morning, and with trembling fingers he tore it open. Here is the wire verbatim:

Shall be disappointed if you don't come. Never mind cricket for once. *Let Major play for you.*

Whilst Croome nearly blubbed with vexation, Major laughed a loud and bitter laugh. "This is the girl who knew all about cricket! *Let Major play!* What a gem!"

Croome crushed the paper in despair, but said nothing. Major looked at his chum with a kind of puzzled wonder.

"Face it, Dick, and be done with it. Oblige Flora, and wait till next year for your flannels. That's all it means."

"I'll think about it, Jack."

Major stared and then whistled a long, dry whistle.

"You see, Jack, I said I'd simply give my head to go to that Court. Flora arranges, and then I refuse. That isn't form, is it? And yet——" Croome walked to the window and looked out for a long, silent five minutes. Major looked at the cricket without seeing the scores. Finally Dick said, "It's no good. I must keep my word."

"Is that it, Dick, really?"

"That's it."

"Well," said Major quietly, "you're a decent fellow, Dick, though I'm hanged if I'd do it. But it's your affair after all. And anyhow I feel I want some breakfast now."

As Jack got to the door he burst out viciously, "As for Miss Flora, Dick, just tell her what Lord's means to us. I mean, try to."

"I thought she knew," said Croome drearily.

* * * * *

Roberts, in the course of his captaincy at Eliza's, heard and discovered many things, but the thing which he, to this day, thinks the strangest, is that a Junior backed out of a match which would have put him in the eleven. Croome boggled the explanation. The Captain asked in his quiet way what was the matter, but he does not rightly understand things yet. He thereupon sent word to Seton that he was playing *vice* Croome against the Hussars. Seton went in fifth wicket down, and made exactly seventy-five runs. After the match, with all the usual ceremony, Roberts gave the so long unlucky senior his colours.

If any one had told Croome in the morning that his afternoon at Dormer's Court would turn out not unpleasantly, Croome would have felt like slaying him in his rage. But Flora simply dropped milk and honey over him from the time she met him until the train slowed up at Eliza's in the gathering dusk.

"Seton will get his colours, anyhow," said Dick, as though that finally resigned him to the inevitable.

"Is he a nice fellow?"

"Awfully decent fellow, Flo. He's been working for them for years."

"And you'll get yours next, Dick, so what does it matter? Seton hadn't another chance. *He'll* look back upon this day as the jolliest in the whole of his school days."

"But, Flora, I've missed the record. That's what made Major so wild."

* * * * *

And yet—and yet, Dick got his record. For if you turn to *Wisden* you ought to see something like this: —"There is no getting away from the fact that St. Elizabeth's narrow

victory was due to the efforts of two Elizabethans—to Croome, who bowled so well, especially in the second innings, and to Seton, whose memorable 40 *not out*, compiled on a wretched wicket, alone prevented the utter breakdown of the school's batting at their second attempt. It was not emotional cricket, but it served, and Seton can regard his score as worth treble the amount hit on a good wicket. And Burke, whose hand, injured at practice the day before the match, prevented his appearance for his school, must have felt peculiar satisfaction in seeing that his eleventh hour substitute, young Croome, did for his side what he himself might have equalled but could hardly have excelled."

So much for *Wisden*. This you won't find in that stately volume. As Aunt Vivian's carriage rolled down Baker Street in the warm July drizzle after the match, Dick said joyously, "I got five, Flora, and you said I should have something if I got four. Fork out."

And Flora—she did *not* feel in her pocket —"*forked out.*"

Fred Whitman

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS

Hereford County College.

St Bees Grammar School.

Stockport Grammar School.

Bridlington Grammar School

Aravon School Dublin

Redland Grove College, Bristol.

Google

OUR SCHOOL ARMY.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

Photos by the Author.

MARCHING TO THE FRAY.

"Pushing forward with expedition, the scarlet troops soon left the main road. . . . Already the distant crackling of rifle-fire, punctuated by the heavy thud, thud of the artillery, announced that the fighting had begun in earnest."

THE FIGHT ON THE FOX HILLS.

ONCE a year, in the windy month of March, the men of the Public School Volunteer Corps assemble at Aldershot from far and near to be exercised in field operations and military manœuvres. That is not to say, of course, that only once a year are the Public School Corps exercised in field training: such a statement would be ridiculous. But the March Public School field day on the Fox Hills is equalled only in importance by the similar one held during November in the neighbourhood of Camberley. At both, every school corps of real importance and use is represented, and the strong muster permits of operations being conducted on a wide scale. The field day of March this year was no exception to the general rule. The schools mustered nearly 4,000 strong, and General Hildyard congratulated them upon the improvement noticeable in their work since he had last seen them, three years ago.

WINCHESTER ON CHAIR HILL.

"He looked at the prone and kneeling figures loading, presenting, aiming, firing."

Some time before noon, when hostilities were to commence, on the eventful day in question, a train steamed into Brookwood Station and drew up at the platform. Inside, though the engine was not decorated, sat the War Correspondent of THE CAPTAIN. He alighted and looked about him. The surroundings seemed familiar. Drawn up a few paces away was the Harrow band. That in itself was sufficient to awaken many recollections of the past. How often had he travelled to Aldershot to attend a field day, and been met, so soon as he set foot upon the ground, by the same Harrow bandsmen—or at least by remarkably good reproductions of them. Then again, as he crossed the bridge over the railway lines, there stood the Charterhouse corps upon the opposite platform, a long, black line, which moved to the right in file almost as he caught sight of it, and marched slowly out of the station. And when he reached the roadway, he was not in the least surprised to find the band of the Highland Light Infantry, neat and smart in white jackets and breeks of that peculiarly æsthetic pattern affected by the H.L.I. which goes so far to compensate for the absence of the kilt, waiting to play the Carthusians down to the place of assembly. For the reader who

HAILEYBURY'S ADVANCE UPON THE LEFT.
"The scarlet troops scatter in a twinkling, and prepare to give tit for tat."

happens not to be expert in the military minutiæ of the public schools may take note that should he, at a field day or on a similar occasion, come upon a long black column merrily played on its way to the gay music of the H.L.I. band, he may set that column down as the Charterhouse Corps without more ado.

The black riflemen were still occupied with getting into their proper fours when the Correspondent set off with a swinging step down the well-remembered road, and dodging to the left through the railway arch, where the road bears rightward to Bisley, came to Dawnay's Hill, Pirbright, one of the two places of assembly. Here most of the schools forming the Eastern Force were in readiness. And a striking picture they made as they lay or stood at their ease upon the open heath, with arms neatly grounded or piled. Scarlet, black (or "invisible green," as the official mind likes to call it), and grey in various shades, with here and there a splash of dark blue—the uniform of Winchester's smart-looking cyclists—mingled, re-mingled, and intermingled in a picturesque confusion of colour ("turkey carpet" was the poetic simile of an imaginative bystander). Here was Eton, strong in numbers if in nothing else, clad in the honourable grey and light blue; Harrow (shortly, it is said, to be a battalion unto itself, even as the E.C.R.V.) in the rival grey and dark blue; Berkhamsted in neutral, serviceable uniform; Charterhouse, Dulwich, Felsted, Forest, Chigwell, and Blackheath in sombre black relieved by red or green as the case might be; Haileybury, Winchester, Sherborne, Highgate, and Epsom in vivid scarlet and pipe-clay; while close by stood Felsted's familiar rabble (the word is used in no contemptuous sense) of bugles and drums. That Felsted band can make a noise when it likes: ask anyone who has marched behind it.

Now this Eastern Force was divided into three battalions, grey, green (*i.e.*, black), and red, composed as just stated. The grey was commanded by Major Somerville, E.C.R.V., the green by Major Pollock, Somersetshire Light Infantry, and the red by Major Dickens, Highland Light Infantry; the whole force, numbering about 2,000, and augmented by a troop of cavalry, being under the leadership of Lt.-Colonel Simpson, of the 4th Middlesex Regiment. And the orders received by the latter at the commencement of operations were to proceed from Dawnay's Hill to Cove Common, holding the enemy, if met with in force, in position until the arrival of the main body. It should be mentioned here that later in

WITH THE WESTERN FORCE.
"In the thicket that fringed the crest of the ridge which the enemy were holding, were the rest of the Tonbridge Company, a numerous and lusty body."

the day Colonel Simpson received another troop of cavalry and a six-gun battery of the Royal Field Artillery, which, however, owing to the difficulty of finding a good position on the plain, was of little use. Accordingly, at about twelve o'clock, the Eastern Force commenced its advance.

Meanwhile, in Great Bottom Flash, in the valley where lies North Camp Station, a large Western Force was gathering. Theoretically—that is, according to the hypothesis upon which the scheme of operations had been drawn up—this force had bivouacked hard by the station on the preceding night. Practically, it was now (before noon) assembling as fast as special trains from different parts of the country could disgorge their congested freights of fighting men.

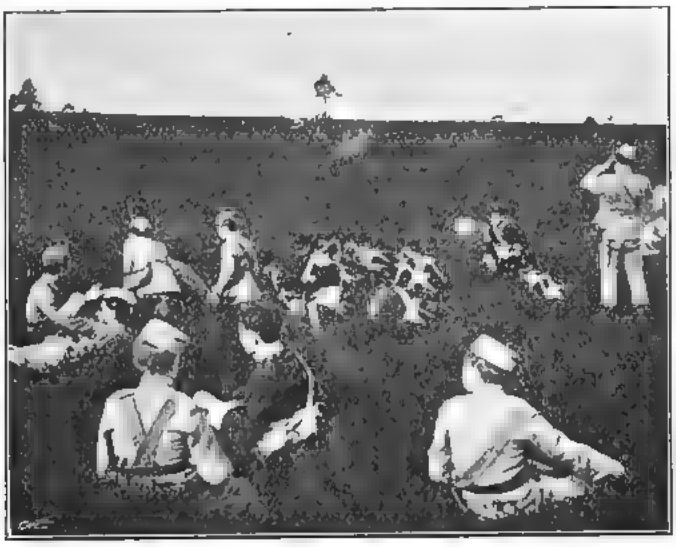
As in the case of the Eastern Force, the schools were divided into three battalions. Bradfield and Wellington, both wearing the Chinese dragon on their collars, formed with Eastbourne a scarlet one under Major Wilcox, Manchester Regiment; Malvern, the artillery corps, rare visitors at these field days, with Reading and Bath in workmanlike khaki, Cranleigh and Whitgift in black, and Marlborough in their light uniform which looks so attractive but soils so easily, made a second, under Major Lyon, of Malvern; while the fourth was composed of the three scarlet engineer corps, Cheltenham, Clifton, and Tonbridge, with Lancing and Hurstpierpoint, also scarlet. In addition there was a troop of Royal Scots Greys and the 10th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery. Lt.-Colonel Gethin, of the 3rd Manchester Regiment, in command of this Western Force, received in the course of the morning the following message: "The evacuation of supplies at Aldershot cannot be completed before 2 p.m. Delay enemy's advance from direction of Woking until that hour, if practicable, but do not endanger your own retirement, which should be commenced then by North Camp Station."

Thus we have the general idea of the operations: a Western Force retiring in a hostile country through Odiham, followed by an Eastern Force advancing from Woking. Turn we to details.

At the appointed hour, when the sun was in the meridian, or the solstice, or the doldrums, or wherever it should be at noon, the Eastern Force marched off at the "slope," with Winchester in the van. The War Correspondent of THE CAPTAIN formed an unofficial rearguard. It was not long before the force divided, and the three battalions went their separate ways. Partly because it happened to be the leading one, partly because the corps of his old school happened to be included in it, and partly because its colour made it the easiest to keep in touch with, the Correspondent accompanied the red battalion, commanded by Major Dickens, H.L.I. Pushing forward with expedition, the scarlet troops soon left the main road, and ascended, by way of a narrow path, the slopes of Chair Hill. Already the distant crackling of rifle-fire, punctuated by the heavy thud, thud of the artillery, announced

THE ATTACK UPON EMPEROR'S HILL.
"Eton . . . . were here blazing away at the enemy's strong position."

that the fighting had begun in earnest. And even as the red battalion halted for a few moments, there came from the crest of the hill a sudden banging. The enemy were in sight, then? The Correspondent climbed hastily to the summit. Arrived there, he found Major Dickens issuing instructions to the officers of his command. The position afforded a fine view of the stretch of country over which the fighting was to take place. On the other side of the undulating valley in front rose the wooded heights held by the enemy. The duty of the battalion, said Major Dickens, would be to bear leftward for another mile or so, and circumvent the enemy upon their right flank, making the fir-crowned eminence visible across the plain—Emperor's Hill, to wit—its objective. "Aye, aye, sir" (or words to that effect), said Major Hoare, and moved off at the head of his gallant Haileyburians and their comrades-in-arms.



THE ATTACK ON EMPEROR'S HILL.
"In the plain below were the grey and green battalions of the Eastern force, with a few Winchester men from the red battalion among them."

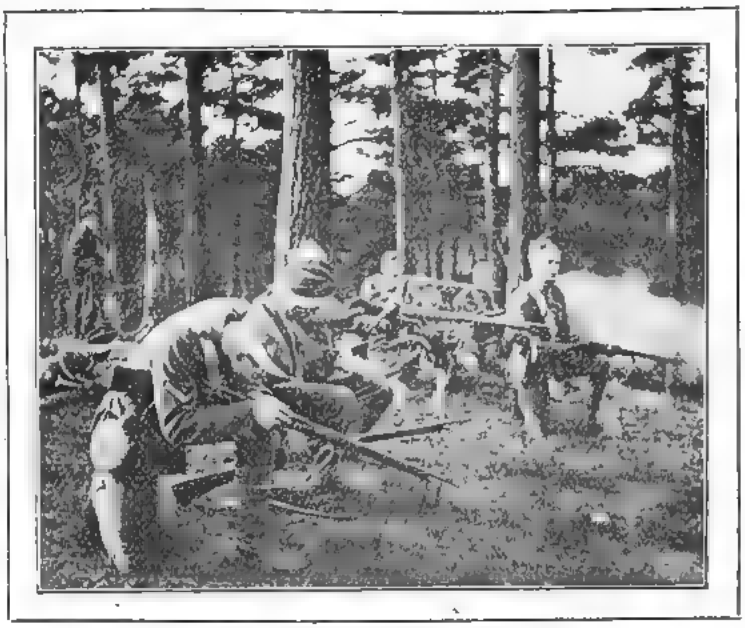
Then Major Dickens turned his attention to the section of Winchester men who had been keeping up a running accompaniment of rifle-fire to his instructions. He looked at the prone and kneeling figures loading, presenting, aiming, firing, and his eye roamed over the country in front. No sign of the enemy did he see. Neither did the Correspondent. But the sergeant was in no wise disconcerted. "Now what on earth," said the Major, "are those men shooting at? However ——" and he turned his horse and rode down the hill. "A fine example of an aposiopesis, that," observed the Correspondent, with the judicial air of a syntactical expert. "Shows the advantage of a classical educa——" but at this point he trod upon an ant-eaten tree-stump, and the rest of his remarks are suppressed in deference to the censor. And as he stumbled to his feet, he found himself behind one of the kneeling Wykehamists. He stooped and looked along the level barrel of the rifle. Half-a-mile or more away, but unmistakable against the dark background, were some moving figures. The enemy! Nothing escapes the eye of a Winchester sergeant.

Meanwhile Major Hoare and his men are well on their way. A slight dip in the land screens them, the enemy, apparently hotly engaged on the other side, are not to be seen, and all seemingly goes well. But it is the unexpected that happens. "Suddenly," wrote an eye-witness in describing a certain action in South Africa, "there is a distant sound ahead, which sends an electric shock through all the lines of marching men. At home in London town we should know well enough what it was,—a boy on the trot drawing his stick along the area railings; but out here we know what it is too—a score of Mausers in action." Well, so it was in this case; only the sound was not distant, but remarkably close at hand, and the Mausers were vicious Lee-Metfords, barking in the hands of a company of the enemy, under cover not far away. The scarlet troops scatter in a twinkling, and prepare to give tit-for-tat; to which pleasing occupation the Correspondent left them, and with what agility he might, behaving most gallantly under a raking cross-fire, sped across the intervening space, and joined hands with the Western Force.

He found the wooded slopes occupied by the Tonbridge engineers, whose strong position afforded excellent cover. In this respect the advancing Eastern Force were at a sad disadvantage; for whereas the Tonbridge men were firing each from behind his own tree-trunk, their enemies were plainly visible, lying prone in extended order, in the open country. In the thicket that fringed the crest of the ridge which the enemy were holding, and against which the advance had hitherto been directed, the Correspondent found the rest of the Tonbridge Company, a numerous and lusty fighting body. And further along the arc-shaped ridge were more red men, Lancing and Hurstpierpoint. Even as he caught sight of them there was a sudden rush and tumult amongst their ranks. Some score or so of light grey figures charged gallantly up the bank. Eton! So the attacking force had come to close quarters. The Correspondent slung his camera over his shoulder and made tracks for the swaying bunch of scarlet and grey figures. But the dispute was amicably settled by the time he arrived. Neither side seemed to be quite sure which had suffered in this "regrettable incident," and drew off by mutual consent. But the Correspondent mentally marked off the too daring Etonians as dead; had Lancing and Hurstpierpoint been firing ball cartridges, very few of them would have reached the top of the ridge at all—or, for the matter of that, would have attempted to.

Descending once more into the plain below Emperor's Hill, the Correspondent came upon the

grey and green battalions of the Eastern Force, with a few Winchester men from the red battalion among them. Eton, Dulwich, and the rest of them were here blazing away at the enemy's strong position. Skirting the firing line, the Correspondent made his way up Emperor's Hill, from which point of vantage a couple of sections from Bath were making things unpleasantly warm for the attackers. Further away, Marlborough, with Whitgift and Cranleigh, were similarly engaged.



BATH HOLDING EMPEROR'S HILL
"A couple of sections from Bath were making things unpleasantly warm for the attackers."

But by this time it was nearly two o'clock, at which hour, according to the instructions received by Colonel Gethin, the evacuation of supplies at Aldershot was to have been completed, permitting the retirement of the Western Force. The retirement was accordingly carried out, though not without sundry unexpected developments. For the Eastern Force having come, as it is difficult to avoid doing in field operations, too closely into touch with their opponents, were following close—very close—upon their heels. The public school cadet dearly loves a charge ("and, by jove, the beggars *can* charge," said a member of a distinguished corps which had been encamped next to the Public Schools Brigade at Aldershot one summer, to the Correspondent once), so it was not surprising to find a few rather too restive spirits among the advancing force pressing forward more eagerly than the conditions warranted. But these were trifling incidents, and the retirement proceeded.

Suddenly a bugle rang out loud and clear.

LET-'EM-ALONE, it sang.

The clarion call was taken up and repeated by brazen throats on every side. From near and far, loud and faint, the "Cease fire" sounded from a score of bugles. The fighting was over.

Then the schools formed up on the hill above Great Bottom Flash, and while arms were examined, and "pull-throughs" produced, the officers assembled to hear what General Hildyard, fresh from active service on the veldt, had to say upon the day's work

First impressing on them the necessity of thorough instruction in musketry, and of a careful and continuous study of ground of all descriptions, he went on to express his pleasure at the large muster, the spirit shown by all ranks, and the distinct improvement all round in the work of the corps; especially noticeable since the manœuvres had taken place over the most difficult ground in the Government area. Then, school by school, the troops defiled past the General, with varying degrees of smartness. Comparisons are notoriously odious; but a word of praise should be given to Highgate, a small but keen corps, who went by very smartly and steadily.

In Great Bottom Flash were tables, neatly labelled and set out in ordered rows, piled high with food and drink for the weary. And while the bands of Eton, Harrow, and other schools bade us behold El Capitan, or informed us that we were their honeysuckles, while they were the bees, the hungry troops fell to with a will. There followed a brief interval, while preparations were made for the return journey, and with bands playing the schools marched down to the railway station. Train after train steamed out, with windows blocked by cheering crowds in scarlet, grey, black, blue, and khaki, until the Correspondent stood alone in Great Bottom Flash, now an arid and deserted waste. The last of the Public School Corps had gone.

But they will be there next year.

VACCINATION IN THE JUNGLE.

A BROKEN CONTRACT

"Here' you agreed to do this in 10 minutes and you've been fiddling around my pachyderms two days, and haven't tickled me yet."

Drawn by Hall Thorpe

THE JALASCO BRIG

By LOUIS BECKE.

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm," "Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

KINGSTON, a skipper in the employ of Forestier, a wealthy Valparaiso shipowner, is promised the command of a fine brig, the *Jalasco*, which Forestier has recently purchased. Unfortunately, however, before taking over his new command, Kingston asks Forestier for the hand of his pretty daughter, Rosa. Enraged by what he considers the young skipper's presumption, Forestier dismisses Kingston from his service. A little later Kingston is rather mysteriously engaged to act as second mate on the brig *Blossom* (Captain Rowley). Kingston has not been aboard long when to his horror he finds a dead sailor clinging by one hand to the life-rail. He loudly requests Rowley to come on deck and explain this tragic circumstance.

CHAPTER V.

MERRILL EXPLAINS.

AS Kingston's angry call rang out, the negro boatswain rushed aft and sprang up the poop ladder, just as Rowley, red-faced and flustered, appeared from the cabin. Merrill came after him in a leisurely manner, cigar in mouth, and looking perfectly calm and undisturbed.

"What is the matter, Mr. Kingston?" said Rowley, "what has upset you?"

"'Upset' me, man!" cried Kingston sternly, and striding forward he placed his hand on the captain's shoulder and almost pushed him to the life-rail. "What the deuce does *that* mean?" pointing to the dead hand clasping the stanchion; "what sort of work has been going on here to-night?"

Merrill shot the captain a swift glance, commanding silence; then, stooping down, he unbent the stiffened fingers, and the body fell with a dull splash into the sea.

"Lay aft, some of you, and give the poop a better wash down," he cried out sharply to the crew; "away for'ard, bos'un! You, Captain Rowley, and you, Mr. Kingston, go below. I guess I'll take charge of this hooker for a few minutes." Rowley, clutching Kingston's arm, hurried his second mate below.

"Sit down, Mr. Kingston, sit down," he said pantingly, "I can explain everything presently——"

Merrill put his head down through the skylight.

"Put a stopper on your jaw-tackle until *I* come down, Ben," he said nonchalantly, "I guess Mr. Kingston can wait a bit. But, at the same time, so as to save you from coming on deck again just now, Mr. Kingston, will you kindly give us a course?"

"You shall get no course, nor anything else from me, until I know what kind of a ship this is," replied Kingston, looking up.

Merrill smiled and nodded, and then they heard him speaking to the man at the wheel.

"West by north, Antonio."

"Wes' by nor', señor," responded Antonio in English.

Then, as Merrill paced to and fro on the poop

and the crew scrubbed it down a second time, Rowley and Kingston sat facing each other, listening and waiting.

"You can come aft now, bos'un," called out Merrill, after a few minutes. "I'm going below for a while."

"Aye, aye, sah," replied the negro, in his deep tones, as he obeyed the order. The mate drew him aside out of hearing and spoke rapidly to him in whispered tones.

Then Merrill stepped into the cabin, cool and self-possessed, and took a seat at the table.

"Now, Ben," he said, as he took off his cap, laid it on a chair, and lighted a fresh cigar, "I guess you had better just sit quiet and let *me* tell Mr. Kingston what has occurred—you look too flustered to do anything more than take a drink."

Rowley eagerly assented to the suggestion, and, hurriedly rising, went to the sideboard and brought a decanter of brandy, some water and glasses. Merrill poured him out half-a-tumbler full of brandy and placed it before him; then, with an unmoved face, passed the decanter to Kingston and politely asked him to help himself.

"Thank you," said the new officer, rather coldly, as he poured out a very little and returned the decanter to Merrill, who helped himself more liberally.

"Now, Mr. Kingston," began the mate, as, after drinking his liquor, he leant back in his chair, "we did have a rather nasty mess on board, and of course meant to have told you all about it as soon as Vigors had gone. The fact is, our old crew did not like turning out of the ship, and before the captain and I could interfere, they and the new crew were at it hammer and tongs with knives, pistols, and hatchets. Then matters began to get pretty serious, I can tell you; for a dozen of them made a rush aft, and in trying to beat them back the captain got a graze from a bullet on his left arm, and a crack on the head at the same time which stunned him."

Rowley opened his coat, and Kingston saw that his arm was bandaged under the sleeve

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing to speak of," he said nervously. "A man must expect this sort of thing sometimes on this coast and in such a business."

"Well," resumed Merrill, "the moment the skipper fell, matters became worse, for in an instant some of the old crew shouted out that they would either take the ship or some of the money which they knew was in the cabin—Ben's and my hard earnings. I had to let the captain lie where he fell, and help keep the poop from being rushed, and I can tell you, sir, that I found these little things come in mighty handy," and putting his hand in his coat pocket he took out a pair of brass knuckle-dusters. "I daren't use my pistol for fear of shooting some of our own men, who had been dragged down off the poop and were being half-murdered by the fellows on the main-deck. Then it was that I saw one of our men who was standing near me make a slash with his cutlass at a man who was trying to climb up through the fife-rail stanchions. Well, that about finished the row, for the old crew had had enough, and I guess some of them were pretty badly hurt."

"Did you manage to get clear of them all?" asked Kingston, as he raised his glass, and nodded to Merrill and the captain, who followed suit.

"All but four, who sided with us," put in Rowley, "so I've kept them. The others, bar the dead chap who kept such a tight hold of the rail—queer we didn't notice him!—we put ashore about ten miles up the coast."

There was nothing very surprising in Rowley's story, nor in the summary manner in which he had got rid of his former crew. In those days the West Coast of South America was a rough place, and the use of knife and pistol, even on an ordinary merchant vessel, was regarded as a perfectly proper and legitimate manner of settling either private disputes, or breaches of discipline.

After some further conversation, Kingston went on deck again, Merrill arranging to take the morning watch. The brig was slipping through the water very quickly, for the sea was smooth, and she was now under all sail except stun'sails. The watch were lounging about on the main deck, and only the boatswain was on the poop, standing beside the helmsman. He touched his hat to the new officer, and made some remark upon the fineness of the night, to which Kingston replied, and then walked over to the lee-side. Then for the first time the officer noticed that the negro had his head bandaged.

"Did you get hurt, too, bos'un?" he inquired.

"Yes, sah. Got a nasty cut on de top of de brain-box," the man replied with a laugh that showed his white teeth.

"Well, it might have been worse."

"Yes, sah. Dat's so. Dey was in a consider'ble muss, dey was. We had a mighty tough job to shift dose, dose—de ole crew, sah."

Kingston made no more enquiries. It was no concern of his, he thought, as he paced to and fro—the affair was over, and he would ask no further questions about it. Rowley and his men were evidently a rough lot, but that did not matter to him as long as he was treated as his

THE BRIG WAS TRAVELLING AT A GREAT RATE THROUGH THE WATER

position demanded, and so far he had nothing to complain about, and, all going well, he might stay on a bit longer with Rowley in the brig after they reached Macao. Then his thoughts reverted to Rosa Forestier.

When he was relieved by Merrill, he went below to a very comfortable cabin, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

During the following week, everything progressed very smoothly. The brig was remarkably fast, and, as the wind continued very steady, she made excellent progress. Merrill, too, knew how to make the best of her, though Rowley, greatly to Kingston's surprise, seemed almost a stranger to his own ship—did not seem to even know which was her best sailing point—and, furthermore, though he endeavoured to conceal the fact from his new second mate, certainly did not know what stores and spare sails and other gear were on board, until he saw them overhauled personally. Then, too, Kingston found that instead of he and Merrill being merely poor navigators, as Rowley had told him in Arica, they possessed scarcely any knowledge of navigation at all! As for their seamanship, however, no fault could be found with that, and they certainly had an obedient, if an ill-looking and lazy, crew, and it was easy to see that Rowley, with all his bluff good humour, was not a man to be trifled with.

Day after day passed under the same unvarying conditions of weather—a sky of blue, flecked now and then by a few fleecy clouds, a bright, warm sun by day, and a star-studded heaven by night, and a steady generous breeze which sped the brig swiftly along till a long, low line of trees, that seemed to rise from the sea itself, showed on the horizon right ahead, and Kingston, coming down from the fore-yard, told the captain that the line of trees fringed the sandy shores of a great lagoon, encompassed by a belt of roaring surf, and that it was the eastern outlier of the little-known but wide-spread archipelago known as the Paumotu Group, with many of the islands of which he was familiar.

"We shall have to keep a good look-out at night now," he said, "most of the Paumotu Islands are very low, and we shall need to be careful."

And a careful watch was kept, two men always being on the look-out at night, one being stationed on the fore-yard, the other on the topgallant foc'sc'le, but even then Kingston was somewhat nervous, for with the exception of the negro boatswain, there was not a man among the crew whom he could trust. They were all, to a man, lazy, useless fellows, and the poorest seamen he had ever sailed with. Worcester, the black boatswain, on the other hand, was not only a splendid seaman, but a very intelligent fellow. He had served for four years on the British frigate *Blonde*, so he one day told Kingston, but in consequence of an undeserved affront put upon him by one of the officers, had deserted at Panama, where he had met and taken service with Rowley. Of either Rowley's or Merrill's antecedents, however, he would say nothing, and plainly evinced his disinclination to answer any of Kingston's most guarded inquiries. Generally a good-tempered man, when not interfered with, he was liable to sudden and dangerous outbursts of passion, and even Rowley and Merrill, both men of the most determined courage, addressed him as their equal. His enormous stature and tremendous strength afforded a startling contrast to the slender, undersized Chileno and Mexican seamen, for whom he had the most supreme contempt as "sogers," and they, in return, hated him most fervently, though they were too cowardly to show it.

There was, however, another person on board besides Worcester whom Kingston rather liked. This was the steward, a young and extremely good-looking Peruvian, named José Pimental, who had formerly been one of Vigors's most trusted associates. He was always particularly civil and obliging to the new officer, and did much to make him comfortable when it was his watch below.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACK BOS'UN.

FOR the following three or four days, the brig ran steadily before the south-east trades, which were accompanied by continuous rain, and Kingston passed an anxious time, for they were now in the centre of the vast cluster of islands comprising the Paumotu Group; the land being continuously sighted on all sides, the utmost care was needed.

One night, as he lay smoking in his bunk, unable to sleep, and waiting till his watch was called, he noticed a pile of books and newspapers on a shelf in his cabin. They had evidently been left there as valueless by the former occupant of the cabin, and hitherto he had had no time to look at the collection and see if there was anything among them worth reading. He rose and took them down one by one, and then uttered an exclamation of surprise when on the fly leaf of one he saw written: "Thomas Merrill, Brig *Jalasco*." On several of the newspapers, which were New York publications, he saw the same name, with the address "Brig *Jalasco*, care of Moreno Brothers, Callao."

"This is very curious," he thought, "Merrill as well as Rowley has heard me talking of the *Jalasco* often enough, but has never even said

that he knew her! Perhaps, however, he had to leave her for a reason that he does not care to talk about. And he certainly is not a very communicative man."

He sat down, book in hand, and began to read. The brig was travelling at a great rate through the water, although under easy canvas, and he could hear the slat of heavy driving rain on the sides of the skylight overhead.

"I hope those greasers are keeping a good look out," he said aloud to himself, and then almost at the same moment he heard Merrill's voice cry out sharply:

"Hard down, hard down! Let go fore and main——"

The rest of the order he did not catch, for, ere he was half-way out of the cabin, the brig struck with a crash, and then heeled over on her broadside, where she lay for a moment till a heavy sea caught her and lifted her further on to the reef on which she had struck.

In an instant the wildest confusion prevailed, the Mexican and Chileno sailors at once becoming terrified, and paying no attention to the orders shouted by the officers. Rowley had sprung on deck at the same time as Kingston, and through the fierce driving rain they saw that the brig was lying in a white seeth of foam, and could hear her grinding and crushing the coral on which she rested. Then in quick succession three long combers came sweeping up astern and drove her, bumping, tearing, and shaking in every timber, further on across the reef, just as the boatswain cried out that he could see smooth water ahead.

"Let her drive, sir! Let her drive if she will," shouted Kingston to the captain, who was yelling to the crew to let go everything; "give her all the lifting canvas you can, and she'll drag over;" and then, as another mountain sea loomed up through the mist astern, he cried out to everyone to take to the rigging, and, thrusting aside the terrified Chileno who was at the wheel, he and the negro boatswain grasped the spokes.

On came the grim grey wall of water, curling over and breaking with a dull roar on the edge of the reef. Lifting the brig on its hissing foam, it carried her, aided by the wind, clear across the reef into the smooth water on the other side, her stern post and rudder actually breaking off a portion of the inner edge of the coral barrier, as she ploughed into the deeper water beyond.

Hitting and kicking the cowardly crew off the poop, Rowley and his officers drove them to the braces, and in a few minutes the brig was brought to under the lee of the reef in five fathoms. After being given thirty fathoms of chain, she lay quietly to her anchor in smooth water, though the wind was blowing strongly and there was a wild sea beating on the reef.

"That was a narrow squeak," said Kingston to the captain, as the men came down from aloft, "had she struck at low water, she would have been matchwood by now. Is she making any water, bos'un?"

"Very little as yet, sah; de pumps sucked in five minutes, and de water is very dirty."

Rowley gave a sigh of relief, for he had feared that the brig had sustained serious damage when she first crashed into the reef. Then he motioned to Kingston to follow him below, where he thanked him earnestly for his presence of mind in acting as he did.

"Only for you advising me to let her drag on, I should have no ship now," he said, extending his hand.

Kingston, sailor-like, made a light answer, and turned the conversation into another channel by expressing a wish for daylight, so that they could see where they were, for, as he said, the brig might have got into a lagoon from which there was no exit for a vessel of her draught—there were many such places in the Paumotu Group. Then he went on deck again, and busied himself in attending to various matters.

Before daylight the wind fell and the sky cleared; and when the mounting sun had dispelled the haze which overhung the lagoon, he and the captain to their delight saw that the brig was in an atoll of about four miles in length by two in width, and that on the opposite, or western side, there was a clear and apparently deep passage between two islets thickly covered with coco-palms. No signs of inhabitants could be discerned on any of the eight or ten islets, which, connected by the reef, enclosed the lagoon.

"We are all right as far as getting out again goes, captain. It would be a pretty bad thing for us if there were no passage out of this circle of land. Seven years ago, when I was in the Caroline Islands, I saw a fine big and new Liverpool ship lying abandoned in Namorek Lagoon. She had done exactly what we did—struck the reef at high tide on a dark night, bumped over it into smooth water, and brought up in a mill pond completely enclosed by a circular reef. She never got out again, and had to be abandoned by the captain and crew. The natives had some fine pickings, I can assure you."

Against this pleasurable discovery of an exit from the lagoon, however, was the fact that Merrill reported that the ship was now making water pretty freely, and would require half-an-hour's steady pumping in every watch. To a suggestion from Kingston that they should make

for Tahiti, where the brig could be examined by native divers, and, if necessary, beached for repairs, Rowley gave such a nervous and yet strenuous negative, saying it would cause them too much loss of time, that the second officer dropped the subject.

So, early that afternoon the anchor was lifted, and the brig sailed out safely through the western passage, and continued on her course till the great lagoon island of Hao, one of the Paumotu archipelago, was sighted three days later.

Shortly after breakfast, Kingston went aloft, as he wished to get a better view of the land. He had scarcely seated himself on the fore-yard when he heard the sound of a violent altercation on deck, and, looking down, saw the boatswain struggling with two of the Mexican seamen, both of whom had drawn their knives. Both Merrill and the captain were below at the time, so he at once went to the negro's assistance, just in time to prevent the rest of the crew from joining their shipmates in the attack on the boatswain, who had already stretched one of his assailants senseless on the deck, and had seized the other by the back of his neck in a grip of iron.

"Come aft, you lazy soger, an' see what de captain has to say 'bout dis," he cried, pushing the man, who still grasped his knife, before him, and followed by Kingston, who saw that mischief was brewing. The three reached the break of the poop just as Rowley came from his cabin and asked what was the matter.

As he spoke, the rest of the crew, their knives out, made a sudden rush to try and liberate their shipmate from the negro, but Kingston, whipping out a belaying pin from the rail, threatened to knock down the first man who tried to interfere, and they at once drew back. Then the boatswain, still keeping his grip on the man, addressed the captain in a voice thick with rage, and said that, while he was for'ard, he had overheard Antonio (the man he then held) tell another that he (Antonio) had been put on the look-out the night the brig struck, but had deserted his post, and gone into the galley to be out of the rain.

"Let him go," said the captain, curtly.

"Let him go, sah!" the negro repeated indignantly, "why, sah, I thought you'd kick him along de deck till yo' was tired. And den he an' his mate Matto drew der knives on me."

"That is true," said Kingston, coming forward. "I was aloft and saw the pair of them rush at the boatswain with their knives."

Rowley shot a quick glance at the crew, who were grouped on the main deck, and then again ordered the boatswain to let the man go It was evident to Kingston that the skipper feared to incur the crew's resentment.

"But he drew his knife on me, sah," again protested the negro, "an' he'll put it into my back de fust chance he gets. I don' trust a mongrel like dat."

"Bah!" said the captain contemptuously, "don't be such a cur. Let him go, I tell you."

The negro's lips twitched convulsively, and for the moment he was unable to speak, and seemed as if he were choking with the violence of the passion that filled his mighty bosom. Then, suddenly drawing the wretched Antonio towards him with his right hand, he struck him with the left on the arm with such terrific force that the bone snapped like a carrot, and the knife fell upon the deck. He then threw him clean across the deck against the bulwarks on the port side, where he lay like one dead, doubled up in a heap.

"Dat's fo' de man, brack, white or yaller, dat draws a knife on John Worcester," bawled the negro in a voice thick and guttural with fury, and, ere Kingston could stay him, he sprang up the poop ladder and faced Rowley, "an' the man dat says I'm a cur is a liar; an' if he don' take it back, I'se goin' to ram de lie down his throat."

"Stand back!" cried Merrill, springing to the captain's side, and pointing a pistol at the negro's head. In an instant Worcester tore it from his grasp and hurled it overboard, only to find another presented at him by Rowley, whose hand, as he pulled the trigger, was knocked up by Kingston, the bullet flying high into the air.

"Shame, Captain Rowley!" he cried, thrusting him back, "shame! Would you murder an unarmed man!" and then, as the crew again made a rush aft to get at Worcester, he sprang to meet them

"Back, you dogs! I'll kill the first man that puts foot on this poop, if he attempts to touch the bos'un!"

There was a dead silence. Rowley, empty pistol in hand, and face flushed purple, was looking at the negro, who stood before him with folded arms with such dignity and sudden self-restraint that even Merrill eyed him in silent admiration.

"Yo' would have killed me, Captain, yo' would. But fo' all dat, sah, I'm a man . . . an' I let it all pass if you take dose words back."

"I take them back, bos'un," said Rowley, sullenly.

The negro touched his cap, and without a word turned away, and descended to the main deck. For a moment he stood looking at the crew, who were slinking forward; then, in a voice that was utterly devoid of temper, he called out:

"Take a pull on de lee fore brace dere, some of you."

The watch obeyed him in silence, and then Merrill and Kingston brought Antonio into the cabin, and set his arm, neither of them making the slightest allusion to the fracas. Rowley, who watched the operation, did so in silence, and by tacit consent the matter was not again openly discussed by any one aft.

Worcester went about his duties as usual, but he took occasion that night to grasp Kingston's hand, and mutter his gratitude, and the officer whispered to him to be on his guard with the crew. The negro nodded—he could do no more, for the man at the wheel was evidently listening.

One day, when the brig was almost clear of the Paumotu Group, a low, sandy islet, covered with short, thick *toa* trees, was sighted, and as the brig was short of fuel, Rowley hove to, and, with Kingston and two seamen, went ashore to cut firewood. The landing was somewhat dangerous on account of the surf running on the reef; the boat, too, was heavy, clumsily built, and steered with a rudder, which latter, Kingston saw, would be useless in a swiftly-running and breaking sea, especially when there were but two men to pull. However, the captain was determined to land, but allowed the second officer to take an oar.

After lying on their oars for a few minutes outside the belt of surf, watching for a favourable opportunity, Rowley gave the word, and, under the three oars, the boat was headed for the reef.

"Bend to it, men, bend to it!" cried Kingston, who, looking astern, could see an ugly-looking green sea, with combing top, that threatened to break before the boat was over the edge of the reef. The seamen responded to his call all they could, but, just as the boat was within a few feet of the coral barrier, the back-wash from a preceding roller poured down its face like an avalanche, and Rowley, with one look at the towering sea astern, foolishly gave the order to back water, with disastrous consequences, for as the boat lay deep in the foaming trough right under the edge of the reef, the mighty wall of incoming water fell on her with a thundering crash, and rolled her over and over.

"STAND BACK!"

As soon as he came to the surface, Kingston, who was a powerful swimmer, shook the water from his eyes and instinctively swam out away from the reef. Looking back he saw that the boat was badly stove, and had been carried ashore, and the two seamen with her, for he could just see their heads and shoulders as they stood up in the shallow water covering the reef.

"Where is the captain?" he shouted.

They threw up their hands, which meant either that they did not know, or that Rowley had disappeared; and neither of them made any effort to come to the officer's assistance.

Raising his head as high as he could as he swam, Kingston shouted again and again in the hope that the captain, who was but a poor swimmer, was somewhere near him; and then, as the back-wash again poured down the reef and

left it bare, he caught sight of Rowley clinging to a jagged edge of exposed coral rock with the blood streaming down his face in torrents. Shouting encouragement to him, Kingston swam to his aid and reached him just as a sea went over his head, for the unfortunate man clung tenaciously to the rock as his last hope of life, as the blood which poured from a deep wound in his head had completely blinded him.

"I'm done, done," he gasped, as the water sank down from the rock, and he regained his breath.

"Not a bit of it," cried Kingston, "quick, hold on with one hand while I get your coat off," and before another sea reached them he had managed to free first the captain's left, then his right arm from his heavy pilot coat, shouting the while to the seamen to throw them an oar or a line from the edge of the reef. But there was no response to his cries—they were too afraid to venture out again for fear of being swept away by the back-wash.

"Let go now, and swim," he cried, "I will keep you up; we can't stay here."

Rowley obeyed, and, supported by Kingston, struck out seaward, away from the smothering surf, which would have soon exhausted him, and five minutes later they heard a loud cry from Worcester, who, with four hands, was quite near them with a second boat.

"Hurrah! Dere dey are, boys!"

The boat swept up, and both men were pulled in, Rowley so done up that he was almost unconscious. As quickly as possible he was taken on board the brig and carried below, where brandy was given him, and then Merrill sewed up the gaping wound in his head. In half-an-hour he was sufficiently recovered to sit up and thank his rescuers, and acceded to Kingston's wish to go ashore again, and get at least one load of wood cut and brought off

On this occasion the boatswain, who was used to surf work, accompanied the second officer, and the boat reached the beach safely. Here they found the two seamen, who, after being vigorously rated by Kingston for their cowardice, were given axes and set to work with the rest of the men. After an hour's labour enough wood was cut and carried to the boat, but as the tide was now low, and the reef bare, the men were told to get their dinner and do what they pleased for the next few hours.

Then, after eating a biscuit or two each, Kingston and the boatswain started off to have a look round the island and see if they could discover some turtle eggs

The moment they were well out of sight of the men, the negro placed his hand on his officer's arm, and said he had something important to confide to him—something that he had determined to tell him for many days past, had an opportunity been given him.

"Let us sit down ober dere, sah. I'se got a long story to tell you," he added.

They sat down, and the first words he uttered were sufficiently startling.

"I suppose, sah, you think dat dat brig is de *Blossom?*"

"Isn't she, then?" said Kingston, in surprise.

"No, sah," replied the negro slowly, "dat is de *Jalasco*, and de skipper and Merrill pirated her de day before you come aboard. I had a hand in it myself. But I'se goin' to make a clean breast ob it, and if you want me to help you to capture an' carry de ship back again, I'll do it—dat is, if I ain't murdered before de time comes."

Then in as few words as possible he told his story, which was grim enough.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEIZING OF THE BRIG.

WHEN he met Rowley in Callao, he (Rowley) was without a ship, but, taking the negro into his confidence, he told him that he intended to seize a fine new brig, which was about to sail for Valparaiso, where she was to be handed over to her new owners. Merrill, who was second mate on board, was to gain over some of the crew when near Arica, seize the captain, mate, and those of the crew who would not join them, and await Rowley, who would be expecting the brig at an agreed-upon rendezvous. There were on board over sixty thousand dollars, consigned to Moreno Brothers' Valparaiso branch, and it was the cash more than anything else that tempted Rowley and Merrill to the venture, though the vessel herself would be a great prize, as she was almost new, well-armed and found, and could easily be sold in the East Indies or China for a large sum of money, it being unlikely that any unnecessary questions would be asked by the purchasers.

Worcester consented to join, and through Merrill's influence was shipped on the brig, while Rowley, who was well supplied with money, left Callao almost immediately in order to get to Arica, where he could easily, at the proper time, find a fresh crew among the smuggling fraternity who made Vigors's house their headquarters, and

who had long been associated with Rowley and Merrill in their questionable ventures.

Merrill, so the boatswain said, was the real instigator of the enterprise. He and Rowley had known each other for many years, and had had many desperate smuggling adventures together on the Venezuelan and Mexican coast. But once, during a hot pursuit of them by the guarda costas, they had to part, and did not meet again for over a twelve-month. Merrill, who was a man of the greatest daring and resource, had made his way to Callao, where he had succeeded in getting into the employment of Moreno Brothers as second mate of their new brig. Rowley was then in hiding in Panama, but Merrill wrote to him to come to Callao, as he thought they might do a good stroke of business.

At this time, however, he knew nothing of the intention of Moreno Brothers to sell the brig to Captain Forestier of Valparaiso, and had formed no definite plans beyond thinking that with Rowley's assistance it might be possible to quietly surprise the captain and chief mate, when they were asleep, and run off with the ship. But when he learnt that the vessel was sold, and, furthermore, that she would be conveying sixty thousand dollars to Valparaiso, he and Rowley set to work promptly and studied out their scheme in detail. The latter was possessed of three or four thousand dollars, and some of this was used by Merrill in gaining over certain of the brig's crew—men whom he knew could be depended upon to assist them.

The brig did not sail for nearly a fortnight after the specie had been sent on board by the owners, and thus Rowley had ample time to get down the coast to Vigora.

Both the captain and mate of the brig were Spaniards, but, although very careless regarding discipline, they were both courageous men, and never for one moment dreamt that there were traitors on board—Merrill, Worcester, and five seamen. All went well till the brig was within a few miles of the place where the attempt was to be made, and where Rowley was to put in an appearance.

"Dere's one thing, sah, dat I mus' say 'bout de skipper and Mr. Merrill. Dey did not want to hab any bloodshed if dey could help it; but dey was both powerful determined to get dose sixty thousand dollars. An' dey just worked me up properly, too, an' I reckon I was just as keen on handlin' my share ob de plunder—a thousand dollars—as any one else ob de gang."

Merrill and Rowley had laid their plans too elaborately for them to go astray, and one day, towards dusk, the former told Worcester to keep a bright look-out for a light. The brig was then running down the coast, close in to the land, with only a light air filling her sails.

The Spanish captain always turned in early, and both he and the mate were good sleepers.

"The moment we see the light, bos'un, you know what *you* have to do. If the breeze should freshen up a bit, all the better—we must haul up for the light, if we can, without making any noise. Captain Rowley has us in sight at this very moment, no doubt, and we want to have him alongside as quickly as we can."

An hour after the mate had turned in he was fast asleep, as Merrill could tell by his heavy breathing as he listened at his brother-officer's open door. Just as he walked softly on deck again, Worcester saw the expected light.

"Right," said Merrill, "tell Antonio to keep her up to it as much as he can. It won't do for us to touch the braces. It might make too much noise. Now go for'ard."

Worcester stepped for'ard. All the men in the mate's watch (except two who were in Merrill's confidence and had purposely remained on deck) were sound asleep below, and the negro quickly secured the fore-scuttle hatch.

Then Merrill and three of his fellow conspirators, armed with cutlasses and pistols, went into the cabin, expecting to surprise the captain and mate fast asleep. It so happened, however, that the steward had been sitting in the companion way, enjoying the cool night air, when he heard the fore-scuttle being secured and at the same moment saw Merrill and those with him come softly along the deck with arms in their hands.

In an instant he darted down below and awakened the captain and mate just as Merrill and his party entered the cabin. Both the mate and captain met them, the former with a hatchet, and the latter with his pistols, and called on them to lay down their arms. Then, to his horror, Worcester, who was now in charge of the deck, heard a volley, and, rushing down into the cabin, found the captain, mate, and steward weltering in their blood—they had all been shot down remorselessly. Merrill at once assumed charge, and had just ordered the dying men to be taken on deck, when a sudden cry of alarm was given by the man at the wheel—the men confined for'ard had succeeded in cutting their way up through the scuttle with axes, and were arming themselves with cutlasses and pistols taken from the deck-house, in which the carpenter slept. The carpenter, who was a very powerfully-built Frenchman, put himself at their head, and bravely called upon them to follow

him and rescue the captain and officers, little knowing that Merrill himself was leading the pirates.

"Up, up, all of you," shouted Merrill fiercely to his followers, and leaving the unfortunate captain, mate, and steward to breathe their last in the ensanguined cabin, he sprang up the companion. They were only just in time, for at the break of the poop they met the rescuing seamen, headed by the carpenter.

"Surrender!" cried Merrill, levelling his pistol at the Frenchman, "the captain and mate are dead, and the ship is ours." A bullet from the gallant carpenter's pistol was the reply he received; and then began a savage struggle for the possession of the deck, Merrill and his men fighting as only desperate men with halters round their necks fight. But they were outnumbered by three to one, and must certainly have been overpowered in a few minutes, when Worcester gave a yell of joy, for he had perceived Captain Rowley's boat coming alongside. Making a spring, he actually jumped off the poop on top of the Frenchman and bore him down upon the main-deck, hoping, as he told Kingston, that he might be able to save the poor fellow's life, and end all further and useless slaughter. But the loyal part of the crew, not knowing, of course, that Rowley, with half-a-dozen men, was actually alongside, continued the struggle, the carpenter having succeeded in throwing off Worcester, and then felling him by a blow on the head with the butt of his pistol.

"SURRENDER!" CRIED MERRILL, LEVELLING HIS PISTOL AT THE FRENCHMAN.

Followed by his smugglers, Rowley clambered over the side and rushed to Merrill's assistance. In a few minutes the carpenter was cut down by the stroke of a cutlass, and then the surviving members of the crew who had so gallantly stuck to the poor Frenchman, threw down their arms and surrendered, though not until Rowley himself had received a slight bullet wound in the arm, and a blow on the head

from the back of an axe, which stunned him.

Merrill at once took command, and ordered the men who had surrendered into Rowley's boat. Two oars only were given them, with some water and provisions, and they were told to make for the land, then twenty miles distant. Then the bodies of the dead men, among whom was the carpenter, were thrown overboard, all sail was made, and the brig stood in along the land for Arica, where Vigors boarded her with the new second officer.

Horrified at the negro's story, Kingston was at first at a loss for words to express himself. Then he earnestly besought Worcester to be true to his word, and help him to recapture the ship, and carry her back to her rightful owners.

"I will, sah. Upon my oath, I will," he said solemnly, holding his hand up to heaven.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHAMPTON ROYAL PIER.

THE ROYAL Pier at Southampton has a very interesting history. Built in 1833, and opened on July 8th of that year by the Duchess of Kent, who was accompanied by the young Princess Victoria, it consisted of a floating pontoon and one or two jetties, with no pretensions at all to any beauty, or to being a pleasure resort. Many years afterwards, the Southampton Harbour Board awoke to the fact that Southampton needed a Pier that would be worthy of the name, and so commenced to reconstruct the Royal Pier, which reconstruction was completed at a total cost of £40,000, and opened by his Royal Highness the Duke of York in 1892, amid great festivities and rejoicings. The Pier contains a fine promenade and carriage drive; the promenade terminates at the top with a large square, round which are seats and lounges.

In the middle of the square stands the Pavilion, capable of seating about 1000 people; this Pavilion was built in the year 1894, previous to which there was merely an enclosure ringed round with seats and with a bandstand in the middle. The Bandstand, or rather stage, of the Pavilion, is so arranged that it can be opened on the outside, thus enabling both promenaders and people inside the Pavilion to enjoy the band. The concerts and theatrical entertainments frequently given here in the summer are well patronised. Here, also, the Civic Balls and Receptions are very often held. At the top of the square, branching off, are berths for four vessels; it is from these, during the season, that the magnificent excursion steamers start with their hundreds of passengers for Boulogne, Cherbourg, Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Weymouth, the Isle of Wight and various other places.

The Pier has its commercial as well as its pleasure side. There is a floating pontoon which rises and falls with the tide, thus enabling ships to berth at any time, whatever the state of the tide may be. In a heavy storm a few years ago the pontoon broke loose and started for a cruise on its own, presenting a very strange appearance, with its lamp-posts, gangways, etc. The present pontoon is securely anchored with a high wooden pile through its centre, so that it cannot emulate the example of its predecessor. There is a tiny railway station on the Pier, so that passengers from London, or anywhere else, can go direct from the train to the boat without having to walk through the streets. The Royal Southampton Yacht Club has a pretty little Club-house on the pier. There are also a couple of refreshment rooms, sweet shops, a newspaper shop, mutoscope kiosk, three booking-offices, post-box, electricity depot (for charging electric launches) and numberless automatic machines. Southampton Pier is frequently honoured by visits from Royalty passing to and from Osborne, and during the late Queen's reign the Royal Yacht was often seen at the jetty, waiting for some distinguished guest of Her Majesty's. One summer, during the height of the yachting season, the King (or Prince of Wales, as he was then) landed from one of his yacht's boats at the pier landing-stage. The collectors seeing, as they supposed, an ordinary yacht-owner, charged him the legal toll; afterwards, on discovering the identity of the gentleman, they sent the money back. Needless to say, the Prince refused it, informing them that he wished to be treated, and to pay the same charges, as a private gentleman; so, in memory of his visit, and with his Royal Highness's gracious permission, the jetty was named the "Prince of Wales's Landing Stage." The pier's popularity may be gauged by the fact that no fewer than nine hundred and eleven thousand people paid for admission during 1901. The charge for admission is only 1d., a sum which many other piers would also find very popular.

In conclusion, I should like to thank the Southampton Harbour Board for their kindness in giving me the official information contained in this article.

"No. 6."

The Stamps of Great Britain.

EVERY English collector should collect the stamps of his own country. There was a time when English stamps were considered scarcely worth collecting. There were few interesting varieties, and but little to excite enthusiasm. All that is changed. The specialist has been marshalling the varieties and the printings. He has been inquiring into dies and retouches, and now English issues, *unused*, in all their unfolded varieties, are the preserves of the wealthy specialist. But there is plenty of scope for the average collector, who will be satisfied to collect the issues of the country in the *used* condition. And I doubt if any country will afford more pleasure to the patient, plodding collector than the gathering together of the many varieties that go to make up what may be termed even a representative general collection of English. Unfortunately, there is no simple guide for the general collector or the beginner, though there are several valuable works devoted to the service of the specialist. It may, therefore, not be out of place if I make an attempt in this Coronation year, when English stamps are undergoing such epoch-making changes, to simplify the various issues for the general collector and the beginner.

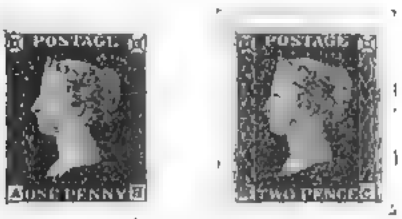
For the purposes of simplification I shall divide the stamps into their three natural divisions of Line Engraved, Embossed, and Surface Printed.

I need not retell the familiar story of the introduction of penny postage; suffice it to say that the first adhesive postage stamp was issued in 1840. It was designed by Henry Courbould, an artist, engraved by Charles Heath, and printed by the firm of Bacon and Petch (now Perkins, Bacon and Company, Limited). The head of the Queen was a drawing of the head from Wyon's City medal. Mr. Westoby thus explains the process of engraving adopted: "The die was a small block of softened steel ¼ to ⅜ inch thick, and about 1·2 inches to 3 inches across. The engine-turned background and the sides were first engraved mechanically, and a place cleared in the centre, on which Heath engraved the head. The lettering in the top and bottom labels was then added." From this die the steel plates were made. The stamps were all printed by hand in roller presses, as machinery had not at that time been applied to printing from plates in which the lines of the engraving were in recess.

Line Engraved Stamps.

1840-1.—The 1d. stamp was first printed in black and the 2d. in blue. A red ink was supplied and used for the obliteration of the stamps, but it was found that this red obliteration could be so easily removed, the authorities therefore changed the colour of the 1d. stamp to brownish red, and supplied a black ink for cancellation. The stamps were printed in sheets of 240. In the first issues there were letters in the lower angles and Maltese crosses in the upper angles. The paper was hand made, was watermarked with a crown, and the stamps were not perforated, The 2d. had no white line above the words

"two pence." A very popular variety at one time was the 1d. black, with the letters V.R. in the upper corners, but this stamp, it is now agreed, was never issued for use to the public, and is, therefore, excluded from the catalogues.



Letters in Lower Corners. Maltese Crosses in Upper Corners. Watermark Crown. Imperforate.

1d., black.
1d., brownish red.
2d., blue.

1854-64.—The Maltese crosses in the upper corners were removed and letters added, as in the lower angles, and perforation was introduced for the separation of the stamps; two new values, ½d. and 1½d., were included, and white lines were, in the 2d. value, added under the word "postage" and above the words "two pence." Some economically-minded people endeavoured to make used stamps do duty a second time by piecing

Letters in all Four Corners. Watermark Crown. Perforated 14 and 16.

½d., red.
1d., red.
1½d., red.
2d., blue.

together the uncancelled portions of two stamps. To checkmate this system of fraud a plate number was so delicately etched into the scroll work on each side of the designs as to be almost unnoticeable. The lettering of the four corners, which varied in each of the 240 stamps making up a sheet, was also intended to protect the revenue from similar frauds. The plate numbers run from 71 to 235 in the 1d. The 2d. plate numbers are 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, and 15. The ½d. plates are numbered 1 to 20, omitting 2, 7, 16, 17, and 18. The 1½d. plates are 1 and 3; the first is unnumbered. Specialists collect these plate numbers, some of which are very scarce, but the general collector need not trouble about them.

Embossed Series.

1847.—Mr. Westoby explains the issue of what is known as the embossed series as having been due to the Colonial merchants, who expressed a wish to have stamps of a higher value than 2d. for franking their correspondence. The design of a shilling value was prepared by Mr. O. Hill, and the stamps were embossed on small sheets of twenty stamps in four rows of five, with a coloured thread running through each stamp. A 10d. value was added for letters to France, a 6d. for letters to Belgium. The 10d. stamp, according to Westoby, continued in use till 1855, when, in consequence of the rate to France having been altered, the further issue was suspended; the remainder of the stock was, however, put into circulation in 1863, prior

Embossed Stamps. Imperforate.

6d., purple.
10d., brown.
1s., green.

to the issue of the surface printed stamp of the same value.

The sheets of these embossed stamps were very small, the shillings were in sheets of twenty stamps, in five rows of four; the 10d. in sheets of twenty-four stamps, in six rows of four, and the 6d. in sheets of twenty stamps in five rows of four.

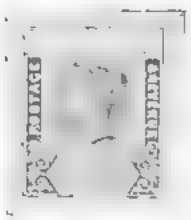
Notable New Issues.

The King's head issues are already cropping up on our Colonial stamps. I have received, too late for illustration in this number, a series of four values for the Cayman Islands, and a 1d. Gambia is said to have been issued with the King's head, but I have not yet seen a copy. An Emperor's head issue is expected to be issued in India in April, and a correspondent informs *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* that the new 3d. stamp is to be issued in Malta printed in four colours; the head of the King is to be in blue on a very dark green ground, enclosed in a vermilion frame, "and the rest of the stamp," whatever that may include, will be in a shade of brown. When we get that stamp we will believe in it—not before. The Leeward Islands are to have a pictorial issue, the use of which is to be restricted to the islands of St. Christopher and Nevis. Turkey is said to be preparing some new issues. According to an official notice, a Commission has decided that "the eight sorts of postage stamps actually in use shall be maintained," and that stamps of 10 piastres and 100 paras shall be created for money order and parcel service. The notice adds: "Since their creation Turkish stamps have been changed fourteen times. They are now changed every two years." Turkish stamps are a sealed book to the average collector; indeed, few specialists pretend to thoroughly understand them. From Germany we also have the promise of a new series to be inscribed "Deutches Reich," instead of "Reichspost." An entirely new series for the United States of new designs is reported to be in course of preparation. Portraits of past Presidents will, of course, still form the central portions of the designs. The values will remain unchanged, except for the addition of a 13 cents stamp, which covers the cost of registered letters of half an ounce to countries in the Postal Union, 5 cents for postage and 8 cents for registration. This new stamp will have a portrait of President Benjamin Harrison. Commodore Perry, whose portrait has appeared upon U.S. postage stamps since the 1870 issue, i.e., on the 90 cents, down to 1894, when the 90 cents was discontinued, since which time his portrait has appeared upon the 1 dollar, will be superseded by Admiral Farragut.

From the *Metropolitan Philatelist* of New York I gather that this new series will be issued during the present year, for "Series 1902" is to be inscribed upon the designs, and, further, the date of birth and death, and, presumably, the name, will be added under each portrait.

British Guiana.—The 6 cents has been changed in colour from purple and brown to purple and ultramarine.

Gold Coast.—Messrs Bright and Son have shown me a 2d. stamp of the current Queen's head bi-coloured type. The colour is lilac and carmine. It is said that this is the last Queen's head stamp to be issued in the Colony, and there is a rumour that only a small quantity was printed pending the issue of King's heads.



Great Britain.—I have been shown specimens of additional values of the King's head stamps, viz., 1½d., 3d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., and £1. Next month I hope to illustrate these. There are slight variations in the designs, but the King's head in each stamp occupies much the same space and position as in the late Queen's head issues. The colours are unaltered. The £5 stamp is to be discontinued.

There are also several very interesting issues of the "official" class of stamps. These are made by overprinting the King's head stamps with the initials of the particular department and the word "official." Some of these stamps are very difficult to get hold of, and they are greatly valued by collectors of English. The overprinting is intended to reserve them for exclusive use in the department for which they are set apart. Here is a list of those which have been issued up to date, all on King's heads, except where indicated:

I. R. OFFICIAL	INLAND REVENUE ½d., green. 1d., carmine. 2½d., blue. 1s., green and carmine (Queen's head).
ARMY OFFICIAL	FOR ARMY OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE ½d., green. 1d., carmine 6d., purple and red (Queen's head)

O. W. OFFICIAL	Office of Works. ½d., green (Queen's head). ½d., green. 1d., carmine.
BOARD OF EDUCATION	Board of Education. ½d., green. 1d., carmine. 2½d., blue. 5d., purple and blue (Queen's head). 1s., green and carmine (Queen's head).
R. H. OFFICIAL	Royal Household. 1d., carmine.

Hong Kong.—I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King and Company for a copy of the 30 cents, changed in colour from green to brown, and Messrs. Bright and Son have shown me a 12 cents, dark blue, watermarked CA. The last issue of a 12 cents value was made in 1863-71, and was then watermarked C.C.

Sarawak.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Company send me the current 2 cents, printed on paper watermarked with a rosette, as used for the stamps of Jahore, the Soudan, and Zanzibar.

Suriname.—Here is an illustration of the new ½ cent stamp for this Colony. It will be seen that it resembles the current type of the low values of Holland.

Orange River Colony.—The South African Stamp Company send me a novelty from this colony in the shape of the current V.R.I. 6d. blue, further surcharged, "4d," in red. How far this new departure in surcharging is to extend cannot be said at present, but it would seem to indicate an intention to use up surplus stock for values that are exhausted.

Tasmania.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Company send us the 1d. and 2d. values of the current pictorial issue, watermarked V and crown. It will be remembered that this issue was designed, engraved, and printed by Messrs. De la Rue, the printers of our English stamps. The De la Rue supply was printed on paper watermarked "TAS.," and was perforated 14. The plates have evidently been sent out to the Colony, and have been forwarded to Melbourne for the printing of further supplies. It is said a stock of paper watermarked "TAS" was on its way from England, but as it could not arrive for some weeks a supply of 1d. and 2d. have been printed off by the Melbourne printers on their own paper watermarked V and crown. The Melbourne issue is further differentiated by being perforated 12½.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. D. B. P. (Sandhurst).—The ½d. blue English is a frequently met with changeling. Soaking the green stamp in water will effect the change.

Xaymaca (Jamaica).—Your stamp is a common Russian 10 kopecs, blue, and catalogued at 1d.

Columbus.—No coupon, no address, no signature. You are not entitled to an answer in this column, but an exception shall be made in your case. Prices of the U.S. Columbus issue are given in Gibbons and other catalogues. Cannot afford space to repeat the list here. Don't speculate in Columbians. Stanley Gibbons, 391, Strand, London, W.C., publish a full list of South African V.R.I. issues for 3d.

W. G. (Montrose).—There is a magazine called, I think, the "Pictorial Postcard Magazine," devoted to postcard collecting.

Stampist.—Write Messrs. Whitfield, King and Co., Ipswich, for their list of sets, and you will get all the information you require.

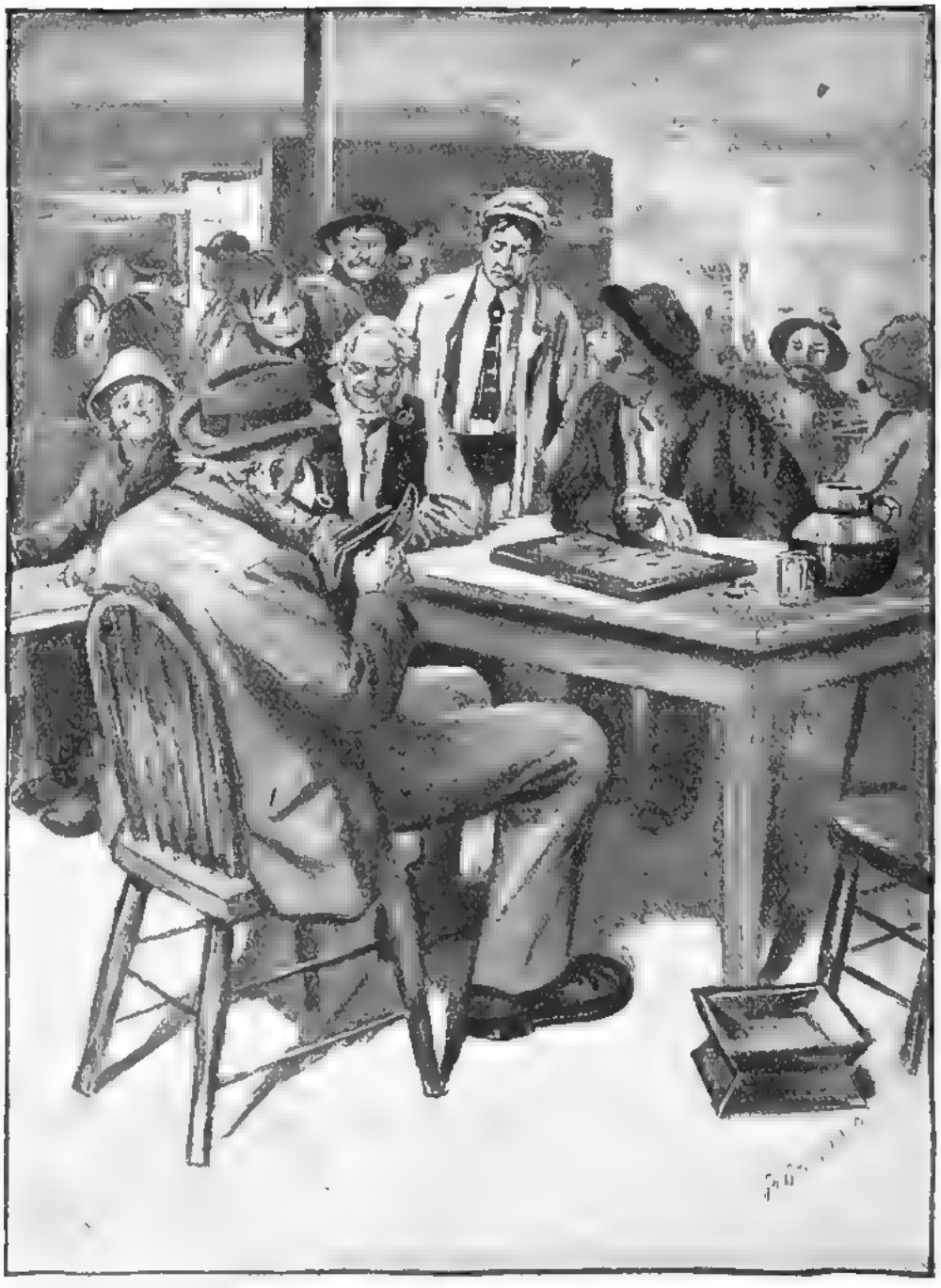
J. Tippins.—The 2½d. surcharged 40 paras is a special issue for British post offices in the Turkish Empire. Its catalogue value is, unused, 5d., and used, 1d. The original ½d. English is catalogued unused 4d., used 1d. The Transvaal E.R.I. ½d. green is worth about 5d. or 6d. What it will be worth in two years' time it is difficult to say; possibly 1s.

Frank Hubbard.—The India ½d. red is priced in Bright's catalogue at £8 for an unused copy. The English 1d. black is worth from 20s. to 40s. unused, and from 6d. to 8d. used.

G. W. D. (Portobello).—Cannot say whether stamps are fudges without seeing them. Your Turkish war stamps 1898, presumably the Thessaly issue, are catalogued, 10 paras unused 2d., used 9d.; 20 paras rose, unused 5d., used 1s.

N. B. (Rugby).—The "Philatelic Record," monthly 4d., from G. F. H. Gibson, 1, Clarence-street, Manchester, is written and published by and for collectors.

Miss A. E. I. (Oxford).—The flaw of a folded and unprinted ridge across a stamp crops up now and again. I have seen it in several cases. Such stamps are regarded merely as curiosities.



"Now," said Captain Eri, "this is the bet. We fellers bet you, Tucker, twenty dollars that we can find a boat, a catboat, that'll beat the *Scudaway* in a sailin' race. The coures'll be the reg'lar one that the fishin' craft race over in the spring. The trial'll come off day after ter-morrer. Is that all right?"—(*See page* 133.)

THE REVENGE OF OAKLEGS.

Being a Cape Cod Yachting Story.

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. *Illustrated by C. GRUNWALD.*

"OAKLEGS" CROWELL worshipped two divinities. The first was Gertie Baker and the second was Lem Tucker. Gertie was thirteen, black-eyed and vivacious, and was pretty enough for any boy to worship. Lem was —— Well, he was what he was, and that was, certainly, nothing to be idolised.

Mr. Crowell had been christened Samuel by his father and mother, after a rich uncle who was expected to leave him money and didn't. He was christened "Oaklegs" by his schoolfellows, doubtless for good and sufficient juvenile reasons.

Mr. Lemuel Tucker—sometimes called "Ily" Tucker because of his smooth tongue—was a gentleman who followed the fashions. We say followed advisedly, because, although Mr. Tucker was invariably garbed in the extreme of the mode, it was always the mode of two seasons past. He may be said to have dressed not in the latest, but the late style.

His father kept a small general store in the village. Lemuel had early outgrown the parental establishment and gone up to Boston to show the city people how to do business. He had sold gloves and ribbons over the counter, been a life insurance agent, a soap peddler, and, at length, a gentleman at large. While engaged in this latter pursuit he had found it necessary to telegraph to Mr. Tucker, senior, who came up to Boston, found a son in debt and a trunk in pawn, and took both back with him to the Cape. Since then Lemuel had lived on patience and his parents until, within the past few days, he had been appointed superintendent and caretaker of Mr. Delancey Barry's magnificent and newly completed summer estate on the Cliff Road. The house had not yet been opened, but the Barrys were expected to arrive in about a week. Elmer Burns, a competent and hard-working young fisherman, had been very near to getting the place, but he had no father, as Lem did, to go on to New York and plead with Mr. Barry, so he had been beaten.

"Oaklegs" worshipped Lem because of Lem's clothes, because he smoked big cigars, talked loudly about betting, and posed as a thoroughbred city sport. Also, because he was not too proud to tell his big stories to boys. Tucker, who had few friends among the grown population of the town, was not insensible to the lad's admiration, and allowed him to run his errands, harness his—or, rather, his father's—horse, and bask at odd moments in the sunshine of his presence.

This evening "Oaklegs" was in high spirits as he sauntered down the main street to the post-office. The next Sunday was "Camp-meetin' Day" over at Harniss, and to go to camp-meeting and take Gertie had long been his most cherished dream. Week in and week out he had pleaded with Tucker to lend him the "hoss an' buggy" for the occasion, and had always been refused. But yesterday Lem had needed him to run a three-mile errand, and when he asked, once more, if he might "take the hoss an' buggy fer next Sunday," the answer had been, "Ya-as; I guess so."

That was enough. In half an hour he was around behind Miss Baker's father's barn whistling "Clementine" at top pitch. When the young lady appeared in answer to the signal, the invitation was tendered and accepted, with the qualification, "If ma'll let me."

Now, to-night, he had again seen his adored and she had told him, "Ma says I can go if you don't have a fast horse and we don't stay more'n an hour."

So the jubilant "Oaklegs" strutted like a peacock and whistled "Clementine" all the way to the post-office. The mail was sorted and he received the contents of the family box, two incubator circulars and the Cape Cod *Item*. Then he sauntered across the street and entered the door of Web Saunders' billiard saloon. There was a large sign which read "No Minors Admitted," but "Oaklegs" paid no more attention to that than Web did. He knew it was there to show the townsfolk that the selectmen were doing their duty.

The usual crowd was playing billiards and pool at the rear of the room, and a large

cloud of tobacco smoke and the sound of several people talking at once told him that the checker boards were in operation. Round the boards were gathered seven or eight ancient mariners, who were discussing the merits and demerits of Mr. Delancey Barry junior's new thirty-foot knockabout sailboat, which had been towed down from Boston and anchored in the harbour the day before. Whether or not the practice of giving orders in rough weather affects the vocal organs until shouting becomes a habit, we cannot say. Certain it is that each opinion was given at the top of its backer's voice.

The general thought seemed to be that, while the *Scudaway*—that was the knockabout's name—might be well enough on a pond or in a light breeze, with "any kind of a wind" she would be out-sailed by a Cape Cod catboat.

"She's too skimmin'-dishy!" declared Captain Jonadab Baxter. "She don't look ter me ter have the backbone of a good 'cat.' She ain't——"

"She may be all right goin' afore the wind," broke in Captain Eri Hedge, emphasising his remarks by thumps on the checkerboard, "but you take her on a beat ter wind'ard and then where'll she be? She can't foot it with a cat boat! That's my opinion—take it or leave it; she can't foot it."

"Stop poundin' the board, Eri!" expostulated Barzilla Wingate. "Can't yer talk without knockin' the checkers plumb te Guinea? I had you licked, and now I dunno where we be. What d'yer——"

"Them things is toys! That's what they be, toys!" cried Obed Nickerson, referring to the knockabout. "Now, one of our Cape fishin' boats is made fer work, and she'll take her share, don't make no odds if it's blowin' like——"

Just here Mr. Nickerson was interrupted by some one else who had an opinion which he wished to deliver while it was hot, and the conversation took the form of a duet, each participant trying to outshout the other. When both had had their say they stopped, and silence fell with the suddenness that follows the shutting off of a steam whistle. Then Captain Jerry Burgess said:

THE INVITATION WAS ACCEPTED WITH THE QUALIFICATION, "IF MA'LL LET ME."

"Ily Tucker is makin' his brags that she's the only boat ever was built. Says she was put up by them fellers who build cup defenders and that she can lick anything her size afloat."

"Bosh!" sneered Captain Jonadab. "Ily's been so puffed up sence he got that sup'rintendent's job over ter Barry's that he can't rest easy. Mebbe this new boat ain't much good—I don't think she is, myself, but she's too good fer him, anyhow. It's a shame Burns didn't git that job."

"Sup'rintendent!" ejaculated Obed. "I wouldn't have Ily Tucker sup'rintend my hen-house. I got too much respect fer the hens. Tucker needs takin' down a peg; that's what *he* needs!"

"Oaklegs" had listened to the abuse of his idol with smothered indignation, and might have been tempted to protest against it, had not a stir at the door announced the arrival of Mr. Tucker himself.

As tennis was rapidly dying and golf coming in, Lem, in accordance with his reminis-

cent custom, was arrayed in a brand-new and gorgeous striped blazer and cap to match and wore a wide sash around his waist.

He strutted through the room, with the striped cap tilted down toward one eye and a big cigar tilted up toward the other. He vouchsafed a few "How are yers?" to the billiard players and, coming up behind Captain Jonadab, pushed that gentleman's hat over his eyes and saluted him with:

"Hello, Jone! how yer knockin' 'em? Yer want ter tie on that beaver of yours when yer go home ter-night, 'cause it's blowin' pretty stiff outside; did yer know it?"

"Well," grunted Captain Baxter, setting the insulted tile straight again, "I notice it's gittin' mighty fresh in here jest now."

"Where d'yer git them kind of cigars, Ily?" inquired Obed, looking curiously at the weed smoked by Mr. Tucker. "Grow 'em yourself?"

The hilarity with which this question was received by the bystanders seemed to ruffle Mr. Tucker a bit. He made no answer but changed the subject by observing:

"Say! I hear you fellers are sayin' that our new knockabout ain't no good, and that a Cape Cod catboat can beat her; is that so?"

"Our new knockabout?" said Captain Jonadab. "Oh! yer mean yours and Barry's! Why, yes, we did say something ter that effect."

Lem changed his cigar to the other side of his mouth and, reaching down into his trousers' pocket, produced a roll of bills that he threw on the table.

"There!" he said, with what he hoped was the bearing of a reckless gambler, "there's twenty dollars that says the *Scudaway* can beat any catboat from here ter Provincetown. Race her where yer will and when yer will. Come! you fellers have talked a whole lot; let's see if yer've got any sand."

No one answered immediately. The billiard players left the tables and came over to see the fun. The critics of the knockabout hesitated. Twenty dollars was a good deal of money.

"Yes!" sneered Mr. Tucker, triumphantly, "that's about what I thought! Talk's cheap, but cash is diff'rent. All right, only don't yer never say nothin' about boats long's yer live."

He gathered up the bills and was turning away when Captain Eri spoke.

"Hold on, Tucker! Is that twenty dollars yours?"

"Mine? 'Course it's mine!"

The captain reached down into his trousers' pocket, and, wetting his thumb, counted out upon the table ten one-dollar silver certificates.

"There!" he said. "There's ha'f. Now, Jonadab, do your share."

So Captain Jonadab produced another strapped wallet and counted down the remaining ten dollars.

"Now," said Captain Eri, "this is the bet. We fellers bet you, Tucker, twenty dollars that we can find a boat, a catboat, that'll beat the *Scudaway* in a sailin' race. The course'll be the reg'lar one that the fishin' craft race over in the spring. The trial 'll come off day after ter-morrer. Is that all right?"

Now it was Lem's turn to hesitate.

"All right!" he said, at length, "it's a go!" Then he folded up his twenty dollars and put them in his pocket.

"Hold on, there!" exclaimed Eri. "We'll put the money up with Web Saunders. Here, Web, come here and take charge of these stakes."

It was evident that Lem preferred to hold his own share of the stakes. To tell the truth, the money had been advanced him by his father on the strength of his having received the job at Barry's. He hated to part with it, but reluctantly did so, and Web locked the money up in the cash drawer.

"Well," Mr. Tucker paused to say, as he turned toward the door, "you fellers 'll be a heap wiser in a couple of days. Why, man alive, that knockabout's built by the best boat-builders in the country, and she's jest made fer speed and nothin' else."

"That don't always foller," argued Mr. Wingate. "I've seen boats 'fore now that was built fer speed, but hadn't none in 'em."

"Yes," assented Obed Nickerson, with apparent irrelevancy, "jest as I've seen things built fer cigars that hadn't no ter-backer in 'em."

"Oaklegs" had been a rapt spectator of this sporting scene, and when Lem Tucker went out of the billiard-room he was right at the latter's heels. The prospective sailing master of the *Scudaway* loafed over to the post-office steps and stood talking with some of the hangers-on. In a few moments word of the wager drifted across and every one was speaking of it.

All the younger generation, and there were some who had been sailors on yachts,

expressed the opinion that Lem had a sure thing. They did not hesitate to say that the old fellows were against the knockabout because she was something new and out of their experience. They told Mr. Tucker this, and that gentleman grew more than ever inflated.

There were some boys of about the age of "Oaklegs" on the steps, and "Oaklegs" felt it was time to show these commoners that the great man and he were on terms of intimacy. So he ostentatiously confronted Mr. Tucker and remarked cheerfully:

"It's all right fer Sunday, Lem, I s'pose; hey?"

Now, the friendship of kings is proverbially uncertain. Lem happened, at that moment, to be asking Miss Foster if he might "see her home." If the young lady had said yes, all might have been well, but she answered that she was "engaged," and went away with Ben Bolman. So when "Oaklegs" repeated his inquiry the storm broke, for Mr. Tucker was itching to take revenge on some one for the slight he had just received.

"What's all right fer Sunday?" he snarled.

"Why, you're lendin' me the hoss an' buggy. Yer know yer said I could take it ter go ter camp-meetin'."

"Did I? Well, yer can't!"

"But yer said I could!"

"Well, ye can't, d'yer hear? See here, fellers, the kid wants ter take his best girl ter camp-meetin' like a nice little man. Wants ter take his 'Gertie'! Well, 'Gertie' 'll have ter walk."

Oh, the howl of derisive delight from the crowd! Poor "Oaklegs" blushed like a peony. Then Mr. Tucker's sarcasm turned to wrath. When one is by nature a bully, it is pleasant to have a victim ready to hand.

"Git away from me!" he roared. "What in time are yer always hangin' round me fer? I'm sick of the sight of yer. Toddle along and see 'Gertie'!" And, as the boy did not move fast enough to suit his imperial pleasure, Lem kicked him.

It was not a very hard kick, but it was an expensive one for the kicker.

Poor "Oaklegs" had a bad night. Thinking what he should say to Miss Baker kept him awake for nearly an hour, an unheard-of loss of sleep for a boy. In the morning the question was still unsolved, and his sense of injury as burning as ever. All his worshipping admiration for Tucker was turned to hatred and an absorbing desire to "get square." After breakfast, he sat on the woodbox and pondered till his mother thought he must be ill, but when she inquired what ailed him he abstractedly answered "Nothin'," and, putting on his straw hat, went out.

Half an hour later he strolled into Elmer Burns' fish-house and found that gentleman mending a net.

"Hello, Sam!" said Mr. Burns, looking up.

"Oaklegs" returned the greeting and perched himself on a mackerel keg. He sat there so long in silence that Elmer felt constrained to ask if he was "disapp'inted in love" or had been speculating and lost his money. Mr. Crowell deigned no reply to these frivolities, but said, suddenly:

"Elmer, who d'yer think is goin' ter win the race ter-morrer?"

"Well, my son," said Mr. Burns, "there ain't goin' ter be no reg'lar race, near's I can figger. There'll be a sort of procession, with the *Scudaway* leadin' off, and a catboat some'eres in the rear rank, that's all. Our esteemed and valued feller-citizen, Mr. Ily Lemuel, will be in twenty dollars and the Ancient and Honorables will have that much experience."

"Oaklegs" seemed to turn this prophecy over in his mind and then said:

"Elmer, what's a sea anchor? I heard Captain Burgess tellin' you about a storm he was in off the Horn and they put out a sea anchor. What's one like?"

"Why, it's a kind of drag, weighted at one edge so's 'twill sink a certain depth under water and stand on edge. When a ship wants ter ride out a gale and there's too much depth of water fer the reg'lar anchor, they put one of them things out over the bow. That keeps her head ter the seas all the time."

"Um hum. I thought 'twas somethin' like that. There's ropes at each end, I s'pose. Spose'n there was one of 'em over the stern of a dory, would it keep the dory from goin'?"

"Might, if 'twas big enough. But they don't put 'em over the stern, but over the bow. What makes you so interested in 'em, Sam?"

"Nothin'; I was jest wond'rin' what they was, that's all."

Mr. Crowell sat on the keg for some time longer, knocking his heels together and saying nothing. At length he got down and remarked that he "must be goin'."

"Well, so long!" said Mr. Burns. "I'm 'fraid there's somethin' preyin' on your

mind. Haven't committed murder, have you? No! Well, there's a couple of bottles of ginger ale over in that corner that them summer boarders left in my boat yesterday. Yer can drown yer sorrers in drink if yer feel like it."

"Oaklegs" felt like it, and poured a bottle of the ginger ale on his sorrows forthwith. Then he departed. All that afternoon he pounded and sawed in his father's tool-house and came in to supper with blistered hands. The next morning Abe Bassett discovered that some one had used his dory in the night and had stolen the anchor rope. And on washing day Mrs. Crowell could not find her flatirons.

ALL THAT AFTERNOON HE POUNDED AND SAWED IN HIS FATHER'S TOOL-HOUSE.

The *You and I* was chosen by the backers of the catboat as the craft which should carry their colours to victory. The *Nellie M.* and the *Bay Pride* had many admirers, but the adherents of the *You and I* were in the majority. Lute Ryder, who owned the boat, was to sail her, and Captains Eri and Jonadab were to act as crew and advisory committee.

Lem had chosen Otis Sparrow and Jim McLean to help him navigate the knockabout. The course was to be a five-mile beat to windward, then around the bush buoy and a straight run home.

There was a stiff breeze at the hour of starting. The outer beach showed a black fringe of people, and several sailboats and dories were flying about the judge's boat. On the latter craft were grouped the "Ancient and Honorables," as Elmer Burns called them, all in a state of high excitement.

"It's jest our day and jest our breeze," said Obed Nickerson, looking up at the sky, "and it'll hold, too. If we don't lick that sculpin ter-day we can't never lick him!"

Obed was to act as starter and had his loaded duck gun over his shoulder.

"Fer my wife's sake, be careful of that gun, Obed!" sputtered the nervous Barzilla Wingate. "Fust thing yer know yer'll blow my brains out, and I do want ter live long enough ter see this race out."

"Here comes Ily!" exclaimed Captain Jerry.

The knockabout came slowly around the point at the harbour's mouth and bore down toward the stakeboat.

"She ain't showing no great speed yit," said Obed.

"More'n likely Ote Sparrer don't mean she shall till he's ready ter have her. He's really sailin' her. Lem Tucker don't know enough ter sail a soup kittle."

The *Scudaway* moved up to the starting point, dropped her sails and anchored. The conditions of the start were that each boat should be under bare poles and anchored when the starting gun was fired. Getting up anchor and hoisting sail was part of the contest.

A great shout greeted the *You and I* as she came in sight. Lute Ryder was at the tiller and Captains Eri and Jonadab were standing beside him, dignified and calm.

"Hello! here's the hearse!" cried Tucker, as the catboat anchored near his craft. Tucker was resplendent in what he fondly imagined was a yachting costume.

"That's all right, Ily," answered Captain Eri. "Yer want ter remember that the hearse always is at the head of the fun'ral procession."

"Are yer both ready?" queried the judge, who was Dr. Sawyer.

"All ready!"

Obed Nickerson's duck gun went off with a roar, and Obed staggered backwards.

"Blessed if I didn't let off both barrels ter once, and she kicks like a steer!" he exclaimed.

But no one heard him, for the Ancients were jumping up and down, and shrieking instructions to their friends on the catboat.

"Git in that anchor, Eri! Lively! Lively!" "Them critters 'll git ahead of yer, Jone! Hurry!" "Don't go ter sleep, Lute! Put some elbow grease into it!"

The trio on the catboat were working like Trojans, but there was more young blood on the knockabout and it was telling. The sail on the *You and I* was just climbing the mast when the *Scudaway* swung away for the line. She crossed it amid a chorus of groans from the assemblage on the judge's boat. A moment later the *You and I* followed, and the race had begun.

On board the catboat Lute was at the tiller, Captain Jonadab was tending the sheet, and Captain Eri was forward.

"She got a little mite the best of us on that start, Jone," said the latter, anxiously

"Yes, but the race ain't over yit. Remember the story 'bout the rabbit and the mud turtle."

The race was not over—indeed, the first tack was not over before it was evident that the *You and I* was gaining. On the next one she crept up and blanketed her rival. Lute was regarding the *Scudaway* with a puzzled expression.

"Is that the best she can do?" he muttered. "Or has Lem got somethin' up his sleeve? We're certainly gainin' on her now."

"I told yer she wan' no good fer footin' it!" cried Eri.

On the next tack the *You and I* crossed the bows of the *Scudaway*. Faint and far from the judge's boat behind her came the sound of a jubilant cheer.

"Say, Lem!" hailed the exultant Baxter, "ketch a rope and we'll tow yer."

"Don't yer want ter fall in behind the hearse?" crowed Eri.

"She sails like a washtub!" commented Lute, still watching the labouring knockabout. "Acts as if she was towin' a string of coal barges. I can't understand it!"

It was evident that the *Scudaway's* crew could not understand it, either. They were hurrying about the deck, tugging at halliards and sheet, and the sounds of loud and abusive language floated over the water. At every tack the *You and I* continued to gain, and when she rounded the bush buoy and stood away for home, Captain Eri gave one glance at the distant knockabout, and, striding over to his partner, exclaimed:

"Jonadab Baxter, you and me have given Lem Tucker the lickin' he was suff'rin' fer. More'n that, we've made ten good dollars apiece. More'n that, we've deemonstrate! that a Cape Cod catboat can't be beat by anything her size on top er water. Jonadab, shake!"

And they shook.

And Luke Ryder still muttered, "I can't understand it!"

When the *You and I* crossed the finish line, a good mile ahead, every one howled himself hoarse. Loudest of all, even louder than Obed Nickerson, was a youth that stood on his head in the bottom of a dory and knocked his heels together. This was "Oaklegs."

The *Scudaway* sneaked in and was greeted with a chorus of derisive jeers. Tucker was at her helm and his companions were sitting forward by themselves, seemingly disgusted with the boat and her skipper.

"Hey! the hearse has gone! you're too late fer the fun'ral!" bellowed Captain Jerry.

"Lem, why didn't yer set in the bow and pull on one of them cigars of yours?" queried Mr. Nickerson. "Prob'ly yer could have pulled the boat along with yer."

"Say! that ain't no knockabout; that's a creepabout!" cackled Wingate.

Tucker had bullied too many in his day to receive mercy when his own turn came, so the ridicule continued all the way to the wharf. And there, almost dancing with rage, was no less a person than Mr. Delancey Barry, junior, who had arrived five days before he was expected, and who demanded to know what Mr. Tucker meant by racing his boat without permission.

The next day the news was all over town that Mr. Barry had discharged Tucker and appointed Elmer Burns as superintendent of the estate and sailing master of the *Scudaway*. Mr. Barry was reported to have said that he could forgive Lemuel's using the boat without permission; but he couldn't forgive the way in which he had allowed her to be beaten by a clam-scow.

That forenoon the fortunate Mr. Burns received another call from his friend Crowell. The latter announced that he had dropped in to ask whether Mr. Burns would lend him money enough to hire a horse and buggy on Sunday.

"Why, I don't know, Sam," said the somewhat astonished Burns, "I'd like to help yer, but I must say I don't see why I should lend yer money! Why don't yer ask some of yer folks?"

"Well," said "Oaklegs," calmly, "I thought, 'slong as I'd done you a favour, mebbe you'd do one fer me. Yer see, yer wouldn't have got your new job if the

Scudaway hadn't been beat, and she wouldn't have been beat only fer me."

"What?"

"Yes; 'twas a sea anchor. 'Twas made out of an old soap box and ma's flatirons and some other things, and hitched onter the *Scudaway's* rudder post under water. She towed it all through the race. I done it ter git square with Tucker. I'll tell yer all about it. Yer see, I——"

"Hold on! Hold on a minute, Sam!" gasped the astounded ex-fisherman. Then, after some reflection, he added:

"You can have the hoss an' buggy. Go and hire one at Snow's stable and tell him ter send the bill ter me. But, Sam, don't yer never tell me another word about that other business. I—I don't want ter know nothin' about it."

And, just at that moment, Captain Eri, seated on Web Saunders' billiard table and passing a box of ten-cent cigars about, was saying:

"'YES; 'TWAS A SEA ANCHOR. 'TWAS MADE OUT OF AN OLD SOAP BOX AND MA'S FLATIRONS AND SOME OTHER THINGS.'"

"I tell yer, merit 'll win; merit and honesty! That catboat won because she was an honest boat and didn't have ter depend on no new-fangled tricks and flim-flams. The best boat, like the best man, always comes out ahead. Honesty's always the best policy."

WHEN THE BLUES REBELLED.

A Christ's Hospital Memory.

By the Rev. G. Hugh Jones.

I AM not sure whether it occurred in the year 1852 or 1853. At any rate, it took place nearly half a century ago, when I was a scholar at Christ's Hospital. The details of it are as fresh in my memory to-day as though the rebellion formed the subject of a paragraph in the *Times* of yesterday.

From time immemorial, ever since the dress of a Blue began to be regarded as a quaint relic of Tudor times, the warm sympathy of generous hearts has been fully and freely extended to the boys of Christ's Hospital. Quiet, shy, and retiring, the Blue has ever won by his conduct the reward of admiration and the gift of kindness. Perhaps half-a-century ago, when discipline was known to be more spartan than considerate, and more fitful than humane, and when Blues, enclosed within the huge double iron gates, could only let off youthful steam by "punting the ball" (at which they were experts and unsurpassable); and when they never dreamt of cricket at Herne Hill and other luxuries enjoyed by their more fortunate descendants, more thoughtful consideration was offered them by the general public than is the case now. This is only natural.

The circumstances which led up to the rebellion which I am about to describe, had their origin in an act of kindness.

At that time Mr. E. T. Smith was the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre; and it entered into his heart to invite, through the school authorities, all the Blue Coat boys, then over 900 in number, to a morning performance of the successful pantomime which had already delighted many thousands of young people and their elders. The invitation was promptly accepted on our behalf.

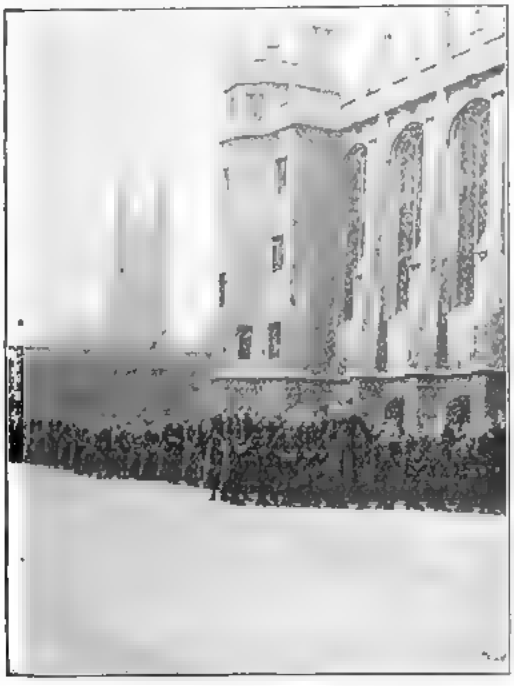
When I was a scholar at Christ's Hospital, the boys wore, during the winter months, not only the dress, with which every Londoner is now familiar, but likewise a warm, cosy, yellow petticoat, reaching from the shoulders to the ankles, underneath the long blue coat. On the morning of the much anticipated pantomime performance, we were all treated to our best suit of clothes, "yellows" included; and we had worked up ourselves into the highest pitch of excitement as we scrambled into the Great Hall for breakfast; for had it not been duly announced in all the newspapers that we were to witness a pantomime performance on that day at the Drury Lane Theatre?

Alas! while we were having our very homely meal, consisting of dry bread (strictly limited in quantity), and milk and water, the Warden, Mr. George Brooks (at that time called the Steward), who, by the excellent dual system at Christ's Hospital, had sole charge of the morals and behaviour of the boys out of school hours, and who had the general arrangements of internal matters in his hands, announced, without a word of explanation or look of sympathy, that, instead of going to the theatre, we were, on our dismissal from the Hall, to pass into school! It should be mentioned that during the night before there had been unexpectedly a rather heavy fall of

BOYS COLLECTING FOR MARCH INTO HALL.

snow. Very early in the morning a communication had been sent to Mr. E. T. Smith to the effect that, in consequence of the snow-storm, the permission to visit Drury Lane Theatre had been necessarily withdrawn from the boys. Mr. Smith was equal to the weather emergency. Before we had finished our matutinal meal he made his appearance in the Great Hall and generously made an offer to provide eighty cabs in which to convey the smaller boys to the place of amusement. Needless to say, this liberal concession was respectfully but firmly declined.

The strange, and to us unexplained, action on the part of the reigning authorities aroused a deal of resentment among the boys. A wise



BOYS BEING PLACED BY GRECIANS READY FOR MARCH INTO HALL FOR DINNER.

word then spoken to them would have allayed every irritation and prevented the unseemly outbreak which immediately followed. We were, of course, keenly disappointed; but the more capable and higher minded boys felt still more for Mr. Smith, who, as they considered, had been treated even worse than the school at large.

The blunder, to call it by no lower term, of attributing the withdrawal of the permission to visit the pantomime, to the snowstorm, admittedly heavy, was succeeded by a greater mistake. We not only lost the pantomime, but were to lose a holiday as well; as we were directed, through no fault of ours, to go into school. That proposed arrangement, which the veriest tyro in resource and tactics would have avoided, caused the much crushed worm to turn. Pantomime or no pantomime, we were determined not to pass the portals of any of the schools.

Released from the Great Hall, a few reckless boys made a rush for the gates, but that proved to be at once futile and foolish. The next general move was towards the houses of the Treasurer and the Head Master. In a few minutes some hundreds of boys were giving vent to their disappointment by hurling huge and hardy snowballs at the doors and windows. The assault was picturesque, although harmless. As no one dared to respond to the attack, it was wisely and necessarily discontinued. It will, perhaps, surprise schoolboys of this generation to learn that, although we numbered nearly a thousand strong, we had no *Captain*, either in person or in print. We were destitute of leaders, both in sport and mischief; and so were entirely lacking in *esprit de corps*. True, we had a dozen very much VI. Form sort of youths, who were preparing for the universities, and who, as a superior order of beings, straddled the playground; but the Grecians, as they were called, in no way associated, either for good or evil, with the rest of the boys—not even brother with brother. On the day of our rebellion, however, we hardly wanted leaders, as we were governed by the spirit of restless and unreasonable spontaneity which controls the actions of a mob of "patriots" in times of political convulsion. Some of us were led by indignation at our wrongs; some were moved by the spirit of mischief; some by downright hearty fun; and the rest by the determination, because compelled, to do as others did. The huge bell was rung for school by the authorities again and again; but so far as we heeded it, or cared, it might have been the quarter-hour musical carillons of *Le Beffroi* at Bruges. So far from directing willing feet and studious minds towards lexicons and grammars, we joined arm to arm and then walked, six or eight abreast, through the classic cloisters, keeping as far from the schools as our limited range for indignant perambulation would permit. In so doing, we fell into a trap. To escape the Grammar schools, we had to pass the Great Hall. There, unknown to us, the Warden, Mr. Brooks, had taken his stand and was awaiting our arrival. We came suddenly upon him, as he stood, keys in hand, at the doors. He diverted our line of march, and directed every boy to pass up the wide steps into the Hall. He followed, and then, taking his seat at his table opposite the historic pulpit, he, without betraying any sentimental emotion, announced that he would birch

BOYS MARCHING INTO HALL FOR DINNER TO THE MUSIC OF THEIR OWN BAND.

any boy who whispered a word. How long we remained in this temple of silence, I know not. It seemed an age. At length, when we were wearied out, the Warden heard a faint whisper at the far end of the Hall. "The boy in 18 ward who spoke, come here!" The tension at that moment was very great; but imagine our feelings of surprise when we saw the Warden's own son walk towards the table at which his father sat in dignity and repose! "Will he be *brushed?*" * if not on every boy's lips, was in every boy's thoughts. A few seconds sufficed to break the spasm of pent-up feeling and suspense. The Warden might be stern and unbending, as became one holding his responsible position; he might, perhaps, err in strictness, and be deficient in sympathy for boys; but no one could accuse him of partiality or injustice. This time, however, the heart of the *father* beat, and the strict word of the ruler was partially broken. The Warden spared the birch, but not the boy; for he gave him, *in omnium conspectu*, a sound caning, *ut sit reliquis documento*. Years afterwards, I was authoritatively informed that the lad had half-a-crown given him by his father as a solatium, when the Hall was cleared.

There is little doubt that the Warden-father had now had enough of it. The incident just mentioned put an end to the strained feeling which reigned from one end of the Great Hall to the other. The boys, too, had had more than enough of insubordination and contumacy. In subdued tone, the Warden directed the boys to leave the Hall and go into school. No one felt inclined to disobey.

A few days later, it was quietly circulated throughout Christ's Hospital that a death in the school infirmary had suggested the desirability of the arrangements for the day being so suddenly altered.

The secret was well kept. Long afterwards, the real reason leaked out, and became the property of the well-informed and most trusty in the school.

It appears that when the announcement appeared in the *Times* that the boys were to be admitted to a special *matinée* of a pantomime, a considerable number of the governors of the school, and of the parents of the boys, wrote, protesting against the well-intentioned innovation; and expressing their firm opinion that a theatre, whatever might be the nature of the performance, and however well-governed it might be, was not the right place for the scholars of the "Religious, Ancient and Royal Foundation of Christ's Hospital."

THE PUMP, SHOWING THE WATER BOYS FILLING THEIR CANS BEFORE DINNER.

The Photographs are by M. Lee.

* The school slang word for birch.

A DEAL IN CHINAMEN.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.

WE were lying up the Kaipara river, New Zealand, loading timber at one of the saw mills for an Australian port.

The weather, which had been showery through the day, after we had knocked off for the night made up its mind in earnest, and came down as thick as a hedge.

With such weather, there were no points in wandering around a town which consisted of a "pub.," a dozen houses or so, a few dogs, and sawdust.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was sailing out of Fiji?" said old Jim Brown, looking up from a pair of inexpressibles he had under repair.

We hastened to assure him that he hadn't, for a yarn from old Jim was just the thing required to put the time in.

"Well," he continued, tossing the garment he had been working upon into his bunk, and assuming a more comfortable attitude, "what I want to tell you about is the time I was before the mast in a little barque called the *Marjory*.

"She was between three and four hundred tons, as taut a little craft as ever you clapped eyes on, and was owned by a firm down the Fijis. They grew cotton and other island produce, and our job used to be to run it down to the New Zealand market. When we wasn't doing this, for we only made a couple of trips a year, the time was put in recruiting labour. There was a big crowd of niggers employed by the firm, and we gathered 'em up from the different islands, Tanna, Erromanga, and, in fact, anywhere we could get 'em. You know, you can't get a native to work on his own island; his dignity, or something, won't stand it. They're not the only people gifted in that way. Where I was living, the last time I was ashore, the wife used to take in a few boarders, and the husband used to moon about, doing nothing. I asked the woman one day what he did for his living, and she said: 'My husband has seen better days, Mr. Brown, and he's too proud to work;' but I noticed he wasn't too proud to come home three sheets in the wind about twice a week on an average. I can't see what use he had for that sort of pride.

"Well, as I was telling you, we used to gather the niggers in from all round the islands. After they'd been working for three years, they were returned to their homes, and we used to recruit another lot. This, as a rule, was plain sailing enough, for the amount of trade, or property, they brought back with 'em, made the others green with envy, and they used to tumble over one another to get away with us.

"One trip we went down with return labour, this didn't happen. With the exception of a few who were half dead, and wasn't worth their salt, not a native could we pick up. The old man tried all sorts of things to get 'em to come along. He talked to 'em like a missionary, and painted rosy-coloured pictures as to the benefit they'd receive by coming with us, but they weren't taking any. We ran up to the Ellice and Gilbert Islands, but they were just the same, and when we returned, after being away four months, we had only twenty or thirty natives on board. That wasn't much of a trip, for before this we'd be away a couple of months and bring in a hundred or more. The firm was at their wits' end to know what to do for labour. You see, cotton is a queer sort o' thing to grow. You may be looking over a plantation the first thing in the morning, and all you can see is miles of green cotton bushes When they are ripe, and the sun gets to work on them, the pods burst, and the same place that you looked at in the morning, about mid-day may look as if a fall of snow had taken place. Then you have to get all hands and the cook on to it, and gather it quick and lively, for a shower of rain or a night-dew would spoil it. So you see, they had to have labour by hook or by crook. We had no more return labour for six or eight months to come, and although they were short-handed, there was enough to struggle along with. The firm put their heads together, and decided to send the *Marjory* up to China, and run down a load of Chinese coolies. You might think it would be expensive to bring coolies all that way, but when I explain you'll see it wasn't. The thing cut both ways. Their idea was to run all the *bêche-de-mer* up to the China market, and the better price they'd get for it there would pay expenses. The coolies could be kept for a number of years, and that did away with the chance of being left when they wanted labour and couldn't get it round the islands.

"We started one day with instructions to spend a few days round the New Hebrides If the skipper saw no chance of picking up natives there, we were to go right on, and bring back coolies. We lost about a week dodging about, and the last place we touched at was Malicollo. It was no good; we could pick up a few, but nothing like the crowd of niggers we wanted. The old man saw there wasn't much in it, so he squared away before the south-east trades for Torres Strait.

"We made a good run up to Shanghai, and the skipper didn't seem to have much trouble in picking up what he wanted. Chinese coolies were as plentiful as herrings down Yarmouth way in the season, and nearly as cheap. What room we had to spare was filled up with bags of rice, always a handy thing down the islands. We couldn't carry much, of course, for with about a hundred and fifty coolies on board a little craft like that, there wasn't much room for anything else, and what we did have was in the lower hold for ballast. Those Chinamen were stowed like sardines in a tin, and you can bet they didn't have too much room to spread themselves in. The skipper made up his mind to go back another way, and that was round the north of New Guinea. Whatever put the idea into his head I don't know; perhaps it was shorter, but, anyhow, that's what he made up his mind to do. He was about forty years of age, and had been knocking round the islands at least twenty of them. I've heard him say he knew every rock and shoal in the Pacific, and I believe he did. He had a dog's nose. I don't mean what you're thinking of, although that's not a bad drink on a cold morning. What I mean to say is, he could smell as good as any dog I ever saw. You'd see him come on deck sometimes at night, sniffing. Sticking his nose to windward, he'd say like this:

"'There's a reef somewhere'—sniff, sniff—'up to windward there'—sniff, sniff—'keep your eyes open, Mr. Jones,' or whoever it was. Of course, anyone who's been knocking about the islands can smell a reef, but I never came across a man who could scent one so far away as he could. His nasal powers were a good two miles better than anyone else's I was ever acquainted with, and he could smell a reef like a terrier smells a rat.

"The crowd of coolies we had on board were a tame enough lot; put me in mind of a flock of sheep, only they made a darned sight more row. Most of 'em were raw, and had never been away from their country before, and didn't give us much trouble. There was one fellow among 'em with a cast in his eye, and I couldn't take kindly to him at any price. He always gave me the impression that he knew more than he pretended to know. Before I go any further, let me give you young fellows a bit of sound advice. *Never trust a man with a cross-jack eye.* I'll tell you why. You see, it's impossible for him to look you straight in the face. A man who can't do that, whether it's his fault or no, there's something wrong about, and he's not to be trusted. 'Pears to me that nature puts a mark on him as a sort o' danger signal, just the same as we clap a lighthouse on a difficult spot, to show it's not safe, and to make a sailorman keep a good look-out. It always gives me a creepy sort o' feeling when I see a man with one of his eyes on me and the other on a dog or something away on his beam. It's not a nice accomplishment, and I'm sorry for 'em in a way, but they have the advantage of looking two ways at once, anyhow. I don't know if they're all alike, as far as trusting 'em goes, but it's been my experience they are; and the swivel-eyed Chinese gent I'm going to tell you about was a wrong 'un right through. When I saw him coming along the deck with one eye on the skysail yard and the other on the galley door, I always gave him a wide berth. I'll tell you for why. I'd taken such a dislike to him, that I knew that if he so much as brushed against me, I should scrap him. For that reason I gave him as much room as I could, as I didn't want to be called over the coals by the skipper for kicking up a row for no cause that I could explain.

"We had got well down the New Guinea coast, and left New Britain behind us. I was looking forward to the finish of the trip, for I was fairly full of it. You couldn't get a wink of sleep in your watch below in the day time, for the confounded noise they kicked up made that impossible. Coolies everywhere—you got the taste of it in your mouth, and it wasn't a pleasant one either. The old man was to be pitied, for, with his keen sense of smell, he must have suffered more than any of us. I'd been in the habit of going up into the foretop in my watch below, for up aloft was about the only place aboard that hooker where you could get a decent breath of fresh air. Sometimes I'd take a book, as there was plenty of room to stretch out and make myself comfortable.

"A day or two after we had left New Britain behind us, I went up as usual. I must have been dozing, for I was awakened by a deuce of a row down on deck. I stretched my neck a bit, and looked over the rim of the top.

"The sight I saw kept me there shivering. The Chinamen, led by Cross-eye, had taken charge of the ship, knocked every mother's son on the head, and dumped them overboard, and I was the only white man left on board of her. By and by they spotted me in the fore-top and started to brandish their weapons, from the cook's cleaver to a capstan bar, with which they had armed themselves. Cross-eye shoved them on one side, and, jumping

on the main-hatch, started to talk to me himself in English, and fairly good English at that.

"'You come down, we no hurtee you, you takee ship along island.'

"'Not me,' thinks I, 'you come up and fetch me, you cross-eyed yellow dog, and I'll kick the head off you as it comes over the top.'

"He had put one of the coolies at the wheel, but he was making an awful hash of it. First he'd have her up in the wind, shaking every stitch of canvas on her, and then he'd be away off five or six points.

"I hung out till night fell, and, as I'd had nothing to eat since the morning, I thought, as things seemed quiet, I'd try and reach the cook's galley, to see if I could find a bite and carry it back with me. Descending the rigging, I reached the galley without being seen. I found a bit of beef and some bread in one of the lockers, and was just coming out of the door to go up to my perch again, when who should I run slap into but Cross-eye! I knew all along that if I came close enough to him I should man-handle the beauty. My arm shot out, and I gripped him by the throat before he knew what was the matter. I had him on deck before he could wink, and would have throttled the life out of him but that five or six of the other Chinamen, aroused by the noise, came running up, and by sheer force pulled me away before I could finish it.

"'Now,' I thought, 'I'll have to give in my gun.' I only wish they'd given me another minute to settle his hash, and I wouldn't have minded so much.' They were holding me, apparently waiting for him to recover and tell them what to do. You may guess my surprise to find that when his speech returned, he didn't tell them to serve me as they had the others; I was marched to a cabin, and the door was locked on me.

"The next morning they let me out, and Cross-eye, who seemed a bit broken up with the shaking I had given him, explained to me what was in the wind. He wanted me to take the ship to some island or the other, but which it was I had no idea, and didn't want one either. I thought matters over the night before, and rather suspected this was why I wasn't dumped over the side. It was rather a big order to fight a hundred and fifty of them, so I made up my mind that I'd take charge of the ship. I could handle her all right, but as for finding any particular island he wanted, that was quite another question, and I had about as much notion of it as the man in the moon. Now, I've often found that the next best thing to being wise is to look

"YOU COME DOWN, WE NO HURTEE YOU."

it, even if you ain't. I put on my most business-like manner, and assured him that what he wanted was as easy as kiss your hand. I could sail the ship well enough, but as for navigation, I knew as much about it as a cow knows of a musket. One thing I did know, that it was a dead beat against the south-east trades, and that I couldn't go wrong if I went on short tacks against the wind. Finding any island Cross-eye

wanted, or I wanted myself for that matter—well, I had a far better chance of being struck by lightning. I looked as wise as an owl, and they used to gather round me as I pored over the chart. If it hadn't a-been for Cross-eye, I should have run for the Australian coast on the chance of dropping across a man-of-war, or some big vessel, and jugged the lot of 'em.

"He knew too much for that. When I proposed running down for New Caledonia as the best place for him (and I really thought so), he looked wicked, and informed me in his pigeon English that he had been hawking vegetables in Australia before to-day, and knew a thing or two. Every day I'd take the old man's sextant, which was lying down below, and pretend to take observations. Then I'd figure down a lot of rot that would a-puzzled any navigating officer to find the meaning of, for I didn't know it myself. Cross-eye would watch me as I pricked her off on the chart, and when he enquired where she was, I'd put the dividers on the spot where I thought he'd like best to be. So things went on for a few days, we beating away to windward on short tacks. I knew that sooner or later we should drop across some land, but I wasn't in a hurry for that. When they'd done with me and found an island to their liking, I was pretty sure they would knock me on the head as of no further use to them. I had gumption enough to see that sticking out a foot. Although I'm no navigator, the strange thing is, I found 'em an island after all. Whether it was the one Cross-eye was looking for, you shall judge for yourselves. It was the fifth night after they had taken charge. I took a tack out of her about midnight, as I thought we'd gone far enough to the eastward. About six bells, or a couple of hours before daybreak, we piled up on a reef. We were travelling about seven knots when she struck, so you may imagine she was pretty well on board of it before she stopped. All I could see was white water around us, for it was one of the nights you often get in those latitudes, clear overhead and hazy below. There we lay bumping until morning broke, and as the tide left her, she lay quietly over on her bilge. We had gone on a shoal a couple of miles north of what I found out afterwards to be Rossel Island.

"As the *Marjory* lay over, the coolies were seized with fright. The little courage they possessed, and which Cross-eye had worked upon, making them equal to cutting a man's throat when they were fifty to one, left them. They clung to one another, or anything they could lay hands on, for they thought they were going to be drowned. I smiled as I watched 'em, and wished they were, but I knew the *Marjory* would only lay over a certain distance, and that they were as safe on board as if they were on the land, for a day or two. Cross-eye, to do him justice, had more pluck than the lot of them banged together, but then his education had been improved by travel, and I expect he knew we were safe as well as I did. He kept his head level, and didn't seem to be much dissatisfied, for although it mightn't be the one he was looking for, here a couple of miles away was an island of some sort, anyhow. I suppose he thought to himself, 'Any port in a storm,' and that this one would do as well as another. You'll see, by and by, that's where he was mistaken. A couple of hours after sunrise, I saw a big fleet of canoes putting out from the land. There was fully a hundred of 'em, and as I found out each carried three or four men, you can guess there was a good number. I wondered if they were coming out looking for a fight, and made up my mind that if they were the Celestial gentlemen should have the whole of it. Cross-eye evidently thought there could be but one motive in their coming off to us, and of course that was plunder. No doubt he judged by his own sweet nature, and what he would do if he was in their place, and made up his mind accordingly. He went among his countrymen and tried to work a bit of stiffening into them, but they had no stomach for it. For my part, I don't know how he expected them to, for with the vessel lying over as she was, all the use they had for their hands was to hang on with. They looked to me for all the world like a lot of flies you see sometimes stuck on a paper.

"There was no need for fighting, anyhow. The natives who approached in the canoes, although they had weapons with them, seemed peaceful enough. When they came closer and made such overtures of friendship and goodwill, I thought we had struck a crowd of black angels. By and by they proposed by signs to take the Chinamen off, and land them on the island. At first they didn't seem to care about it, but presently, when one or two had screwed up courage to enter a canoe, the others soon followed suit. In an hour they had all gone, Cross-eye included.

"After they had left, I took the dinghy and went round the *Marjory* outside, to see if I could find any damage. I found she had a hole in her big enough to crawl through, so I thought the best thing I could do was to land on the island as well. The natives didn't take much notice of me, but let me wander round as I pleased. It was different with the Chinamen, and I noticed with surprise they had put them apart, and, giving them a certain amount of room, had started to build a stockade round 'em. They were kept inside this and never let out on any account, and I couldn't for the life of me think why the natives were so particular on this point. I

thought perhaps they didn't want 'em about their villages, for otherwise they treated 'em all right, but outside that stockade they were not allowed. That the natives were in earnest about this I soon had proof.

"Cross-eye and a few of the bolder spirits didn't take kindly to this sort of treatment, and evidently wanted to roam around the island at their own sweet will. One day, as I was standing and wondering what it all meant, a Chinaman, who acted as Cross-eye's chief officer, came up to the opening and wanted to force his way out. A native tried to stop him, but he whipped out a knife he had concealed, which the natives had evidently overlooked, and made for him. The native turned and ran, and thinks I to myself, 'It doesn't take much to frighten you, anyhow.' When he had gone about ten yards or so, he turned like lightning, and, drawing his arm back, drove a spear clean through the Chinaman somewhere in the region of his heart, if he had one, which I doubt.

HE TURNED LIKE LIGHTNING, AND, DRAWING HIS ARM BACK, DROVE HIS SPEAR CLEAN THROUGH THE CHINAMAN.

"With a scream of pain he threw up his arms and fell back as dead as a herring. When I saw this it made me pleased with myself, for it was the thing I most desired, and made me hopeful that in the full course of time the others would fare the same, and that not one of them would ever leave the island. I had a lively recollection of a scene something like it, only that they had played quite a different part. Although he wasn't over clean, I could have hugged that native, for he had solved a question that had been my constant thought since landing on the island.

"With the exception of Cross-eye and one or two others, there wasn't much trouble after this with the remainder. They settled down as only a Chinaman could do under the circumstances, and with nothing to do but eat and sun themselves, seemed content enough, and thrived immensely.

"The natives had looted the *Marjory* as she lay on the reef, and brought everything moveable on to the island. Among other things, I found one morning they had carted the ship's safe ashore. They knew there was something inside of it, but after they had battered it with

rocks and tried in every way to open it, they had to give it best. I was just as curious as anyone, but thought at the most it might contain a few pounds. If I opened it, and did what they were unable to do, I should impress them, so I laid myself out to please. Had I known as much as I do now, I shouldn't a-done anything of the sort. Taking a canoe with a couple of natives, I made a trip off to the *Marjory*. In one of the lockers I found a bunch of keys, and that was what I'd been looking for. There were a hundred or two natives waiting on the beach, for the news had gone round that I was going to open the thing that had puzzled the best of 'em. I shoved the key in, turned it, and opened the door. They gave a big shout at this, for it seemed a marvellous thing to them, and pressed round me closer than ever. The first glimpse I had of the inside of that safe made me sorry I had undertaken the job of opening it.

"Reposing there was half-a-dozen fat, comfortable looking little bags. I had a notion to close the door again, but the fellows who were looking on had worked themselves up to such a pitch that I saw it would be dangerous. I should like to have possessed those little bags myself, but as my life seemed to me of more value, I had nothing for it but to turn them out. The glitter of the shiners as I emptied the first bag took their fancy, and although they didn't know the value of 'em, or what they were, they just went wild and scrambled for 'em like boys. I saw they were terribly in earnest all the same, and knew that if I did anything to stop 'em, it was a hundred to one I should lose my life. I had sense enough to remember that any amount of gold would be useless to a dead man, so I left 'em alone, and took a back seat.

"They cleared that safe out in quick time, and your humble servant was left standing there with sweet nothing for his share. They made necklaces and earrings of them, and some of those niggers, although not a very high class lot, were worth a pile of money when they had all their ornaments on. It gave me a fit of bile to see a crowd of third-rate niggers decking themselves out with good honest sovereigns. I fairly brooded over it, and at last I got a notion into my head that, if I had luck enough to get clear of that island, I saw a way of gathering most of those coins in again, when they'd done playing with and got tired of 'em. I suppose I must a-been on the island a couple of months before I found out why the natives had rounded the Chinamen up like a lot of cattle, and put a stockade round 'em. Standing looking on one day, I saw a party of about forty natives come along, who appeared to be strangers. It turned out afterwards that they came from an island I could see about thirty or forty miles to the westward.

"Presently half-a-dozen who I knew belonged to the island I was on, dived in among the Chinamen. They seized a couple of 'em, and dragged 'em outside the stockade, the rest breaking away for all the world like a flock of sheep when the dogs get among 'em. The visitors eyed the two critically, and a great amount of jabbering went on between the natives. Then a quantity of property changed hands, and the Chinamen were led away to where some canoes were waiting. I made myself scarce, and sought a nice quiet place on the beach, where I rolled and laughed until tears came into my eyes. I had tumbled to the whole thing. The natives had rounded the Chinamen up and fed them well with the intention of afterwards scoffing 'em one by one. What they couldn't eat themselves they were trading among their friends, and selling for property, just the same as you or me would sell a fat beast at a fair. I tell you, when I had the grist of it, I rolled on that beach and cried. Not that I was piping my eye for the Chinamen, but that it appeared to me the most comical thing I had ever struck. When I recovered myself, I sat down and had a good think. As things were going, it seemed to me that running on that reef outside the island was about the best thing that could a-happened, and that Providence was at the back of it. It was better even than running across a man-o'-war, for now these Chinese gentlemen would get the justice they deserved without the chance of one escaping. After this I lived mostly on vegetables, and had no use for any sort of hash I couldn't identify. I made a point of counting those Chinamen every day, and I found the tally less each time. Then I'd feel glad with myself, go away to the quiet place I'd located, dance a bit of a hornpipe, and make merry, for although it was rather long drawn justice, and I should have liked it more speedy, it was justice all the same.

"When I'd been on Rossel Island for about six months, I proposed leaving, and the natives, being pleased with themselves, put no obstacle in my way. Some of 'em had told me many times that there were men of my colour living on an island, and had pointed to the north. I looked up a chart belonging to the *Marjory*, and found that the only island within reasonable distance that way was St. Aignan.

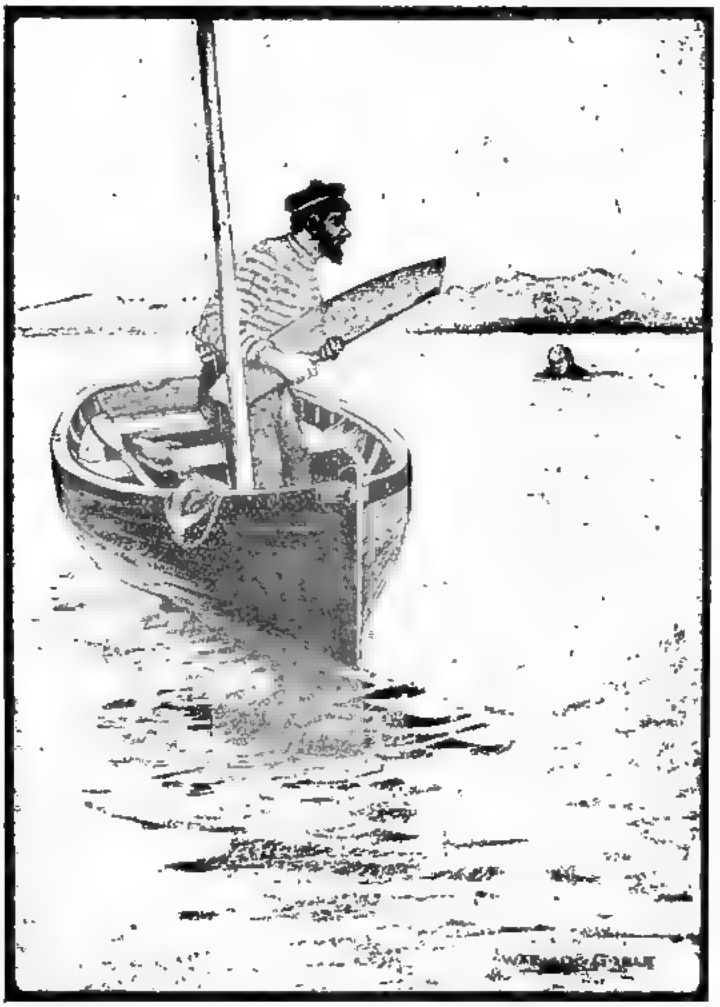
"It struck me that I had heard of these men some year or two before, but at the time hadn't paid much attention to it. It seemed a big lump of a place, and although I didn't know much about navigation, I knew how to steer a course, and thought I ought to be able to fetch it all right.

"All my time was spent in making a boat which had belonged to the *Marjory* seaworthy, for I had determined to go as soon as possible, and leave whilst they were in the humour to let me. The evening before I left, I took a trip round that stockade, and counted the Chinamen who were left. I went over them carefully three times, so as to make no mistake, and the total I arrived at was twenty-five. That was right enough as far as it went, and I should have been quite satisfied, only that I saw Cross-eye was among them. With his gift for wriggling out of a tight corner, I should have been much more happy had he been missing. However, there was nothing for it but to leave him there, with the consoling reflection that it was a thousand pounds to a gooseberry against him ever getting out until the natives wanted him.

"The next morning, soon after daylight, with the aid of some natives I launched the boat and, amid a noisy farewell, started on my trip for St. Aignan.

"There was no wind, but I was in a hurry to put some distance between us, in case my coloured friends should change their minds, and wish to detain me.

"I didn't make much progress, and it must have been about nine o'clock, as near as I could judge, when I found myself about half a mile from a point of land I had to pass. Looking to the south'ard, I saw a dark line on the horizon. It was the south-east trades coming away, so, knowing the wind would be with me in an hour at the most, I pulled in the oar I had been sculling with, and waited for it.



"'WELL,' THINKS I, 'THIS BEATS COCK FIGHTING.'"

"Sitting on one of the thwarts, I was in the middle of a big think, when I was suddenly aroused by a great to-do on shore.

"Casting my eyes in that direction, what I saw was this: A crowd of natives were tearing down the beach, whilst about two or three hundred yards ahead of them was a solitary figure flying for his life. I didn't need to look twice to see that it was Cross-eye, and fear, or perhaps hope, had put such power into his legs that he was going two yards to their one. He was making for the point of land near the boat, and, when he reached it, without a moment's hesitation, he plunged in, and struck out in my direction. When the natives reached the same place, some entered the water and started to swim after him, whilst others ran for the nearest canoe.

"Cross-eye swam steadily on, each stroke bringing him nearer to the boat. The cool impudence of the fellow tickled me immensely. Here he was swimming towards me, taking for granted that the boat would be a haven of safety. 'Well,' thinks I, 'this beats cock fighting, and 'twould be a pity to disappoint you,' so I chose the heaviest

boat stretcher I could find, and waited to receive him with honours. He must have been fifteen or twenty yards away, and as I stood waiting to welcome him, I saw something which I knew at once rise out of the water not far to lo'ward of him. It was the dorsal fin of a huge shark. Cross-eye saw it too, and redoubled his efforts to reach the boat, but made little headway, for he was nearly played out. I couldn't take my eyes from that fin, and presently I saw it cut the water like a knife, in a bee line for him. There was a flash of white belly in the sunlight, an agonising shriek, and all that remained of Cross-eye was a crimson patch on the sea.

"I trimmed my sail to the wind that came along soon after, and on the fourth day, when I was beginning to think I might have missed the island I was in search of, I saw the loom of it ahead.

"The next morning I arrived and found a party of diggers living there, or rather lingering, for half of 'em were down with fever. I told 'em as much as I wanted to, and they treated me well. What was better still, the craft which was running stores down to 'em arrived a few days after I fetched there, and I got a passage back to Cooktown in her.

"No! I didn't go to Fiji again for several reasons. By this time the owners had got over the loss of their vessel, and forgotten all about it. Although you fellows mightn't think so, I hate reminding people of a loss, and I didn't want to touch up an old sore and cause 'em pain.

"About six weeks after I landed in Cooktown, you might have seen, had you been anywhere handy, a small cutter, about seven tons, dodging about in every hole and corner round Rossel Island. There were two men in her, and you would have wondered what they found to do, hanging about there for the matter of a month or more. This cutter, when she left Cooktown, had from ten to fifteen pounds' worth of trade aboard her. It was cheap and nasty, as such merchandise usually is, but likely to attract a native, and give him a craving to possess it.

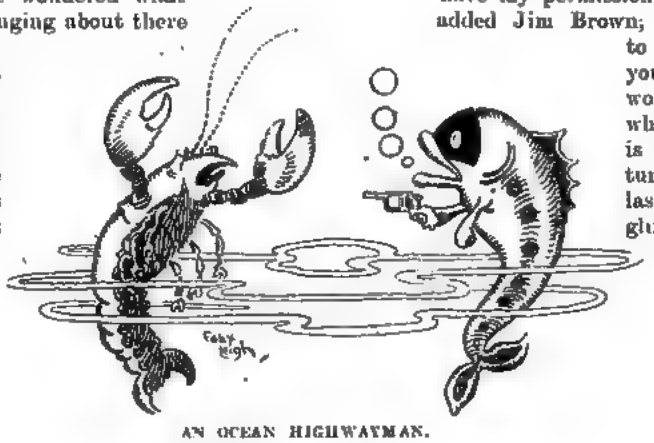
"When she returned, a month or two later, they had got rid of all this, and in place of it had quite a nice pile of sovereigns. Some had holes in them and some hadn't, and there were between two and three thousand of 'em. That's as true as gospel, for one of the men told me so, and not only that, I had a squint at 'em myself."

"Oh! I see," broke in Jack Dempsy, a young colonial, "that's why you didn't go back to Fiji; and you were one of the men in the cutter."

"Now you want to know too much," replied Jim Brown, "but if I had any of that money, it's a moral cert I haven't any now, or you can bet your boots I shouldn't be here."

"If it's true," said Jack Dempsy, "seems funny I or nobody else ever heard of it before."

"Not at all funny," answered old Jim, sarcastically, "considering you've only been a dog watch at sea. You're not the only one who never heard of it. If ever any of you get down that way, and care to visit the place I've been talking about, you'll find the safe on the beach still. I don't suppose anyone has taken it, for it's not worth lifting. Traders who've been down that way for years can't make head or tail of it. When they strike the island, they stand and look at the safe, as if they expected it to speak, scratch their heads, and wonder where it came from. Of course they know it didn't drop from heaven, but, between you and me, that's about all they do know of it. What with the safe, and the Chinese gear and ornaments they've picked up at one time or another from the natives, it's been a perfect riddle to all of 'em for years. If ever you meet any of these fellows, and think you'd like to clear the thing up for 'em, you have my permission to do so. Now," added Jim Brown, who had started to undress, "when you fellows have done wondering whether what I've told you is true or not, just turn into your pews; last in dowse the glim."



AN OCEAN HIGHWAYMAN.
"*Shell* out, you lobster!"

CRICKET HINTS FROM AUSTRALIA.

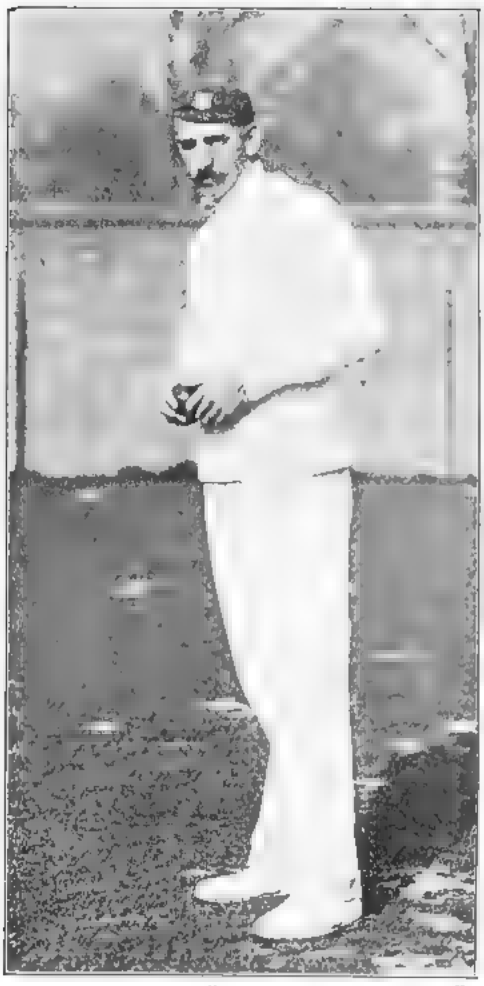
FIRST of all something outside cricket. Do you know where Australia is? Not vaguely, but exactly. Do you know its size, physical configuration, and general characteristics of climate. If not, just take my advice and find out. Get a map and look at it intelligently. Compare the size of Australia with that of Europe, and of the several Colonies with that of France and England. This I mention because half the people who talk gliby about the great new country know very little indeed about it. Where are Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Perth? How do the federated Colonies lie with respect to one another? Why is it that the winter season is more rainy in Melbourne and Sydney than in Adelaide? N.B.—An enquiring mind has a deal to do with success in every pursuit: and in cricket.

Anyone familiar with Australian cricket will tell you how remarkable it is that the game there has developed to its present standard in so short a time and under such difficult conditions. Turf pitches are practically unknown except in the big cities, and even there the number is limited. The scorching southern sun parches turf to dust and ashes without a liberal supply of water, and water in sufficient quantities can be used only in the cities, and even there its use is expensive. Yet Australia can play England on level terms! Out there they make no bones with a bit of difficulty. In the back blocks up country they play on hard bare earth after the harvest, the farm hands and stock-men. Sometimes they play on the dry salt-pans. The junior clubs, even in the towns, play mostly upon bare earth. And the intermediates play upon matting laid upon earth, concrete, or asphalt. But they will have pitches of some sort; they will play, and they will make the best of things. Some of us at home are too fastidious: we want first-rate turf or nothing: we want everything made to order. Better cricket comes from dust-heaps and keenness than from velvet lawns and don't-care.

Australia plays us level. Yet the young Australian who has learnt the game on earth and matting has to unlearn most of it when he is promoted to the turf pitches. But he succeeds. He has little or no coaching, yet he makes a player of himself. Why? Keenness and resource: keenness and resource. Look at the Australian troops in South Africa: the same resource. Knows what to do when strange things happen, does the Australian.

If you look up the records of Anglo-Australian cricket you will find that all of the Australian teams have been splendid in bowling and in fielding, and that their batting, though, as a rule, not quite up to the English best, has always realised its own full value. A word, then, on these points. The Australian bowlers, as a class, have been equally accurate with ours, but have had more sting and spin in their bowling and more artifice. They have always had mechanical precision in straightness and good length, but they have never been machines. Their best bowlers learn in a hard school. As a rule, the wickets in their first-class cricket are so good that while, on the one hand, looseness is abjectly fatal, success comes only to the bowler who bowls with his head. I need not emphasise how important it is for all bowlers to practise diligently until they completely master the power of bowling straight, the power of sending the ball exactly down the direction required, whether on the middle stump or six inches outside the off, and also the power of pitching the ball a good length, neither too short nor too much up. These points the Australian nipper learns on the waste patches, bowling at

the stem of a blue gum tree. As for break, the young Australian learns that by experiments—he twists the ball with his fingers as he delivers it, notes what happens, and then tries to improve on his natural spin. Do you know the story of Albert Trott?



HUGH TRUMBLE. "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."
(*By Permission of "The Book of Cricket."*)

How he was found bowling at a set of stumps with a big packing case in front of them? He explained that the case was George Giffen's bat, and that he was trying to get round it.

The chief reason the Australian bowlers are lively and whippy from the pitch is, I think, that they do not bowl too much all of a heap. Our English bowlers have rather too much work, and go stale. From this you may infer that the best way to practise bowling is a little at a time and that good. When you bowl at nets, bowl your very best, but do not keep on too long. Try to make the ball phizz from the pitch, keep it alive, teach it to talk. Don't roll down dead, unambitious stuff. Be a real enemy: hate the batsman.

One great lesson our English bowlers have learnt from the Australians is the value of cleverly disguised alterations of pace. Men such as Spofforth, Palmer, Noble, Trumble, and Giffen have mastered the art of delivering balls of various paces without changing their action or run-up: and, mark you, they have mastered this art without sacrificing the supreme virtue of steadiness and accuracy. Take a ball, go and bowl, and set yourself to send down now a faster one, now a slower one, yet always with the same run-up, the same action of the arm, and the same general appearance. You will find that you can make differences by holding the ball a trifle looser or a trifle tighter, and by so manipulating the ball that now the full swing of your arm is behind the ball, now only part of the swing is brought directly to bear. Deliver the ball now off the tips of your fingers, now off the palm of your hand. Experiment: you will find it interesting. But all the while keep up your accuracy and straightness. Try how the ball goes when you deliver it with the second finger tucked down behind it. That was one of Spofforth's methods. Remember, by the way, not to make your variations too pronounced, and do not overdo the job. You must have a standard, steady pace as a basis for the changes: and do not introduce your tricks too often. And, above all, do not try to bowl above your natural pace: you may well send in an occasional faster ball, but keep your standard pace easy and natural. Mark that the Australians have had only one outright fast bowler, namely, E. Jones. The rest have been medium or slow. So medium pace bowling is an instrument upon which many tunes can be played. For the Australians have been noted for variety.

You may well digest the truths that the Australian bowlers are enterprising, that they take trouble, and that they are not to be discouraged.

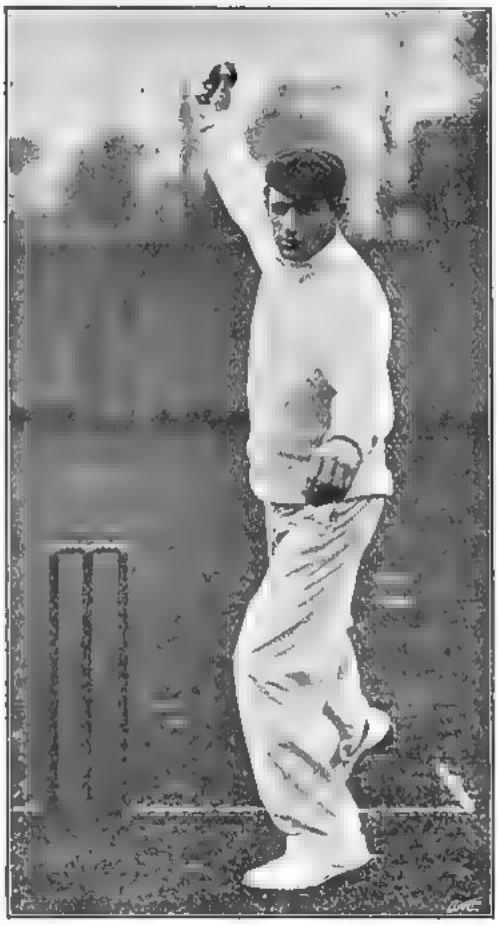
As for fielding, the long-played-out matches and the perfect pitches in Australian first-class cricket set a premium upon it. They have found out for sure that dropped catches, ragged picking up and dilatoriness are too, too costly. Miss Clem Hill, at Sydney, when he has made 70, and he will likely make 300. It is worth noting

that their bowling, backed up by their fielding, has enabled the Australians to play England on an equality even when England has had a decided superiority in batting. W. L. Murdoch, the famous Australian batsman, has said: "Give me a team that catches every catch, and it will never be beaten." George Giffen, another great Colonial cricketer, says: "Give me a side of men that will hold all the chances offered, and our opponents on the best of wickets will seldom exceed 250 runs." These are perhaps overstatements; but they are emphatic. The Australians have proved the value of good fielding, and that no pains too great can be devoted to attaining it. And they can all throw: straight, low, quick, and a good length. There is never a man among them who "Cannot go long-off, because I can't throw." They laugh at a cricketer unable to throw. Even their veterans can throw finely: they do not descend to the inefficient jerk.

A noticeable point about Australians in the field is that they are never sleepy. They are keen and wide-awake all the livelong day. They are tough, and consider it a disgrace to slack. They do not suffer from "that tired feeling." In fact, they recognise in the most practical of all ways that fielding is as much a part of the game as batting and bowling. I have seen this fact forgotten sometimes in England, the fact that fielding is a part of cricket.

In style, the Australians have nothing to teach us about batting. On the average our batsmen are more versatile and artistic. But the Australian batsman is remarkable for two great virtues—confidence, and ability to rise to the occasion. Over-confidence, or confidence founded on nothing, is bad: the first promotes fatal carelessness, the second is absurd. But when you have a certain amount of skill you may as well regard yourself as possessing that amount, and act accordingly. There are some batsmen who simply cannot evoke what skill they possess when the pinch comes: they have no nerve, they go all wishy-washy. Now, the Australian does not propose to get out—he goes in and he expects to make runs. In fact, he is confident. It is, you know, possible to be confident without being conceited.

Then, the Australian batsman nearly always plays up to his best form on trying occasions. The fact is, some of the Australians, who have in point of style and art been very much inferior to some of us, have often made many more runs in Test matches. If an Australian can bat at all he usually succeeds in making, on the average, as many runs as he is worth. Their cracks cannot be accused of making runs only when runs are not wanted, and when things are easy and unembarrassed. They are what may be called good match-players, the Australians. If runs are to be made they set about making them as if there was no doubt of success:



M. A. NOBLE. "A SWERVER."
(By Permission of "The Book of Cricket.")

they show pluck and backbone, and they do not lose their heads.

Now, do not fancy that I suggest that English cricketers have not these qualities too. I merely suggest to you points wherein the Australians are specially to be admired.

On the whole, there is some reason to think that the Australians get somewhat more out of themselves than we do. In batting, I do not reckon it unfair to say that, given an

Englishman and an Australian of precisely equal skill, the latter is rather the more likely to "come off" in a big match. And the chief reason of this is the confidence mentioned above. It would be quite easy to pick out English players who are no jot inferior in this quality. It is of the general tone of our cricket compared with theirs that I am thinking

It may be worth while to remark that the power of producing your best cricket when it is most needed, though partly dependent on temperament and inborn determination, is not beyond cultivation. It is largely a matter of habit: if you make up your mind every time you go in at a crisis or under difficulties that you will do your very best, you become accustomed to the effort of will, and, as it were, have it always up your sleeve.

Only the other day, in looking up some accounts of the earlier Australian teams and their doings, I noticed that the English critics of the time were much impressed with the discipline of the Australians. They took the field like well-drilled troops, and did their utmost to carry through all that their captain required of them. I do not see that at the present time our cricketers are at all behind in this respect. Still, such is the value of discipline that I cannot help just mentioning the point. There is not the least doubt that the team that plays all of one purpose, each member doing his level best to fit in with the rest, has a great pull over the team divided against itself.

BOB FITZSIMMONS' BOOK.

We have received for notice a book on Physical Culture and Self-defence, by Robert Fitzsimmons, the great boxer, published by Gale and Polden. Mr. Fitzsimmons is evidently no great believer in the artificial physical culture so greatly in vogue nowadays. He is not at all with the ordinary strong man and the bulging muscle. That sort of thing, the author maintains, is all very well for weight lifting, but it is no use at all for boxing. The book contains much excellent advice for the use of the boxer. It is interesting to note that the author lays great stress upon learning to use the feet; there is no doubt whatever that this point is, as a rule, too little emphasised. The book is well illustrated from excellent photographs, and is altogether extremely interesting. The style is crisp, pointed, and very readable. The book is thoroughly to be recommended, not only to those interested in boxing, but to all who pursue athletics in any form whatever.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. Wilkie.—Very well, then, I won't refer you to back numbers. The best way to get into training quickly, as I have often remarked here before, and no doubt shall repeat still more often, is by walking five miles or so at a good quick stride, with a trifle of grind in it, four or five times a week, or every day if you like. Then, of course, you might do a little running and some dumb-bell work; but do not overdo these items. You ought, for your complaint, to reduce considerably the amount of meat you eat, and be very careful to eat too little rather than too much of everything. You ought also to make green vegetables and fruit an important item in your diet. In fact, I should advise you to run your meat diet down to a very minimum, and supplement the deficiency by trying Plasmon. Plasmon has great nutritive qualities in small bulk, and is easily digested. It goes best with milk puddings, but is excellent in all its shapes. Find out about it. No, I could not manage to go to Australia; too much to do at home. You see there is THE CAPTAIN! Thank you very much for your good wishes for the Cup ties, which I daresay you know have come true up to date. We know a bit about football in the South nowadays

Versatile.—What a beautiful handwriting you have! Would that all my correspondents had the same As far as I know there is no reason why a goal should be cancelled at hockey because it happens to go through off the goalkeeper's foot No, I don't think it is a bit detrimental to football to play in various positions If a man who usually plays back sometimes goes forward, he gets a good idea of how he ought to kick from back to his forwards Then again at half-back he learns how to pass and how to play a combined game But of course a man usually plays best in his own position. Most full backs kick much too hard Of course, you ought to kick hard when in difficulties near your own goal But when you have the ball clear and plenty of time, you ought not to sling the ball miles away so that the opposite backs can return it easily; far better kick it accurately to one of your own men Ignorant critics may accuse you of weak kicking when you pass accurately to your forwards. But pay no attention to them.

A. K. Chaytor.—Your letter has reached me rather late, I am afraid. There is no particular way of training for high jumping. So much depends on your natural power of spring. Practise about four times a week; about half-a-dozen jumps at each practice, raising the bar about an inch at a time. Do not run up too fast, and be careful to take off as close under the bar as you can. Say, about half the height of the bar measured from directly underneath it. Try and get your legs and hips over first, and then to lever your body after them. Have the bar as long as possible, so that you can set the uprights well apart; this makes the height look less formidable. The best training for the quarter and half-mile is a judicious mixture of sprints (of from 150 to 250 yards) with occasional strides over a longer distance. Take some good walks, and do not run more than four times a week.

H. Scholfield.—Yes, I suppose Southampton may be considered lucky to have won at Bury. But, you see, they did win. You did not see us quite at our best, as several of our men were more or less crippled at the time. Our defence was very much

pressed, and consequently played under great difficulties, and consequently got slanged. But we managed to keep out the Bury people, who, as you say, were very good; consequently I fancy we did not play so very badly after all.

J. Everatt.—You can get the "Sportfolio," I expect, from the publishers, George Newnes, Ltd. I do not know of any similar publication. There is, of course, my "Book of Cricket," but I expect you have seen that. You can get any amount of cricket photographs from Hawkins, Preston Street, Brighton. As for footballers, you can always get their pictures from photographers in the places where they belong. I am very glad you like my articles in THE CAPTAIN. Probably I shall make a book such as you mention for next football season. Look out for it. I do not know of any really well illustrated book on athletics or cycling. There is the Badminton Library, however, the Isthmian Library, and the All England Series. You might have a look at them.

Whitey.—Very glad indeed to hear from Jamaica. THE CAPTAIN certainly has a wonderful hold in the Colonies. I read your letter with much interest. I do not know anything about the system of physical exercise you mention. But I know that you can get the same result much cheaper. Stick to your games, my boy; you cannot do better. Some of this physical culture is right enough, but a lot of it is mere bunkum. A man who is a good cricketer, footballer and runner does not need much culture; he has got it. You cannot beat fresh air and natural outdoor exercise. If you do go in for dumb-bells and such like things, be sure and use light weights.

C. A. Wheeler.—Lord Hawke's address is Wighill Park, Tadcaster, Yorks. Mr. Stoddart's I do not know, but you might write to Lord's Cricket Ground, N.W. My first athletic performance was winning a steeplechase at a seaside place in Dorsetshire, when I was twelve years old. I beat a policeman, two coastguards, a fisherman, a gardener, and three boys. A bob-tailed sheep dog ran in the race, and actually won, but was disqualified for not having paid an entrance fee. The prize was half-a-sovereign.

W. D. Kerr.—You can get a pair of running knickers and a zephyr vest at almost any outfitter's. You ought to have also a woollen sweater to put on after exercise. One of the great secrets of training is to avoid chills. For running on roads a pair of ordinary running shoes without spikes and with soles a trifle stout are, I think, the best. If people can find another time to run, I do not advise them to run before breakfast, but in your case I see no harm in it whatever. Only you should be very careful not to do too much at a time. Also you ought to take some food before your work. For this purpose I know nothing better than a cup of Plasmon cocoa and three or four Plasmon biscuits. Turkish baths are excellent for those people whom they suit; but do not stay long in the hot room; very slight perspiration is enough. Remember that the only successful method of training is to work gradually and patiently, with a keen eye on common sense.

Altruist.—Gradidge and Sons, of Woolwich, are a noted firm of bat-makers. They have been established for many years. Some batsmen have a special liking for Gradidge handles; you can easily get one. Their willow has a reputation for being consistently good, year after year. Be careful to get a bat of the sort that you yourself find handy and comfortable. No one can really choose for you. The medium grain, neither too close nor too wide, usually lasts best.

Ardent Admirer.—Here is another of them! He has been in for a great deal of cycling and has developed his biceps and the muscles of his knee out of all proportion. Now he wants to put his calves in order. Very well, then, my advice is that he turn himself with avidity to running and to skipping with a skipping rope. Fast walking, too, is good for the calves. The only institutions I know of where people are trained for professional football are the reserve teams of the big clubs.

Roy Evans.—Why do not you fellows who want advice by any particular date, why don't you, I say, send in your enquiries in time? We are only too delighted to help you; in fact, it is our special mission. But magazines like ours go to press about a month before they come out. Just bear that in mind another time. About training before breakfast, see above. A five-mile walk at top speed is a bit too far so early in the morning. Three at the outside. Run short sprints in order to gain speed, and supplement these with occasional longer distances in order to gain length of stride. There is a great deal about training in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN.

Olympian.—Plasmon I know quite well, because I have for some time made it an important item in my training diet. You are wrong in calling it an artificial preparation; it is absolutely natural. You will find that when people know more about it, it will be in great demand.

S. G. W.—My advice about trying to get pace in bowling is—don't. Stick to your own natural pace. Bowlers who try to increase their pace beyond that which naturally belongs to them usually go to pieces. Your break will be plenty of use to you provided you learn to keep an accurate good length. There is no way of improving your throwing except by assiduous practice. Begin with a short distance, keep the flight of the ball as low as possible, and fire in long hops at the top of the stumps; then gradually increase your distance away.

An Admirer.—I cannot see that there is much wrong with your weight. You are sound in limb and wind, have a good appetite, and are quite fit. Exercise would tend to make you heavier rather than lighter. I believe it is a fact that weight depends largely on whether or not one is big-boned. You cannot do better than take plenty of outdoor exercise and plain, wholesome food.

Half Gone.—Your enthusiasm for cricket does me good to hear of. But you are wrong if you think you have got me by the leg, for I may say that I, too, have played cricket all this winter with the ground covered with snow and ice. Playing on a ground iron-bound and crinkley with frost I find an excellent education in back play and defence. So don't you try to pull my leg on that score again. The Surrey Shield type of batting glove is all right for the left hand. Personally, I prefer the ordinary type with thick, black rubber on the fingers. I like the sort that go on with a twist of elastic round the wrist.

A. H. S.—If I were you, I think I would go in for the quarter and half-mile, but, of course, it depends on whether or not you are suited for these distances. If your forte is sprinting, you might have a chance at the shorter distances. To gain speed there is nothing better than short sprints of about 50 yards. But if you go in for the longer distances, you ought occasionally to stride through a full lap and sometimes two.

A. J. J.—I am very much obliged to you for your contribution to my scrap-book. I am sending the picture to the Editor of THE CAPTAIN in case he may like to use it.

A. H. Edwardes.—Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells are good. But I do not advise the use of more than the two springs unless you are going in specially for weight-lifting and heavy strain work. Be sure, too, to study moderation; and do not work without a

proper scheme of exercises. You can get a chart of exercises from Sandow, Ltd., Savoy-street, W.C. You can use the Developer too. But don't overdo it.

Philip Plowden.—No, I do not agree with the man who wrote to the *Daily Mail*. He has evidently overlooked the fact that a batsman may be in for fifteen minutes, or even more, without receiving a single ball. Surely under those circumstances it would be most unfair that he should be out for not scoring fast enough. I cannot get you an autograph of the gentleman you mention just at present, he being many thousand miles away. However, if you write again during the cricket season, I will do my best for you.

G. F. A. S.—Quite an old friend! So you have transferred to other quarters in Munich. I remember your letter last year perfectly well. I think half-an-hour is a bit too long; take my advice and halve it—you will get just as good a result. When you feel your heart beating in your head, as you call it, it is quite certain that you have been subjecting it to greater strain than you ought; at any rate, for the purposes of ordinary exercise. I expect you are perfectly sound. But let me most solemnly assure you that in order to develop your muscles to their very greatest perfection there is not the slightest necessity for you to go in for violent strain. If you are troubled with indigestion, be careful not to take violent exercise or do hard brain work within at least an hour of meals.

College Boy.—There is only one way to learn to bowl straight, and that is by common or garden practice. Do not try to bowl too fast; see above. Over-arm bowlers are usually straighter than round-arm.

Yoshio Katogama.—Glad to hear from a son of the nation with which England has allied herself. It is splendid to find that you like THE CAPTAIN so much. You appear to me to have a pretty complete mastery of the English language. I assure you, you put to shame the majority of my English correspondents. As you say, England is a fine country. We Englishmen have a great admiration for Japan. So we are quits. If you keep your eye in the month of May upon a morning paper called *The Sportsman*, you will see at once where the cricketers you mention are playing. In Scotland you will find, as you say, "mountains and a strange race of people." Permit me to thank you for your most interesting letter. To become a member of the Club, apply to the "Old Fag."

S. Baxter.—A cricket ball, when it pitches, if the surface of the ground allows the friction to work, breaks in the same direction as the ball is spinning. Most bowlers impart their spin to the ball by drawing their fingers across it as it leaves their hand. Borrow the Badminton book on "Cricket" from a library, and read what A. G. Steel says on the subject. I have not space here to explain the matter, nor yet to tell you how to place your field, but you can find plenty of information on the subject in Ranji's book on "Cricket."

H. N. Waller.—In preference to those you mention, I should advise you to get your bat from Shaw and Shrewsbury, Victoria Square, Nottingham, or from Gradidge, Artillery-place, Woolwich, S.E., or from Stuart Surridge, 175 Boro' High-street, S.E. Tell them exactly what you want. You can mention my name if you like.

H. H.—There is no cure for thin legs except exercise. At least I know of none. But your legs are not particularly thin for your age and size. At any rate, I don't think mine were any bigger at your age; and up to date they have carried me very well through life.

D. J. G. Campbell writes to tell me, referring to a previous remark of mine, that cricket has already been introduced into France, although as yet it is not very much followed. Football, he says, is flourishing in Gaul. There are 420 clubs, Rugby and Association, the latter being more popular. The Belgians and Dutch and Swiss play quite a lot. There are ten championships in Paris, which is the centre of games. In answer to the query, I expect the reason you can't shoot is because you don't look at the ball when you are trying to kick it. I daresay your tendency to kick too high comes from having played Rugby. There is a little book on "Hockey," published by Ward, Lock and Co., Salisbury Square, E.C. The author is H. S. Battersby.

S. W. Hood.—You certainly will not do yourself any harm by practising holding your breath, with a view to increasing your power of swimming under water. Take a long, slow breath, very gradual, through the nose with your mouth shut, hold it for a little time, and then breathe it out slowly again. The practice of long breathing in this style is excellent for everyone.

Demerara.—For advice about bowling see above. If you have a tendency to bowl to leg, simply aim so much the more to the off.

P. M. R. (PORT ELIZABETH).—It is amusing to hear that the mile championship cannot be held at Cape Town because the Green Point Track is occupied by a Boer Prisoners' Camp. Your time for the mile (4 mins. 43 secs.) compares very well with the times done at Public Schools at home. It would win oftener than not. No, eighteen is not too young to run long distances, if you are strong. The best practice for the mile is to run distances varying from 400 to 800 yards; aim at cultivating speed. You might run the full distance about three times during training.

R. MacDougal.—The only way to improve your cricket is to play cricket. Dumb-bells are all right, but use the lightest possible.

Eldon.—The bats made by Stuart Surridge and Co. are certainly good ones. I have had several beauties from them that I have used in county cricket. Yes, they last well and are well-balanced, but, of course, you ought to pick one that suits you. If you cannot go to their emporium, write mentioning your height and age, and the weight of bat you like. About 2 lb. 4 oz. is heavy enough for anyone, to my mind.

Ilsa Pré.—Old Fag has handed on your letter to me. You ought to be able to swing from rung to rung along a horizontal ladder without any difficulty. It does not require much strength. Try not to let your weight pull your arms out quite straight as you hang on the first rung; start with a bit of a swing, and, as you swing forward on to the second rung again, avoid letting your engaged arm be pulled out quite to its full length. If you find you cannot start at all, get someone to give you a slight leg-up. You will soon get the knack of the thing. Dumb-bells of 1 lb. each ought to suit you. All exercises in which the arm is brought from straight to completely bent are good for the biceps. When you bring your hand up to your shoulder point you use your biceps; when you extend your arm straight again you use your biceps. You can find out all about muscles in the chart sold with Sandow's grip dumb-bells.

(*Several Answers held over.*)

C. B. Fry

By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

V.—SANDY HILL.

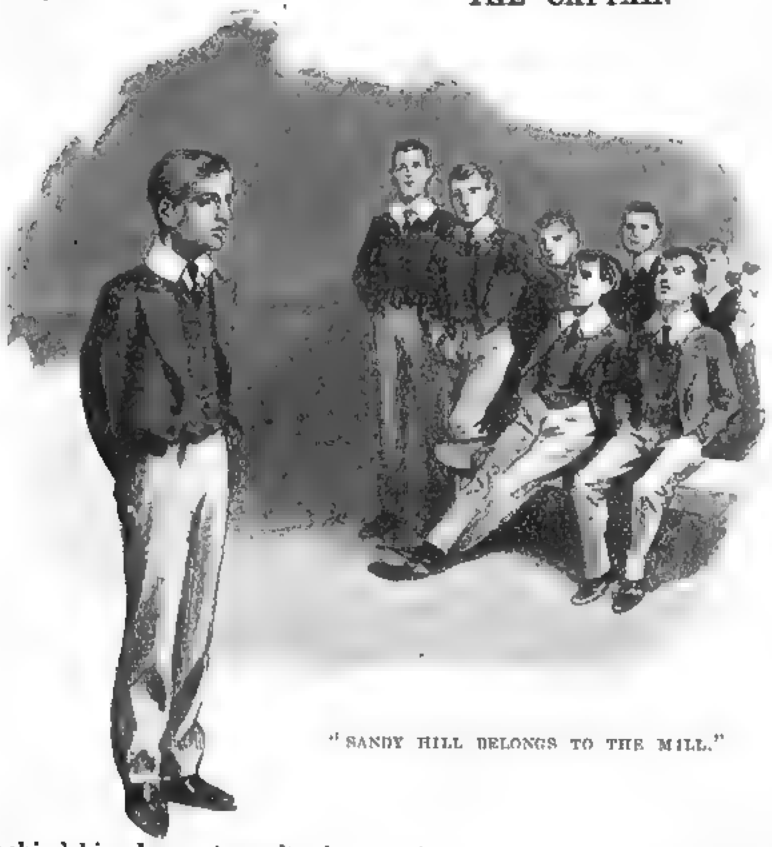
MOST schools have their special customs. Sometimes these can be traced back to their foundation by some noted youth, who in course of years has become a semi-mythical hero. Sometimes the history of their origin is so hopelessly lost as not even to be the subject of plausible conjecture. Sometimes they are reasonable, sometimes very much the reverse. But whatever their nature, there they are, and their destruction, even with good cause shown, is a task which generally baffles the zeal of the most ardent reformer.

We, too, had our customs, one of the most ancient of which required each new boy to give some performance before the lower school assembled in conclave during the first week of his coming. A song or a recitation formed the strict choice, but the telling of a story or the showing of some new trick would generally be accepted as a substitute. Not a very formidable ordeal, one may think, but still a sufficiently trying one to many a youngster fresh to school life. Some of the masters rather favoured it, on the ground that it discovered latent talent. My conviction is that this was rot. Occasionally we happened on a treasure in the shape of a boy possessed of a pleasing voice, or a turn for story-telling. But it was not likely that either gift would go long undiscovered; and for the most part the chief pleasure of the audience lay in exploiting the nervousness and incompetence of the performers.

Tradition had it that on one or two occasions the tables had been fairly turned. I recollect a boy, with a voice of excruciating quality and an ear to match, who, after protesting that he could neither recite nor sing, at last favoured us with the only song he knew. It proved to be "God Save the Queen." And never were an audience more embarrassed. Loyalty prevented our interrupting the stave with those howls of derision which would have greeted any other song, and so we sat and suffered. At the close of the first verse, Carter, who usually presided on these occasions, hastened to intervene. "Thank you, that will do," said he, in rather a strained voice. And then we breathed again.

When young Lewis first appeared amongst us, most of those present were smitten with some feeling of compassion, and were prepared to listen to his effort with more than usual indulgence. "I can't sing," said he, plaintively, in reply to the usual question. "Can't sing?" echoed Bannister. "I say, Carter, here's a chap says he can't sing." "Rubbish!" cried Carter. "He has choir-boy written all over his face, or I never saw a surplice." Lewis gazed round the assembled forms with the air of one who knew his failings, but trusted to our goodness to condone them. "I can't sing," he repeated mournfully; "but," brightening up suddenly, "I can recite."

Now, we were not particularly fond of this alternative, and Carter was about to overrule the suggestion. "Oh, nonsense!" commenced he. But custom is stronger than the most powerful autocrat. "Rule! rule!" cried a score of voices. "Oh, very well," said Carter sulkily; "but the kid can sing, *I* know. Well, what are you going to recite?" "The Ballad of Sandy Hill," piped Lewis in a shrill treble voice. "Don't sound *very* exciting," commented Bannister dubiously. "Is it long?" "It is in forty verses," said Lewis. "Great Scott!" quoth I; "don't you know anything else?" Lewis shook his head dolefully, and the suspicion of a tear glittered in either eye. "Here, stop the waterworks," interposed Carter, hastily. "Have it as you like, and chuck it out." And Lewis, placing his hands



"SANDY HILL BELONGS TO THE MILL."

behind him, began to recite, in a most monotonous sing-song, as follows:—

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill,
The mill belongs to Sandy Hill;
Sandy still belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still."

"Humph!" said Carter. "So that is the first verse, is it?" Lewis nodded. "Well, I don't think much of it," added Bannister. "Hold your row," said I, encouragingly; "the young one is only in his exordium." "Run, run!" cried Bannister frantically; "fetch a doctor, quick! Here's a chap gone and swallowed the dictionary!" "Shut up, you idiots!" interposed Carter. "Let the young one go on." And, placing his hands behind him, Lewis proceeded, in the same monotonous sing-song:

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill,
The mill belongs to Sandy Hill;
Sandy still belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still."

"Why," cried Carter, "that is the first verse all over again. We want the second verse, young one." Lewis regarded him reproachfully. "That *is* the second verse," said he. "Don't tell me," commenced Carter, angrily. "Don't fluster the kid," said I. "He has made a mistake, but you will only make him worse. Now, young man, let us have the next verse." Lewis accorded me a grateful smile. "*Third* verse," said he. "If you like," said I. And, placing his hands behind him, Lewis repeated, in the same monotonous sing-song:

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill,
The mill belongs to Sandy Hill;
Sandy still belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still."

The audience glared at one another, and then at Lewis; but the small boy wore a far-away air of seraphic innocence. "Shall I say the fourth verse?" said he. "Yes?" And without any further invitation he straightway proceeded:

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill——"

A yell from the audience stopped him. "*How* many verses did you say there were?" demanded Carter. "Forty," replied Lewis in melancholy tones. "And are they *all* alike?" pursued Bannister. Lewis slowly turned and gazed on him with large, round, innocent eyes of open admiration. "However *did* you guess?" said he.

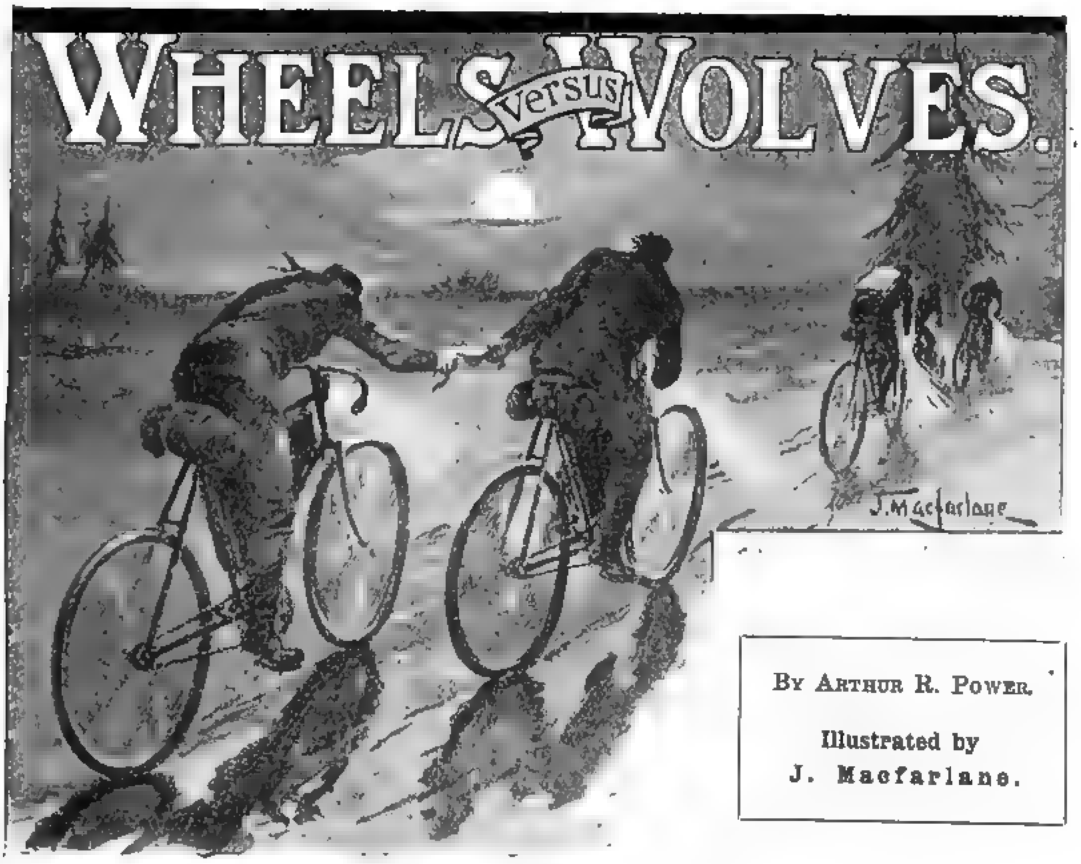
A second yell broke from our throats, and as it died away we heard the voice of the junior classic, who had just entered the room. "For shame, boys!" said he. "Why are you all howling at that poor little chap who has only just come?" "Please, sir," commenced Carter, indignantly, "he is reciting——" "Then why don't you give him a fair chance?" interrupted the master. "Anyone can see how nervous he is." (Even the junior classic was not infallible.) "Come, young man, let us hear what it is you have to say."

And, fairly beaming upon his new protector, Lewis placed his hands behind his back, and, in the now well-known sing-song tones, commenced:

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill——"

But the lower school rose in a body, and fled shrieking to the playground.

WHEELS versus WOLVES.



By Arthur R. Power.

Illustrated by
J. Macfarlane.

THERE were five of us altogether; myself, an engineer, employed in a Russian firm, my younger brother, Jack, a boy of fifteen, and eight years my junior, who was left in my charge to learn engineering, and a wild and impulsive Irishman, named Bryan MacDermott, my colleague in business, who scarcely ever spoke without perpetrating a "bull," while two Russian student friends, Ivan and Michael, whose acquaintance we had made during our stay in the little but not unimportant town of K——, in Polish Galicia, completed our party.

We had a few days' holiday in the late autumn, and after much discussion decided to spend it in a short bicycle tour. Touring at this time of year, even in the southern parts of Poland, is not perhaps an ideal sport for weaklings, but we Britishers were young, fit, and warmly clad, while our Russian friends were hardened to the climate. The summer had been unusually damp and chilly for this part of the country, but the autumn was making up for it by being fine and dry, and the weather, though cold, was less severe than usual for the season, and would, we hoped, remain clear for our holiday.

We equipped our bicycles with the usual triangular touring bags which fitted in the frames, carrying each a good warm travelling rug to supplement the miserably inefficient sleeping arrangements of Polish country inns. We took three large flasks of good brandy—the Russian equivalent for whisky—while our student friends carried vodski, a sort of gin much drunk by the lower classes in Russia, and affected by some students, in the proverbial poverty of student life, on account of its cheapness. We were also provided with good revolvers and large dagger-like knives, a necessary precaution in the wilder parts of the country, and Bryan carried a light sporting gun slung across his shoulders, for he was a keen sportsman and never missed a chance of a shot.

We started at ten o'clock on a bright clear morning, intending to cover the fifty miles between us and the little town for which we were bound in the day—a fair journey in the biting cold. We soon passed away from the outskirts of the town and into the open

desolate country with scarce a sign of life in it, travelling blithely in the clear autumn sunshine over the hard, dry track. It was not the road for fast riding, but all being well we should easily reach our destination before darkness set in, and there was nothing to detain us on the way providing the sky remained clear and the snow kept off.

We lunched heartily off simple fare at a village inn, having performed about two-thirds of our journey, and here we heard the somewhat disquieting rumour that, early as it was for them to show themselves, wolves had been seen in the district during the last few days. Their proximity was attributed to the badness of the summer, hunger from this cause having emboldened them to leave their retreats earlier than usual in search of food. No one we could find had *seen* the wolves, however, and the weather was so comparatively mild that we did not attach much importance to the village rumours, and laughed at the fears of the landlord, who we thought wanted to secure five guests for the night.

We had still some seventeen miles of our journey to do when we left the inn. A strong icy wind, presaging a change of weather, had sprung up and somewhat checked our progress, while the inevitable puncture delayed the whole party for a quarter of an hour, for of course we had decided to keep together. The quickly falling autumn darkness now began to set in, and we still had the last half of the final stage of our journey before us. We lighted our lamps and plugged steadily on across the endless plain, while the track became gradually more difficult to find in the rapidly growing darkness, in which it was not easy to distinguish the small landmarks bordering the road. The air was growing keener and more frosty, while the wind rose steadily, and we were now beginning to wish that our journey was over. Visions of a comfortable dining room, roaring fire and good dinner passed before me continuously as I bent down to the work.

"What's that?" asked Jack suddenly. We had not heard anything, although sound travels far in the frosty, rarified air, but the youngster's ears were sharper than ours. Suddenly across the dreary silent waste came an unmistakable howl.

"Wolves," said Michael, grimly. "We must push on smartly, boys, or they will be upon us. They are a good way off, I think."

We hurried on with all the speed we could, but the conditions of the ride had begun to tell upon us, and we were getting too done up to increase our pace much. Poor Jack was gradually lagging behind and I slackened and tried to encourage the boy. "Come on, Jack, old chap," I said, "let me tow you," and handing him one end of my handkerchief I helped him along. But the strain of the double work told upon me too, and our friends were looking round to see what was happening as we gradually dropped behind.

"It's no good," gasped Jack, "I can't go another twenty yards. You must leave me here and save yourself."

The idea of leaving him never crossed my mind, but the picture of myself living to carry the tidings to our widowed mother in England of the tragic death of her youngest boy, left in my charge, rose before me for one brief moment.

At times like this ideas pass rapidly through a man's brain, and my engineer's training had taught me that there is nearly always a way out of a difficulty if a little ingenuity is exercised. I did not intend to be torn to pieces and devoured by a pack of wolves for want of a little inspiration, and what I saw before me in my mind presented a plausible if slender chance of escape.

The moon had risen and the track was open and clear. Across the light-coloured dried grass about a hundred yards ahead I could distinguish a small clump of tall fir trees. The wolves were now hot on our scent and were rapidly nearing us, judging by the closeness of the sound of their sharp, fierce yelps. In another five minutes they would be upon us.

"If we can reach those trees in time, we shall be safe," I shouted. "Come on, you fellows, tear on like mad and stop there." All this happened in less time than it takes me to tell it, while I was towing Jack, who rallied a little at my words, for he was still young enough to have implicit faith in the powers of his elder brother

It seemed an hour's journey, that last hundred yards, but at length we reached our goal. "Jump off and do just as I tell you," I shouted, and we held one of the quickest councils of war on record.

Lying at the foot of one of the trees was a dead she-wolf. She had two wolf pups with her, nestling in her fur for warmth and vainly seeking nourishment from their dead mother. She had evidently escaped being devoured by her brothers and friends, not so much from an oversight as from having dropped behind with her little ones through weakness during some savage pursuit for food, and had crouched

under the shelter of a tree, such as it was, to die. We quickly dragged the body away, separating the young wolves from it with difficulty. "Catch hold of the youngsters, Jack, they will keep you warm," I said, and

lashed to the trees will form the walls and the other two the roof. Fix them up and tie them together. Sharp's the word."

There was no need to hurry them. They grasped the idea, and in half a minute we had

THE UNWOUNDED WOLVES LEAPT UPON THEIR DEAD AND DYING COMRADES, TEARING THEM TO PIECES.

he placed the pups, who licked his hands, inside his coat against his breast.

"Now then, boys," I said, as I selected a spot within a triangle formed by three trees, "we must make a covered cage with the bicycles between these trees and fight for our lives within it. Three machines upright and

the machines in position and were hastily lashing them together, passing our belts and luggage straps round the slim fir trees. We were finishing the job with our handkerchiefs and neckties when the wolves appeared in sight.

We made the most of our defences. The three

trees gave a certain amount of stability to the improvised refuge, while the triangular leather bags in the centre of each bicycle filled the most formidable gaps, and we put the pedal cranks in such a position as to form the best fortification between the wheels, but in spite of this our fortress was frail enough. We had not tied the last knot when the wolves were upon us, a hundred of them I should say, delivering a furious onslaught against our defences. A few of them, attracted by the dead wolf, made short work of her carcase, and then helped in the attack.

We had to face the odds of a triple frontal attack, and took up our positions in a military and scientific manner. Bryan, Ivan and Michael each defended a side, while I gave my attention to the roof. Jack was too exhausted to do more than become an extremely interested spectator, and sat still, with his back against one of the trees forming our buttresses, looking on. Many of the wolves sprang on to our open-work roof, and there became entangled in the spokes of the wheels which helped to form it, while I shot them at a two-inch range with my revolver. I was not an expert at long range shooting, but I don't think I wasted any lead at this distance. The uproar was indescribable, the unearthly screams of the wounded and dying brutes, the howls of the attackers, and the sharp cracking of the revolvers, with the occasional musical twang of a broken spoke (luckily they were strong), together with the rattle of the bicycles, as the wolves dashed against them, would have been sufficient to alarm the whole countryside had there been any inhabitants within miles.

The smell of blood attracted the famished tenable and they leapt down, turning their dead and dying comrades, tearing them to pieces and devouring them while life still lingered. There must have been a dozen of the brutes above us, fighting now against each other for life, and our fortress began to creak so ominously with their weight that we were compelled to fight with our right hands, steadying the structure with our left, while we wildly shouted warnings and advice to each other. I began to fear for the strength of the roof with all this weight upon it, but the attackers soon found the position untenable, and they leapt down, turning their whole attention to our walls. Bryan, Ivan and Michael had been busy meantime, and the mangled and half-eaten corpses of dozens of wolves proved the accuracy of their shooting, and the length of odds against the attackers of a fortified position. Many an ugly grisly snout was pushed through the unavoidable gaps, and much did Bryan deplore the fact that lack of space prevented him from kicking. "There now, you ugly old brute," he shouted as he gave an enormous grey wolf a tremendous blow on the snout with the butt end of his revolver, as it tried to crawl through an opening, "next time you come and attack a defenceless party who are quite able to defend themselves, bedad, I expect you'll stop away."

Ammunition was getting short, and as the fighting was at close quarters, with, thank heaven, some strong steel tubing between us and our assailants, we were able to make good use of our knives, stabbing desperately at the snouts and eyes, and slashing and hacking the fore-feet, of the brutes, for with wounded fore-feet the wolf is utterly helpless. I was beginning to feel a terrible pleasure in the fighting, and for the first time understood the "lust for blood" felt by soldiers in battle. Many of the wolves evidently gave us up as a bad job, and indulged in their cannibalistic tastes to the utmost, making a good square meal off their dead companions. Our obvious tactics were to kill sufficient to feed the others (we could not hope to kill them all), for your wolf is a cowardly brute at best, especially with a full stomach, and we hoped the surviving members of the pack would sheer off when they had had their fill.

And now the attack began to weaken somewhat, and we were consequently able to slacken to a certain extent our vigorous defence, and to do our best to render ourselves as secure and comfortable (save the mark) as possible for the remainder of the night. We refrained from using our ammunition unnecessarily, shooting only when we could not stab, and reserving our little stock for any future attack, for it was more than possible that the wolves might return with reinforcements, or that the keen scent of another pack might be attracted by the smell of blood, and it would be quite out of the question for us to leave our refuge before morning.

The attack was getting weaker and weaker, and at last the surviving members of the pack slunk slowly off, leaving scarcely any bones even to mark the battlefield. It must have been half-past four in the afternoon when we took shelter from the wolves, and by six o'clock the enemy had retreated, utterly vanquished.

We now turned our attention towards strengthening our position, tightening up all knots, adding to them where possible, and doing everything we could to prepare for

another attack. Now that the heat of the fighting was over we began to feel the cold, so, crouching down in our somewhat airy chamber, we arranged our rugs in the best way we could. We relighted our lamps (which we had blown out when we halted) to serve as a signal to any rescue party which might (it was a forlorn hope) set out in search of us, for we were expected at our destination that night. We took rations of brandy all round, and Jack, who had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, fed the wolf pups with a little milk that he had in his flask. It may seem that this was a waste of good food, but, as I told the garrison, these wolves were part of our defensive force and were destined to help to keep life and warmth in the party all night, and in the event of a siege to provide us with food, not that there was much fear of a prolonged siege when once the night was passed in safety.

The cold now became intense, and we could not build a fire in our narrow prison, which only just held us, even if we had dared to unfasten part of our refuge to collect wood. The only thing to do was to sit still and keep awake at all costs. We rubbed our hands with the despised vodski and sprinkled some in our shoes for warmth. A ration of brandy was served round at intervals, and there we crouched, smoking our pipes, for we had that comfort. Jack, unaccustomed to the brandy, soon became so drowsy that it was impossible to keep him awake, so, spreading his mackintosh cape on the ground, we rolled him up in the largest rug, covering him completely, and putting one of the pups inside on his chest for warmth. There we let him sleep, huddling close to him on either side and sharing the remaining rugs between us, covering ourselves entirely with the exception of our faces, while we passed the second pup from one to another in turn.

And thus we sat and waited. The time passed slowly, each minute seeming an hour as we tried to keep up a cheerful conversation, failing miserably in the attempt.

"Don't go to sleep, you fellows, whatever you do," said Michael, as he heard a suspicious snore from a corner of our refuge. "Our one chance is to keep awake."

"Yes, we must keep watch," I said, "only I think we're safe from another attack. We've given them a lesson."

"I wish I thought so," said Michael. "I don't want to discourage you, but you don't know wolves as I do. It's a hundred to one they'll return with another pack before the night is over."

And as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his words, we heard the now familiar long-drawn howl in the distance, followed by others sounding like an echo of the first.

"They scent us!" cried Michael, "look to the fastenings all round. They'll be here in five minutes."

"Better wake up young Jack," said Bryan, as with pale, set face he crouched on guard.

"No, let the boy sleep if he can," I said, gently spreading another rug over him to keep the noise, if possible, from waking him from his heavy slumbers. "Time enough for him to know when the end comes, or when we want him to help."

And now once more we were surrounded with wolves and fighting for our lives. "Keep the ammunition for signals," shouted Michael above the din, "let a volley off every five minutes—it's our only chance if there's a rescue party about." And so we depended upon our knives alone.

The savage wolves seemed to come in hundreds and literally swarmed over our fortress, at one time completely shutting out the moonlight. The first attack had been furious, but this was worse, worse even than we had bargained for. I stabbed desperately with closed eyes at the living, surging mass above me, giving wild yells for help as I did so, and still the pile above increased in size, while on the ground some of the wolves, desperate with hunger and regardless of the knives of my companions, pushed their snouts into our very fortress, snapping and snarling in a manner truly ferocious. We stabbed and hacked with terrible effect, and though every wounded wolf relieved us temporarily of several more, who seized their comrade when they saw him disabled, yet the numbers of our assailants did not appreciably decrease.

The frightful scene of butchery will live in my memory for ever, as with hands bruised and torn from crashing against the bicycles as we hacked at the enemy, we fired our revolvers at intervals with a dreadful feeling that it was our last chance of rescue, for it was now quite plain that we could not hope to hold out against this overwhelming attack all through the night.

I strengthened our roof, still covered with a dark, writhing mass of wolves, by placing Bryan's gun, now useless for want of ammunition, upright against it like a tent pole, and more secure at any rate on this point, for the pile of dead wolves above us filled up the gaps, I turned with a reeling brain to help at the walls.

Jack was slumbering peacefully through it all; the unaccustomed brandy had helped this. Poor boy, I take no credit to myself for it, but throughout that scene of horror my thoughts were solely for the lad and his mother. But he should die fighting if die he must, of that I was determined. We would break out and fight to the end if need be, and not die crouched down under our broken shelter.

And all this time our assailants never for one moment abated their ferocity. Fresh wolves clambered over the backs of those who were devouring the dead brutes under our very eyes, and strove to enforce an entrance, and still we fought, and shouted with a desperate hope that help might come.

But it could not last. Fighting is hungry work, and we were faint with our exertions and want of food. Imperceptibly at first, our defence was getting weaker, our breath came in short gasps, and still the wolves never faltered in the persistence and vigour of their attack.

The fastenings of our fortress were frayed and torn; we could see this in the moonlight; but we had no means of strengthening them. At last a handkerchief on Bryan's left gave way. With a shout he seized the main tube of the bicycle and held it upright for an instant, while the teeth of a wolf nearly met with his hand between them. The next moment he made a plunge at the brute with his right hand, and the animal sank back, a knife buried to the hilt in its skull. The bicycle meantime tottered inwards, and as Bryan fainted from pain I scrambled forward and placed my shoulder against the now leaning machine, and could feel the warm, evil breath of a wolf as it snapped savagely within two inches of my face, while another fastening, unable to stand the strain, gave way.

"We're done for, Michael," I shouted in despair. "The whole thing's collapsing. Wake the youngster up."

"No, no," he shouted in return, "hold on, for heaven's sake. There are torch lights over yonder." I looked across the plain, following the direction of his eyes. There were dozens of flaming torch lights in the distance rapidly nearing us.

The wolves, feeling the swaying weakness of our structure, were still pressing the attack, and did not notice the approaching lights. We now turned our attention towards holding the shelter together for a few moments more,

HE MADE A PLUNGE AT THE BRUTE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND.

rather than killing the enemy, who, finding that they could approach with comparative impunity, threw themselves with full force against us. And still the lights came nearer and we could hear the shouts and distinguish the running figures of the rescue party, fifty or more peasants armed with guns, and, what is more terrible to wolves, flaming torches. They dared not shoot for fear of wounding us, for they could hear our shouts as they rushed forward. They were within fifty yards of us when the wolves saw them, and at this moment the structure gave way with an appalling crash, burying the five of us beneath it.

I struggled desperately beneath the fallen mass of bicycles and wolves, trying to turn my face away from the teeth of the baffled and infuriated brutes, then there was a confused glare of lights, and the ruins of our shelter were lifted off us by willing hands.

As I rose to my feet Jack's sleepy face appeared from underneath his covering of rugs. "What's the matter, Harry," he said to me, "I thought it was all over!" "And so it is Jack, old boy. Thank heaven it's all over now," I answered.

It appeared that we owed our rescue to the landlord of the little hotel, who was expecting us that afternoon. He was rather anxious when darkness fell and we had not arrived, and when a farmer from an outlying district galloped into the courtyard of the inn with the news that wolves were afield, and he could not therefore return home that night, our host had immediately formed a rescue party, but, as he confided to me afterwards, expected to find nothing but five bicycles and a few bones.

I need hardly say that we went home *by train*.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 12th.

The Results will be published in July.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**Hidden Books**" (FOURTH SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. No age limit.

No. 2.—"**England v. Australia.**"—Send, on a post-card, what you consider to be the best England Eleven we can put in the field. The prizes will be THREE COPIES OF C. B. FRY'S "BOOK OF CRICKET" (value 15s.), *signed by the author*.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—"**Story of a Sovereign.**"—Imagine yourself to be a sovereign (*i.e.* the gold coin of that name), and relate the most dramatic, the most peculiar, the most humorous, or the most touching incident in your career. Don't exceed 400 words. Prizes: Goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s., to be chosen by winners.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Drawing of a House.**"—Send a drawing of a house, in water-colours, ink or pencil. It doesn't matter what sort of house it is; the way you draw it is the thing. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"**Mixed Letters.**"—The competition in the March number was too easy. Ninety-nine out of every hundred competitors got it right. So below is another one. *Only those who sent in correct solutions to the March "Mixed Letters" comp. may enter for this one.* We have all the post-cards, and so shall be able to see whether the winners this time are eligible for awards.

Here are the "Mixed Letters." They make a sentence of ten words. Begin with the T in the middle. A letter can only be used once in forming the sentence. Send post-cards.

Prizes: THREE HALF-GUINEA PING-PONG SETS.

D A P E R T H
E P N L I C A
H S I H E K T
S Y A T C S H
I O T P A E A
L B Y R E V S
B U P N E E B

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

J. O. Jones, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman enters the room in time to overhear his son's violent language.

J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

CHAPTER VI.

AND AFTERWARDS.

THE MIXTURE of irresolution and dismay on the headmaster's face would have forced a smile from J. O. had the situation been less serious.

As it was, he said quietly: "I regret, sir, to have to report your son for misconduct."

"Of—of what nature?" enquired Mr. Adderman.

"Disobedience and impertinence."

"It's a lie——" burst from the boy, who had by this time retreated from J. O.'s immediate vicinity. His sister, too, had gone back to her seat.

"Tom, you mustn't speak like that," interrupted Mr. Adderman, "you must treat masters with more respect——"

"I say again—it's a lie," was the boy's vindictive rejoinder, "I wasn't doing anything. I happened to pull out a paper, and he snatched it away from me, and then he got hold of me and carried me in here as if I was a dog. You can ask any of the fellows."

Mr. Adderman felt it to be a most unfortunate thing that this new master should have begun on his own son. He would have been able to deal with the matter more easily had it been any other boy. But Thomas Adderman—the delinquent in question—was a sad handful; he defied his father, and gloried in harrying the masters.

"You had better finish your preparation in here," said Mr. Adderman, mildly; "when Mr. Jones has given me a full account of your conduct, I shall decide how you must be punished. Go and fetch your books."

The boy slunk round the table—keeping it between himself and Jones—and then, with a mocking side-glance at the new master, left the study, closing the door after him with unnecessary violence.

"Is it true that you *carried* my son out of the schoolroom, Mr. Jones?" enquired the headmaster, when the boy had gone.

"I was obliged to—he would not have come otherwise," said J. O.

"Surely that was resorting to extreme measures?" suggested the headmaster with a touch of irritation in his tone.

"They were necessary. He was very rude and absolutely refused to obey me."

"Could you not have reported him in the usual way?" asked Mr. Adderman; "but I forgot," he added sarcastically, "you have had no previous experience of scholastic work. Let me tell you, then, Mr. Jones, that it is always a mistake for a master to use his hands to a boy. I disapprove of it strongly."

The girl who had so vehemently rebuked her

brother, probably deeming that the two men would prefer to be left alone, rose from her chair and moved towards the door.

"Ah—one moment, my dear," said the headmaster shortly. "Mr. Jones, this is my daughter Lucy."

Jones bowed, and, walking to the door, opened it for her.

"I am much obliged to you," he said in a low voice, "for what you did just now."

Lucy Adderman looked once into his face, and then, with a slight inclination of her head, passed out of the room.

"And so, Mr. Jones," continued the headmaster, "you will clearly understand that I object to my masters using physical violence. It causes trouble with the parents, to mention only one evil resulting from it. I have had to dismiss more than one master for losing his temper and behaving like a brute. I am sorry you have started in this way. It is hardly a good omen."

Jones had a hot retort at the tip of his tongue, but with an effort he kept it back. He would have rejoiced had his circumstances permitted him to throw up his post then and there. He would willingly have walked out of the school with his portmanteau on his shoulder. The conduct of the fellows in the Long Room had tried him very severely, and he had only held himself in with an effort; and now—not a word of encouragement—not a word of sympathy from this man who called himself a headmaster, who could not even administer reproof without displaying the chagrin which lay behind his remarks.

Jones thought of his father and of what his father had said: "*Your career hitherto has hardly been a success.*" Jones thought of that little speech, and of the tone in which it was uttered, and as the memory of that interview flashed through his mind he stifled back the words which he was burning to utter—the words constituting his immediate resignation. Instead, as Mr. Adderman sat down at his desk, J. O. concluded that there was nothing else to be said, and so, without more ado, made his way back to the Long Room.

It proved unlucky for him that Tom Adderman had preceded him thither. For, when Jones was carrying that young hopeful to the study, the boy, in his futile struggles to escape, had knocked his free ankle against the swing door. The result was a slight contusion—the merest graze—which just broke the skin. A very little blood proceeded from this trivial wound, which was as nothing compared with a chance hack at football. Master Adderman, however, discovered his hurt on leaving the study, and determined to make all possible capital out of it. Instead of swabbing up the blood with his handkerchief and thinking no more about such an unimportant accident, as any decent-minded fellow would have done, the headmaster's son and heir carefully refrained from tending his injury beyond pulling down his sock, turning up his trouser-leg, and displaying the sore place to all who might care to inspect it. Being only too willing to draw the worst conclusions from the occurrence, the boys in the Long Room flamed up in sympathy with the victim, in spite of the fact that, under ordinary circumstances, he was one of the best-hated fellows in the school.

It is usually the case with hostile assemblages that the few affect the many. However angry a mob may be, it does not proceed to violent measures until the first stone has been thrown or the first blow struck. It is easy then for others to follow suit.

As Jones entered the Long Room, a fellow sitting at the top end gave a hiss. This was taken up by the others round him, and in less time than it takes to record it the solitary initial hiss had developed into a sibilant storm, that was punctuated by cries of "Shame!" and (if you please) "Apologise!"

Jones—as they well knew—couldn't carry a whole roomful of fellows into the headmaster's study, and so these bright specimens of the English schoolboy felt quite safe in hissing the new master to their hearts' content. Adderman, while he collected his books, grinned malignantly at Jones, at intervals exhibiting his injury to the boys sitting near him.

Jones quickly discerned the cause of this hostile ovation.

He went up to Adderman, who, with a red and apprehensive face, shrank away from him as he approached.

"Have you hurt your leg, Adderman?"

"Yes—at least you did," was the answer.

"Let me see it."

Jones bent down and examined the wound.

"It is a mere scratch; go and wash it."

Adderman deemed it wise to take his departure without further delay, so he limped painfully down the room, an object of concerned inspection from all the small boys in the front row.

He did not neglect his opportunities, however, for, on going into Hall for supper after seeing the boys up to their dormitories, Jones found that his colleagues were well posted in the events of the evening.

"I told you they'd take it out of you," observed Mr. Atkins, with a laugh, "that's their way."

Jones sat down, and Mr. Samuels cut him some cold mutton, while the dilapidated Johnson poured him out a glass of beer.

"What 'appened?" enquired Atkins, anxious for full details.

"You seem to have received information already," said Jones, helping himself to salt.

"Only what young Adderman told us; he came into the common room and asked for a bit of plaster, explaining that you'd about 'arf-killed 'im."

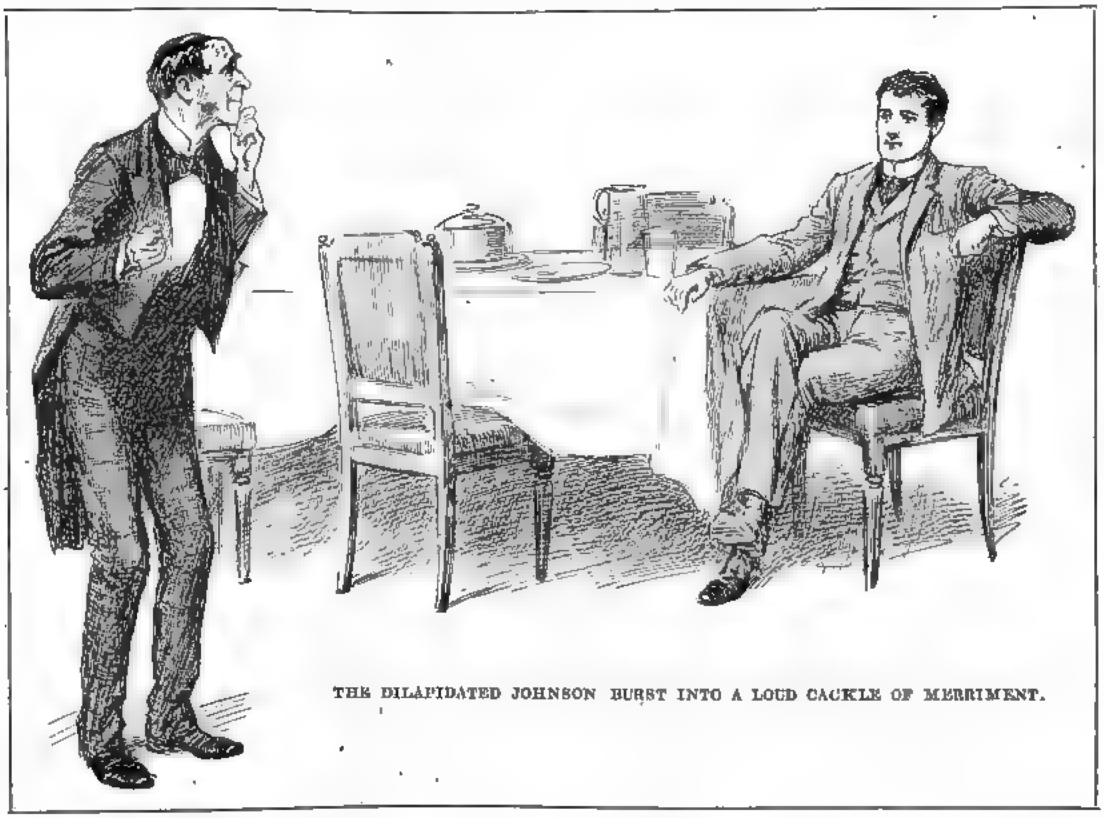
The dilapidated Johnson, who was handing Jones the potatoes, gave a dim, mirthless chuckle. Mr. Samuels glared at the man-servant, who went to a side-table with his hand over his mouth. At intervals during the meal he repeated his chuckle.

"He had a nasty cut on his ankle," said Mr. Samuels, coldly. "You'll find it as well not to lose your temper with the boys, Mr. Jones."

J. O. made no reply, but, being uncommonly hungry, devoted his entire attention to the mutton. Although Mr. Atkins made several further attempts to get him to talk of the matter, J. O. put him off good-humouredly every time he touched on the topic.

Mr. Samuels did not linger over his meal. He was bound for the drawing-room with his violin when he sat down to snap up some supper. Mr. Huntingdon followed him at a leisurely pace. Mr. Atkins went off to Ardenwood for the second time that day, this time to play billiards at the local club, and Mr. Green retired to the common room with a book.

As each one went, Johnson's chuckles grew more frequent. At length, when Jones and he had the Hall to themselves, the man-servant no longer took the trouble to conceal his glee.



THE DILAPIDATED JOHNSON BURST INTO A LOUD CACKLE OF MERRIMENT.

"Is there anything else I can get you, sir?" he enquired.

The "sir" was a distinct concession. "No, thank you," said Jones.

"A little more celery, sir?"

"No, thank you," said Jones again.

The butler looked round the room, and then, gazing at Jones admiringly, burst into a loud cackle of merriment. He was not used to laughing, so that the sounds he produced were not pleasant to listen to; his laughter reminded one of rusty door-hinges.

"You seem to be amused," said Jones, drily.

"Amused? No, I'm 'appy. I saw you carryin' 'im into the study. I've been 'appy ever since."

And again the butler gave a harsh, wheezy, rattling guffaw.

CHAPTER VII.

HARPER.

THE CLANGING hand-bell, lustily wielded by the versatile butler—who emitted another dim chuckle when he passed the door of Master Adderman's room—aroused J. O. Jones from a profound slumber.

From force of good habit, he tumbled out of bed at once cheerfully enough; but when his gaze fell on his unfamiliar surroundings, his bright feelings vanished, and for a brief period he experienced a touch of home-sickness.

For J. O. loved his home; he was never so happy as when he was there, pottering about in old clothes and doing numberless little things of no great consequence, but all useful in their way. Birds and beasts and flowers—aye, and vegetables—were among J. O.'s friends; he could groom the old pony and prune a greengage tree with equal facility and enjoyment. Getting up at Middlebury was the reverse of a hardship to him. There was a sharp tub, shave, and dress, and then a stroll in the garden with Estelle before breakfast. Essie was a girl of quick sympathies and shrewd observation. Her conversation had always something in it, and her mind was not entirely engrossed with nothings. She never bored J. O., nor was she bored by him. Before she "grew up" she accompanied boys on their outdoor expeditions, joined moderately in their games, and preserved her womanliness throughout in a quiet, queenly little way which had won their hearts entirely. She had been woman enough to tremble when J. O. had ascended to perilous places in search of eggs, and she had been woman enough to dislike swift bowling at cricket. She had been woman enough, too, to bind up ugly gashes without flinching, and to nurse her brother when he was attacked by a deadly epidemic—conscious of the risk she ran, but willing to lay down her life that one she loved might live.

I must confess that Essie had never accomplished great distances on a bicycle, nor had she ever hardened her muscles with dumb-bells. She left such things to J. O., content with only a slight participation in those exercises and pastimes which belong properly to the stronger sex, whose bodies are more fitted by Nature to cope with fatigue and rough handling.

Essie played to perfection the part that woman is intended to play in Dame Nature's great scheme—and so J. O. missed her, and, big man though he was, felt homesick for her absence.

She had written to him, however, and he read her comforting little letter while the boys at his table devoured their breakfast, gabbled, and played sly practical jokes on one another—wondering, mayhap, why he did not thunder perpetual rebukes at them, as Mr. Huntingdon and Mr. Atkins did at the boys sitting at their tables. It is true that J. O. had occasion to reprove one or two fellows in a quiet way, and there was something in the wording of his admonitions, in his tone and glance, which secured obedience more successfully than all the bawling of Messrs. Huntingdon and Atkins.

As Mr. Atkins had said, J. O.'s broad back, owing to the position of his seat, was turned towards the high table, at which sat the headmaster, his daughter, Mr. Samuels, and Miss Peters—the last-named presiding over a great coffee-urn, from which half of the boys were supplied. One of Miss Peters's maids—she had two to assist her in mending and like duties—controlled another urn at the far end of the Hall.

J. O.'s breakfast was procured from the top table by the boy sitting on his immediate right; if his plate or cup required replenishing, the boy on his left acted as waiter. The other masters were similarly supplied. Miss Adderman had charge of the high table tea and coffee—Mr. Samuels dispensing the porridge and fish—and so, in the ordinary nature of such things, J. O.'s amateur waiters brought him little messages, such as: "Miss Lucy wants to know whether you take tea or coffee, and also whether you take sugar and milk, sir"; or, "Miss Lucy is afraid the tea is rather strong, sir, and will send you some more milk if you like."

Miss Lucy soon got to know that J. O. was quite normal in his likes and dislikes, ready to drink either tea or coffee, but—as he had to decide—preferring coffee; taking milk and sugar, yes, "plenty of sugar"—at which Miss Lucy smilingly put two lumps in his cup and an extra one in his saucer; anxious to oblige by eating anything that was served as the breakfast dish; and, in sum, proving himself to be the owner of a good and easily-catered-for digestion. Mr. Green, too, was normal, but Mr. Atkins never took milk, and liked his tea strong; Mr. Huntingdon couldn't eat eggs, and Mr. Samuels displayed a not unnatural aversion to bacon and pork sausages.

It is worthy of note that since Lucy Adderman had left her Parisian finishing school and taken

up her abode with her father, Miss Peters had developed a worse temper than ever, and the high table food had advanced correspondingly in quality. As far as the way he was fed went, Mr. Atkins had no longer any reason to assert that he was treated like a dog. Indeed, under the improved *menu*, Mr. Atkins was beginning to put on flesh. Lucy Adderman, for all that she was but nineteen, had, like Estelle, a womanly sense of the fitness of things, and her innate ideas of right told her that, however bad they might be, her father's masters ought to enjoy a sufficient and varied diet if they were to do their work well and energetically. Therefore she had talked quietly with her father, and her father had given certain instructions to Miss Peters which that lady had unwillingly carried out.

Lucy Adderman, having nothing particular to do, had decided to turn her attention to the school in general, for her eyes were sharp and had not failed to note that all was not as it should have been (1) in the attitude of her father towards the boys, (2) in the attitude of the boys towards her father, (3) in the attitude of the boys towards the masters generally.

Her private opinion of the latter was not flattering, though to be sure her manner towards them was pleasant enough. And as she was exceedingly pretty, with dark hair and eyes, and a good figure which two years in Paris had taught her how to clothe becomingly, and as she played and sang well and could talk entertainingly, it really looked as if her coming would prove decidedly beneficial to a place which much needed the manipulations of a new broom.

During the week following the passage of arms with Master Adderman, J. O. did not exchange any conversation to speak of with the delinquent's sister, an occasional "Good morning," indeed, comprising the whole of it. J. O. kept in the common room when he was not working or taking exercise. He didn't play the violin, like Mr. Samuels, nor had he a tenor voice, like Mr. Huntingdon. True, Estelle had taught him the bass of "Chop-Sticks," but he hardly imagined Miss Adderman would care to hear him perform on the piano to that modest extent. In spite of the fact that Lucy Adderman had not proved "fluffy" enough for the particular Mr. Atkins, the music-master not infrequently bent his steps in the direction of the drawing-room, the consequence being that J. O. and the retiring Green frequently had the common room to their two selves. Their little chats soon made them firm friends, and thus, by the time J. O. had been at Adderman's a bare seven days, there were two people in the school who had decided that he was a man quite to their liking. Green was one and the other was the dilapidated Johnson.

As for Form III., the end of J. O.'s first week found them *quite* decided about him, for he managed, during that short space of time, to rob them of a considerable quantity of penny dreadfuls, catapults, and other contraband articles; he also docked a fair portion of their play by keeping them in, and he had conveyed to them, in the course of one or two brief but very pithy speeches, the fact that he intended to dock their play until they prepared their lessons to his satisfaction. They had come to the conclusion that he was a beast, and they intended to give him a warm time whenever an opportunity occurred. Form III., in private conclave, had declared war against J. O., and J. O. gathered as much from their demeanour. He accepted the situation with equanimity, knowing that a good give-and-take fight is a wonderful thing for clearing the air.

At the end of J. O.'s first week, it was noised through the school that Mr. Adderman had secured (what is still known as, I believe) a parlour-boarder. Harper, the boy who was to enjoy the privilege of using the headmaster's part of the house as if it were his own home, was said to be an orphan who had never been to school before. It was added that he had spent most of his life travelling about with a rich uncle, who was now dead, a guardian acting in his stead as regards Harper and his movements.

On the afternoon of J. O.'s eighth day at Adderman's, just as he and Atkins were getting their hats and sticks in the Hall preparatory to sallying forth for a walk, a cab pulled up at the school's main entrance. To the astonishment of the two masters, they observed the *cabman* emerge from the interior of the vehicle, while a slight, dark, pale-faced boy, of apparently some sixteen or seventeen years, alighted from the box seat. He was dressed entirely in black.

"That must be the new boy," said Atkins, brushing the dust off his bowler hat with his coat-sleeve. "Seems a larky sort."

At that moment Johnson shuffled up to the glass-panelled inner door and opened it.

The new boy walked up the steps, one sweeping glance of his dark eyes taking in the butler and the two masters, as he said to the former: "What is the correct fare to this place from the station?"

"The correct fare is eighteen-pence," replied Johnson, "though they get 'arf-a-crown as a rule."

"Thank you," said the fresh arrival, turning

on his heel and descending the steps. "Here's your money, my man," he added, addressing the cabman, "I thought I was right."

"'Arf-a-dollar be blowed!" replied the cabman, hoarsely; "the *fare's* 'arf-a-dollar, and you said you'd give me an extra bob if I'd ride inside."

"I said I would give you a shilling over your fare. The correct fare from the station, I am informed by that gentleman yonder," waving his gloved hand towards Johnson, who blinked gloomily at Mr. Atkins, "is eighteenpence. Very well. Here is the extra shilling I promised you, and the fare—half-a-crown in all. Now perhaps you will allow that gentleman to take my luggage off the top of the cab."

"'E's got you by both ears this time, cabby," observed the butler, limping down the steps "You know as well as I do that the c'rect fare's on'y one an' a tanner. Give us a holt of that trunk-'andle."

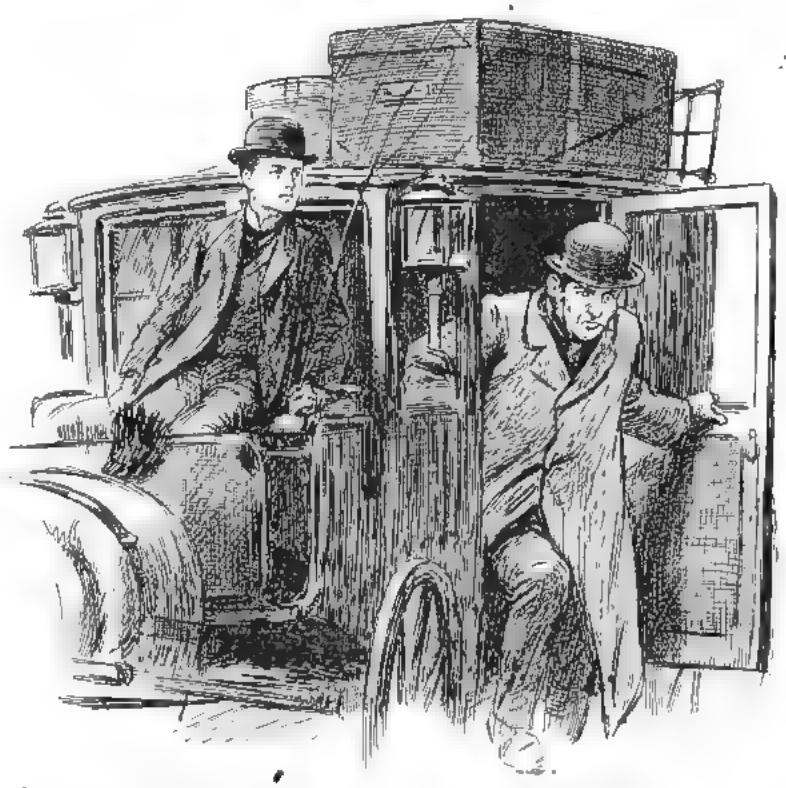
With many profane exclamations the cabman did as he was bid, helping the butler with so much energy that the trunk toppled over the edge of the cab's roof and fell with a smash on to the gravel, very nearly bringing down Johnson with it. A little frightened by the result of his roughness, the cabman grumblingly helped the butler pick the trunk up and carry it into the hall, the new boy watching the whole proceeding with the utmost calmness, the fall of his property failing to elicit any remark from him.

The cabman, having descended the steps, still lingered.

"There's no purticler reason why you should wait, you know," sarcastically observed Johnson, from the top step. "The Prince of Wales ain't dining 'ere to-night, or we'd er asked you to meet 'im."

"'E'd 'ave got a bloomin' bad dinner if 'e 'ad been," retorted the cabman, savagely, as he clambered on to his box, "with a bloomin' animated scarecrow to serve him with it. Kemmup!"

So saying, he headed his horse towards the gate. He had not gone many yards, however, when the new boy flung a shilling after him with such accuracy that it pitched on the top of the cab a few inches from the irate Jehu's back.



THE CABMAN EMERGED FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE VEHICLE.

"Good shot!" said Jones, approvingly, as he came down the steps with Atkins.

The new boy raised his hat and smiled his acknowledgments of the compliment. Then he walked up the steps and followed in the trunk-laden butler's wake.

"That fellow has a queer sense of humour," observed Jones, as he and his colleague pursued their way down the drive.

"Bit of a 'andful," agreed Mr. Atkins, losing all control over his rebellious aspirates, "and no error. But the big chaps 'll have a word to say to 'im on that point. Bradwell and Bull will take 'im in 'and," concluded the music-master, "as sure as eggs is eggs."

CHAPTER VIII.

AND HIS WAYS.

IT was agreed in the kitchen by Cook and her satellites that a change had come o'er the spirit of Mr. Johnson. For, until quite recently, the butler's temper, as well as his appearance, seemed to have seen their best days; now, however, he was getting positively amiable. His ghostly chuckles, indeed, were the wonder of his fellow-servants.

This barometrical alteration in Johnson's condition of mind was due to two very simple occurrences—the drastic treatment J. O. Jones had dealt out to Master Tom Adderman, and the cool way the new boy had talked to Miss Peters, the matron. If Johnson had a *bête noire*, it was Master Tom Adderman; if he had another, it was Miss Peters. Therefore, when each of these received what is called a "facer," the soul of Johnson did rejoice, and was exceeding glad.

And all the kitchen wondered—for, although the taking-down of one's enemies may give the average person a good deal of satisfaction, it does not lead one, as a rule, to emit ghostly chuckles at intervals of ten minutes throughout the length of several long winter evenings.

This, however, was exactly the effect these happenings had on the school butler, and it was only after considerable coaxing from Cook (who was already casting matrimonial eyes on the man-servant) that Johnson deigned to explain the cause of his amusement.

His usual taciturnity relaxing under the genial influence of a jug of beer—Cook was a woman of the world—Johnson delighted the kitchen with a vivid account of how the new master—"that big feller"—had carted Master Tom into the headmaster's study and dumped him down there, before the very eyes of Miss Lucy. Not being bothered by any sensitive code of honour, Johnson had not hesitated to linger in the corridor and listen to what followed. He had heard Master Tom get a "dressing-down" from Miss Lucy for kicking the new master's shins, and he had heard Mr. Adderman expostulating with his son immediately afterwards.

And then Miss Peters.

When Johnson had, according to custom, taken the new boy into the headmaster's study, he left the two together. Five minutes later a ring recalled him, and he was then directed by the Head—who wore a puzzled and not very comfortable look on his face—to introduce Harper to Miss Peters.

To the average new boy, after the kindly parting attentions of mother and sisters, an introduction to Miss Peters was like being doused with cold water. For this elderly lady had a frigid and unhappy manner, and her heart—if she possessed one, which many people doubted—seemed to be encircled with icicles.

When Johnson, with the new boy in tow, applied his knuckles to her door, Miss Peters was writing angry letters to certain Ardenwood tradesmen who had been dilatory in delivering goods.

"Come in," she said, in a hard, rasping tone.

Instead, however, of a melancholy and homesick youngster, whom she would have regarded with a hard and unsympathetic stare, there appeared an elegantly dressed, self-possessed youth, who approached her without any outward sign of trepidation.

"This is Master Harper, ma'am," said Johnson.

"Oh—I am pleased to see you, Harper," said the matron, in a tone about as cordial as that of a judge passing sentence of death. "Take Master Harper's box up to Number Seventeen, Johnson. We will follow you."

"A warm day, madam," said Harper pleasantly, as they followed the butler down the passage.

"You must call me 'Miss Peters,'" said the matron abruptly.

Harper gravely inclined his head in acknowledgment of the correction.

"Really wonderful weather for the time of year," he added sociably.

"I prefer the cold," snapped Miss Peters.

"I can quite imagine that you do," was the calm rejoinder.

Miss Peters gave the new boy a severe side-glance, but as his manner was politeness itself she made no remark.

"This is your room," she said, as Johnson deposited the trunk on the bare floor of No. 17. "You see, you will have it to yourself, as your guardian wishes it."

"I am obliged to you," said Harper; "but you will pardon me for remarking that it seems a trifle damp."

"The room is not at all damp," returned Miss Peters. "A boy like you ought not to be so fanciful."

"Those who travel much learn to be particular about such things," said Harper, not a whit abashed. "You will, I am sure, do me the favour of having a fire lit."

Miss Peters, under ordinary circumstances, would have sternly refused such a luxury, but it occurred to her that this was a parlour-boarder, and therefore entitled to certain privileges. "Light the fire, Johnson," she said. "Now," to

Harper, "give me your key and I will unpack your trunk."

The fire being already laid, Johnson knelt down and applied a match to it.

"I thank you for your kind solicitude on my behalf," said the new boy, "but I prefer to unpack my trunk myself."

"It is the rule ——" began Miss Peters.

"Pardon me," said Harper, "as I am not acquainted with the rules, you can hardly expect me to comply with them."

The new boy walked to the door.

"There is no key in the lock, I observe," he said. "I must request you to let me have one. A long experience of hotels has taught me——"

"Keys are not allowed," said Miss Peters, shortly.

"If," said Harper, in his blandest tone, "you will refer the matter to Mr. Adderman, I am sure he will grant my request. Now," he added, walking to the bed, "as to the sheets. Ah! as I feared—*damp!* Careless chambermaids cause much mortality. You will give instructions regarding them? Thank you. And I notice the bed is placed midway between the window and the door. There is a distinct draught. However, I can remedy that myself. Apart from the little faults I have been forced to find, Miss Peters," he concluded, "I think this is a very nice room. To be sure, a carpet would not detract from its comfort——"

"You will learn not to be so particular when you have been here a little time," said Miss Peters, sourly. "Johnson," she added, "find Master Tom and ask him to introduce Master Harper to his schoolfellows."

And with a grim smile—which was not lost on Harper—she quitted the room.

Tom Adderman was discovered roasting chestnuts in the Fourth Form class-room. With a very bad grace he left that fascinating occupation to carry out the matron's behest.

"How are you?" he observed, shambling into No. 17.

"As well," returned Harper promptly, "as can be expected."

Tom Adderman stared hard as he took the new boy's slim white fingers in his rough paw.

"I'll show you round if you like," said Tom, not quite appreciating the searching scrutiny of the other's coal-black eyes.

"I shall be most happy," said Harper.

Tom therefore shambled down various passages and staircases, with Harper at his heels, and at length arrived in the playground. A lot of fellows were collected here, the worthy Bradwell and his chum Bull amongst them.

"This is the new fellow, you chaps," said Tom, with a broad grin.

Harper politely raised his hat and made the assemblage a comprehensive bow, which caused a general cackle of laughter.

Bradwell, scenting prey, lounged up, followed by Bull and a dozen others. He surveyed the new-comer's slim form with considerable contempt, and then said:

"What's your name?"

The new boy's dark eyes wandered slowly over Bradwell's burly form and somewhat blotched face. Having taken his measure, he calmly replied:

"Harper—and yours?"

"Oh," said the other, a little disconcerted, "mine's Bradwell, thanks. What's your pater?"

"My 'pater,' as you call him," returned Harper, "is dead, but when he was alive he was a gentleman. Is yours?"

Bradwell was considerably nettled by the laughter elicited by this retort. However, he owed it to his reputation to keep up his end.

"How much tin have you got?" he demanded.

"Really," said Harper, gazing fixedly at his questioner's feet, which were very large. "I don't see what that has to do with you, Mr. Bradwell."

"Oh, don't you? Well, just look sharp and tell me how much you've got"

"Two or three thousand a year," said Harper.

"Pence?" queried Bradwell.

"Pounds," was the gentle reply.

"How much of it have you got about you now?"

"Speaking at a venture," said Harper, "about fourpence."

"Is that all?"

"That, my good sir, is all. I am sorry—for your sake, for I presume you have been conducting this inquiry with a view to negociating a loan——"

"Look here, I don't want any of your cheek——" began Bradwell.

"And, if you believe me," said Harper, turning away with leisurely step, "I really don't want any of yours, Mr. Bradwell."

Bradwell started forward, but Tom Adderman stopped him.

"Don't go smashing him up his first half-hour here, Brady," he said; "take it out of him to-night."

"What's his room?"

"Seventeen."

"Right, O!" said Bradwell, with a leer.

CHAPTER IX.

A VIVA VOCE.

WHEN, however, between nine and ten that night, a ghostly procession, headed by Bradwell, glided along the corridor and stopped at No. 17, the door was found to be fast locked. For Harper had had his way in the end about a key.

"*I know!*" whispered Bradwell, who then applied his knuckles sharply to the panels.

"Who's there?" enquired Harper.

"Me, sir!" was the gruff reply.

"Who's me?"

"Johnson, the butler, sir. I want to see whether your gas is out."

"Oh, yes, my gas is out. Good-night, butler."

Bradwell turned a rueful face to his fellow-conspirators.

"No go," he said, "never mind, I'll bag his key to-morrow, and then we shall have him."

"I wish, butler," called Harper, irritably, "that you would not talk to yourself outside my door."

There was a slight titter among Bradwell's fellow-conspirators, and Bradwell's face grew very black indeed.

"He's twigged you," whispered one of the fellows.

"Quite right," said Harper, who now appeared to be in close proximity to the key-hole, "so I advise you all to run away to bed like good boys."

Thus discomfited, Bradwell and Co. retired, doubly determined, however, to take it out of the parlour-boarder when opportunity served.

Harper was no sluggard, and descended to roll-call promptly at 7.30. Afterwards, in compliance with the headmaster's instructions, he went to the Fifth Form room. Mr. Samuels was the Fifth's form-master, the headmaster filling a similar position with regard to the Sixth, and Mr. Huntingdon to the Fourth. But as Mr. Adderman, though a good man in commercial matters, was no great classic or mathematician, Mr. Samuels taught the Sixth classics, while Mr. Huntingdon took them in mathematics.

Thus the hours Mr. Adderman spent in teaching were not many. He was supposed, when one of the other two were taking his form, to be taking theirs, but business matters claimed so much of his time that frequently he had to set the Fourth or Fifth down to an exercise and leave them under the charge of the top boy, that worthy being instructed to report anyone who spoke. As the top boy was not, as a rule, as muscular as the boys at the bottom of the class, he very seldom dared hand up any names.

Mr. Green drilled the First in very elementary subjects at one end of the Long Room, while the Second, under Mr. Atkins, sat at the other end. When the Head had to leave the Fifth or Fourth to their own devices for any length of time, he frequently used to order them into the Long Room and sit them down to their task in the middle of it, where they would be under the eye of Mr. Green and Mr. Atkins. As the attention of both these masters was fully occupied by their own forms, it may be imagined, and rightly, that the form placed under their mutual charge generally did pretty well what it pleased.

J. O. and his third form had a small room to themselves wherein to conduct the war that was now openly declared. He was never expected to take any other form in anything, and so he was able to devote his whole time and attention to the subjugation of the malcontents. As for the three top forms, owing to the chopping and changing about, the lack of method displayed by the headmaster, and the irregularity with which marks were kept—owing to all this the three head forms were in a constant state of fermentation, bustling here and there, seldom keeping to their time-tables, and learning very little.

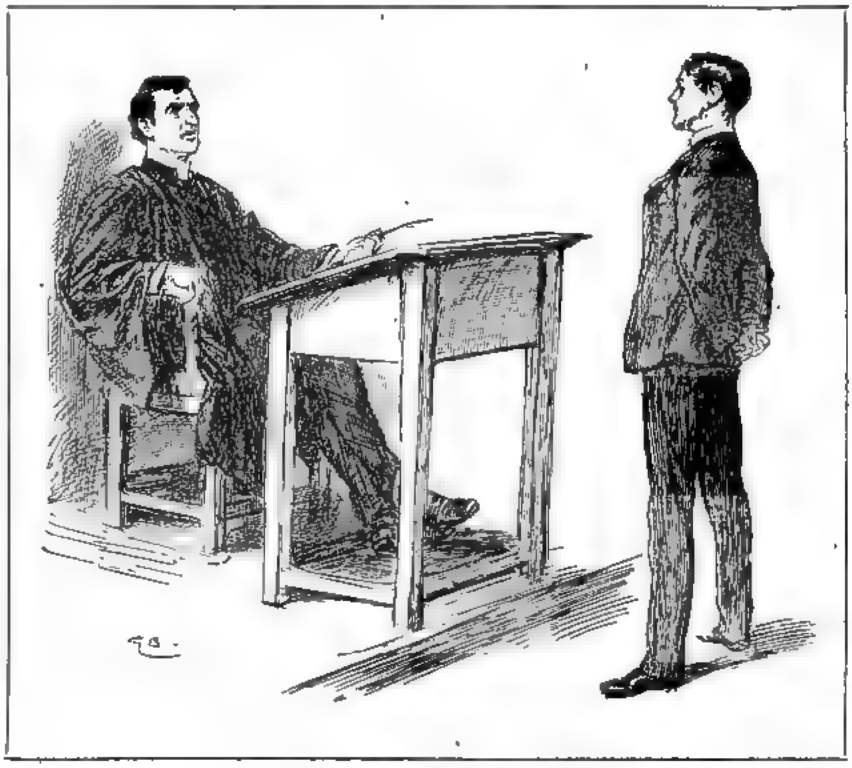
Such was Adderman's when J. O. obtained a mastership there.

The Rev. Mr. Samuels had one object constantly before him. It was his earnest desire to be popular—to be liked by every boy. If he inflicted an imposition he very often cancelled it on the quiet after school. What lay behind this ardent desire of his to win the affections of the school we can only vaguely surmise. Now and then some of the Sixth, talking among themselves, expressed a hope that "old Adderman" would "give up," and make over the goodwill, buildings, grounds, furniture, and effects of the school to "Samuels." Or he might take Samuels into partnership—who could tell? There were occasional whispers that Adderman had developed some disease which could only be arrested by a lengthy sojourn in a warm climate. Certainly the headmaster was very far from looking a picture of health. There were deep rings round his eyes, and his cheeks were sunken; he had little appetite, and his breathing was short. Of late, too, he had been particularly querulous, flying into a rage over very little things, and behaving as people often do when bodily ill-health has impaired the temper.

The Rev. Mr. Samuels, watching warily, discerned a possibility of stepping into his chief's shoes—at least, so some observant members of the Sixth said. And if—to quote these observant fellows again—he could "marry Lucy"—

well, it was not bad policy on Mr. Samuels' part to "want to be popular."

Popular—in the best sense of the word—he was not. No boy respects a master who gives him a long imposition and cancels it half-an-hour afterwards. You—you boys who read this—know that you like to be governed by *men*, by honest, upright gentlemen whom you can respect and admire for their manly qualities. You know, in your heart of hearts, that you prefer the strong, firm master to the weak, easy-going one. It is the same with soldiers. They like an officer who "bosses" them properly without being a bully. A bully they hate, and so do you. We all do. No decent fellow minds being punished for his misdeeds. A decent fellow takes his licking like a man, but he likes to be licked by somebody he has a respect for. There is a good old rough-and-ready fighting phrase about taking one's gruel and coming up smiling for some more. That's what a schoolboy ought to do—and that's what he does if he's got any marrow in his bones.



"WHO . . . IS EUCLID?"

Ah! yes—but to our story. Mr. Adderman had delegated the examining of Harper to Mr. Samuels. The headmaster fancied that, owing to his age, Harper ought to be put in the Fifth or Sixth. Mr. Samuels was instructed to come to a decision on the point.

Now Mr. Samuels was aware that the school was prepared to dislike Harper, as being one who, though one of themselves in school and playing-field, enjoyed greater privileges and luxuries. This idea was contrary to the average boy's healthy notions of share and share alike.

As Mr. Samuels was extremely desirous of keeping in with the school—as opposed to keeping it in, quite another matter—he fancied that, when possible, it would be to his advantage to take a strong line with the new boy.

At 7.30 a.m., while the boys in the Fifth put the finishing touches to their preparation of the day's work, Mr. Samuels called Harper up to his desk and proceeded to put him through his paces. For the benefit of the Fifth at large he asked his questions in a tone audible to the whole form. He thought the Fifth might be amused—and the Fifth was.

"Now, Harper," said Mr. Samuels, "I want to know how far you have gone in your studies. I shall then be able to decide upon the form you must join."

Harper bowed politely.

"Firstly—as to classics. What have you read?"

"*The Vicar of Wakefield*, for one," said Harper.

Mr. Samuels rapped the desk impatiently.

"I am not talking about English classics—I refer to Latin and Greek."

"I see," said Harper. "You didn't say that at first."

"Say 'sir,' when you speak to me," said Mr. Samuels.

"You didn't say that at first, sir," returned Harper, coolly.

"Latin, now. What have you read?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Greek?"

"Like Goldsmith, I know even less of that than of Latin."

The Fifth was one broad grin.

Mr. Samuels stirred uneasily.

"What languages do you know?"

"French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hindustani and Chinese—a smattering only of the last two."

Mr. Samuels made a note of this reply

"Now as to mathematics—arithmetic?"

"I have a knowledge of the coinage of various nations."

"That occupies one page in the arithmetic," said Mr. Samuels, sharply.

"Then I must state it as my opinion," returned Harper, "that it ought to occupy more. A knowledge of the world's coinage is of some practical use, but how many English boys know that an English sovereign is worth a pound and tenpence in France?"

"Never mind that now," snapped Mr. Samuels, "what about Euclid?"

"Who," gravely inquired Harper, "*is* Euclid?"

"Upon my word," cried Mr. Samuels, "this is astounding ignorance!"

"You must remember, sir," said Harper, "that I have never been to school before."

Mr. Samuels glared at the parlour-boarder, who stood patiently awaiting further questions.

"What do you know of mechanics?" demanded Mr. Samuels.

Harper shook his head despondently. "It never occurred to me to study people of that sort."

Amid the laugh that followed this answer, Mr. Samuels angrily ordered Harper to his seat. The upshot of this conversation was that Harper was put in the Fourth, Mr. Huntingdon receiving his new charge with very mixed feelings.

Mr. Huntingdon soon discovered that Harper was no more suited for the Fourth than he was for the Fifth or Sixth. Whereas he excelled in certain subjects—modern languages, English literature and the like—he knew nothing whatever of others. In the morning Mr. Huntingdon found himself teaching Harper the elements of Latin, while in the afternoon the master would discover that Harper really ought to be instructing *him* in French.

The parlour-boarder's conduct was, outwardly, quite satisfactory. He did not kick his neighbours, fire paper pellets about, or chatter. His work was always neatly done, and his manner invariably polite. And yet Mr. Huntingdon soon became aware that, bad as the behaviour of the Fourth was before Harper came, it was infinitely worse afterwards. Uncontrollable fits of laughter used to seize the boys sitting near him, and apparently for no reason whatever, for when Mr. Huntingdon looked in that direction (in fact, whenever he looked at Harper) the parlour-boarder was invariably conning his task with praiseworthy perseverance.

Harper seldom went into the playground, nor did he play games. He took walks into Ardenwood and elsewhere, read the paper in Mr. Adderman's study, and sat in the drawing-room with Miss Lucy. At times he played the piano, showing a rare proficiency in this respect. It was an unfortunate circumstance that he loved chiefly to play when Mr. Samuels particularly wished Miss Lucy to accompany his violin, or when Mr. Huntingdon wanted to try a new tenor song.

When he did allow these two to perform he would sit and watch them with his peculiar black eyes until they felt peculiarly uncomfortable.

It was evident to Miss Lucy that there was a certain design in everything Harper did, and she knew that he was, in his still-water-running-deep way, a positive bugbear to the Common Room. The boys would have taken liberties with him had they ever been able to find him at a disadvantage. But this they were unable to do. Harper was too wary, and the key of his bedroom door saved him from nocturnal assaults. In the day-time it reposed, for better safety, in his pocket.

Buying stamps one day at Ardenwood post-office—for he was corresponding, according to faithful promise, with Estelle—J. O. turned away from the counter to find himself face to face with Lucy Adderman.

"If you are going back to the school, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, with a friendly smile, "we will walk up together."

For she saw that J. O. had a mind to escape, and she wished to speak to him.

"I shall be delighted," said J. O.

So they set off.

"Mr. Jones," said Lucy, suddenly, "what do you think of Harper?"

"He hasn't come my way much," said Jones, "but, from all accounts, he seems to be a curious fellow."

"I am afraid he annoys the masters," said Lucy.

"He has certainly never annoyed me," returned Jones.

"He is never actually rude to Mr. Samuels," said Lucy, "but——"

She could not restrain a silvery little laugh.

Jones laughed too, not quite knowing why he did —perhaps because he wanted to be polite. Then Miss Adderman became quite serious.

"Don't you think a good whipping would do him good?" she asked.

"No—he is not the sort of boy to be caned," said Jones.

"I only wanted to see what you would say," said Lucy. And then they walked a little way in silence.

"I am sorry you have got such a nasty little Common Room, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, at length.

"It is certainly not a very large room," was Jones's guarded rejoinder.

"It's a horrid, common, poky little room," declared Lucy, "and," she added, looking at Jones sideways, "I have told papa so."

"Very good of you," said Jones, not knowing what else to say.

It seemed to J. O. that Miss Adderman was hardly living up to the character Mr. Atkins had given her. Certainly she was behaving now in a way that was neither cold nor supercilious.

Presently she turned the conversation into another channel, and Jones found himself talking quite easily. Jones could talk about things that interested him in an interesting way. He could talk of roses and cauliflowers with knowledge and enthusiasm, and he had read a lot of books in the course of his solitary life. This was why poor little Green and he whiled away the evening hours so pleasantly when Green was not working for his London Matric.

Lucy and J. O. did not seem to have taken long walking up from the town. For all that, their pace seemed very leisurely indeed to Mr. Samuels, who met them in the drive, and passed them with a radiant smile.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, as they reached the top gate, "you must be more sociable in future. Why do you never come into the drawing-room? Mr. Samuels and Mr. Huntingdon often come, and sometimes Mr. Atkins."

It was cold, and she put her muff up to her face, so that Jones saw only two eyes—but they, as he agreed with himself, were very nice ones.

Lucy hid a smile behind the muff.

"I am not a drawing-room man," said J. O.

"One need not be a drawing-room man to occasionally go into a drawing-room," was Lucy's gentle rebuke.

"No," said Jones.

"You see," said Lucy, hiding a really wicked smile behind the muff, "you would be able to talk to Miss Peters."

"And," said Jones, with great daring, "to you, too, I hope."

"That," said Lucy, demurely, "is certainly included in the programme."

And Jones, as he sank into an easy wicker-chair in the Common Room five minutes later, and filled his bull-dog pipe, decided that Adderman's wasn't such a bad place after all, in spite of its reputation.

CHAPTER X.

THE IRON HAND.

IT was the resolve of Form III., of, indeed, Adderman's School in general, to do as little work as possible. Form III. was composed of boys whose ages ranged from eleven to fourteen. The average age of the form was twelve-and-a-half, and as this fact was noted at the top of "reports," the parents of erring Willie or refractory Samuel were always enabled to see how it fared with their child in the matter of intellectual progress. For, of course, a boy of fourteen in a form whose average age was twelve-and-a-half was plainly backward or lazy, whereas a boy of eleven in the same form had reason to be congratulated, patted on the head, and presented with that cumbersome coin which seems to be minted for the express benefit of schoolboys—the crown-piece.

The boys in Form III., like the boys in every form of every school, were good, bad, and indifferent—the last adjective perhaps being applicable to the majority. Form III., as a whole, prepared its lessons not so much with the desire of acquiring knowledge or gaining a high place in class, as with the object of escaping punishment. An exercise to Form III. was an exercise well done if it saved its owner from being detained after its author's comrades went their way into the playground to gambol and make merry.

Jones's predecessor had been content with a scandalously low standard of work, his chief anxiety being to keep his class up to some semblance of work executed without too much noise. Finding their taskmaster so easy to please, Form III. did less work than it had ever done before, and quickly developed into the idlest and most ill-behaved class in the school, which was saying a good deal when you came to consider the general tone of Adderman's high-class academy for young gentlemen.

Jones started gently, but quickly increased his grip on the reins, and Form III. soon discovered that they had met their match. For all that, they determined not to relinquish their delightfully idle ways without a struggle, and Jones, recognising their attitude, pulled off the velvet driving-glove he had worn at the commencement

of his journey, and displayed the iron hand within it. Bearing in mind his headmaster's admonition regarding corporal punishment, he never so much as cuffed a rebellious head throughout the whole course of his campaign in the Third Form class-room.

Mr. Adderman did not fail to note, while going his rounds, how very much more quietly the work of Form III. was conducted than was the case with the other classes.

"I'm hopeful about that man Jones," he said to his second master, one day. "He's a vast improvement on that wretched fellow Eliot."

"When a man's as strong as an ox, and heedless as to how he uses his strength, it is only natural that the boys should be afraid of him," was Mr. Samuels' reply.

"You don't mean to say that he knocks the boys about?" demanded the headmaster anxiously.

"Well, he behaved pretty savagely to your own son," rejoined Mr. Samuels.

"It was then that I warned him about using his hands to the boys," said the Head, "and I have no reason to suppose that he has disregarded my instructions."

"I don't see how you can tell," said Mr. Samuels, "the average boy is not a sneak, and I know you don't allow your son to bring you any tales——"

"Certainly I do not. I never countenance that sort of thing."

"So you are not likely to hear anything of Jones's methods until he goes too far one day and does a boy serious harm. If a boy sustained permanent injuries at his hands your school would be ruined."

Mr. Adderman turned pale.

"I—I hope nothing of the kind will ever occur."

"You never can tell, sir."

"Well, may I ask you, Samuels, if anything comes to your ears——"

"Such a course would be hardly to my liking," purred Samuels.

"Yes, I can understand that it must be repugnant to you to tell me anything discreditable to your fellow-masters," returned Mr. Adderman, quite innocently, "but for the good of the school I ask you to bear this in mind. You have my interests at heart, I know well, my dear Samuels——"

There was a rustle of skirts on the study's threshold.

"Very well, then, I shall consider it my duty—loath though I am to perform it—to report anything of the kind to you—ah! Miss Lucy, allow me!" For Lucy Adderman had come in while he was speaking, and was now reaching at a novel on a high shelf of the book-case.

"Thank you—I can manage it myself," said Lucy, a little coldly, as she secured her treasure and departed.

Mr. Samuels bit his lip and shortly afterwards returned to the Common Room in no very amiable temper.

That night, as Jones, feeling tired after a long day's work, was going to bed somewhat earlier than was his wont, he became aware, as he entered the corridor into which his own bedroom, as well as Harper's, opened, of a considerable commotion in the latter's apartment.

Hastening his steps, he walked into No. 17 in time to catch the row at high tide.

Bradwell and a dozen other fellows, most of them clothed only in night-shirts or pyjamas, had at last succeeded in effecting an entrance. The stealthy manipulation of a piece of strong wire after Harper had fallen asleep had served their purpose only too well. The room was now in a state of chaos. The floor was strewn with the contents of Harper's portmanteau, his books, photographs, and other knick-knacks. His bed was completely overturned, and he himself appeared to be buried beneath it, for Jones could see nothing of him. Half-a-dozen of the fellows were jumping about on the overturned bed, and Bradwell was emptying the contents of a jug over the end of the mattress. Several empty jugs stood near him, and a stream of water was progressing towards the fire-place, soaking Harper's various possessions in the course of its journey.

Jones closed the door and put his back against it. The assaulting party, seeing him, suddenly ceased its capers, while Bradwell, jug in hand, glared round at the intruder.

"Bradwell," said Jones quietly, "what are you doing?"

"I've been licking Harper for cheek," said the monitor sullenly.

"You have strange ideas on the subject," said Jones, "and I notice you have brought a good deal of help with you."

Bradwell made a reply—inaudible to Jones—which raised a titter among the other boys.

"No one is to leave this room without my permission," said Jones, walking towards the overturned bed. Peering over the end of the bedding, he could see nothing of Harper. It was the work of a few moments with him to restore the frame-work of the bed to its proper position. Next he picked up the heavy pallisses, and put them on the bedstead, and upon these he placed

the mattress. Now he discerned an inert form huddled up among the sheets, blankets, and pillows, all of which were soaked with water.

"Harper—get up!" he said.

The form did not move.

"He's shamming," muttered Bradwell.

A cold fear crept into J. O.'s heart. A bed with bedding and half-a-dozen fellows, was no light weight. Jones pulled aside the clothes. "Harper—Harper!" he said sharply. There was a moment's dreadful pause—then Harper slowly opened his eyes and gasped for breath. His face, which had appeared almost black at first, slowly regained its normal hue.

"A close call," he murmured, struggling into a sitting posture, and then, seeing the master, he forced a smile to his lips.

Jones watched him and wondered. There was no acting about that livid face. It had been, indeed, "a close call"; a little closer, and Harper's lamp of life would have gone out for ever.

Jones breathed again, and turned abruptly to Bradwell. "The next time you want to lick a fellow you had better draw the line at suffocation."

"He was putting it all on," said Bradwell, sulkily.

"Putting it on!" roared J. O., thoroughly angered, "look at the colour of his face—is that put on? No one but a blockhead would dream of saying such a thing."

Harper's persecutor had been informed by Tom Adderman—who had it from Mr. Samuels—that the new master had been forbidden to touch the boys with his hands. He therefore deemed it safe to be impudent.

"I'm not going to be called names by *you*," said Bradwell, "who *are* you? You'll be kicked out of the place within a month—like all the other fools who come here!"

Lying in a puddle by the bedding was a new, well-made dancing slipper. It was supple and strong, and the water had given it additional elasticity.

Bradwell's insulting words had hardly escaped from his lips when Jones, with one nimble movement, caught him by the shoulders and forced him face downwards on to the mattress of the now righted bedstead. Bradwell was a big, heavy fellow, and he fought hard to get away. But he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for Jones was just now very terrible in his indignation, and his strength was irresistible. Quick as thought J. O. picked up the dancing pump, and without further delay gave Bradwell the soundest and best-deserved thrashing of his career. He had had several before, and was destined to have others later in life, but to his dying day Bradwell will not forget how that lithe, wet dancing slipper rose and fell, and fell and rose, with swift, remorseless strokes until the brute lying on the bed howled and pleaded for mercy.

As Jones was delivering his final half-dozen strokes, the door opened and Mr. Samuels entered the room.

"Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!" he cried.

"Hullo!" said Jones, delivering the fifth stroke as he spoke.

"You are exceeding your duties, sir——"

J. O. delivered the last stroke, and then threw the slipper down.

Bradwell struggled up with a mouthful of curses, and in a trice J. O. had him down on the bed again.

"Another word of that sort and I'll give you another dose. Now get out of here!"

And taking him by the nape of the neck he pulled him up and thrust him out into the passage.

"You have no right——" began Mr. Samuels.

"If you have anything to say to me," said Jones, "you can say it in the Common Room, and not before these boys. I will never allow any man or boy to speak to me as Bradwell spoke just now. I have thrashed him, and if he ever repeats the offence, I will thrash him again."

J. O. strode to the door. "Now, you fellows," he said, turning to the others, "be off to your rooms. Harper, you had better sleep in Number Sixteen to-night there is a spare bed there."

When his instructions had been obeyed, J. O. went downstairs. Mr. Samuels, however, did not follow him to the Common Room, but went direct to the headmaster's study.

R. Shannon Bell

(To be continued.)

Photo, the Globe Photographic Company

SOUTHAMPTON FOOTBALL CLUB

Cup Team 1901-2, with Directors and Officials

Mr A A Wood (director). Mr. W A. Hammock - Paddington T Bowman G Molyneux Mr W Bulpitt (director)
W. Dawson (trainer) Mr E C Jarvis (director) S Meston W Henderson C B Fry J W Robinson A. Lee. Mr H M Ashton (director) Dr. E. H. Stancomb (chairman) Mr. R B. Horne
Mr E Arnfield (secretary). A. Turner. H. Wood (captain) A Brown E Chadwick J Turner

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

(Continued from April).

MARLING SCHOOL MAGAZINE (Michaelmas Term).—Without being remarkable for any special feature may fairly be counted among those that are "good," and we trust that lack of material will not cause another temporary disappearance.

"Mercury" (Training Ship) Magazine (October, November, December).—Why will some editors allow the insertion of tradesmen's advertisements? There are many very small schools which manage to produce satisfactory publications without such aids, and surely others could do the same. This magazine has an excellent tone, which makes the introduction of the commercial element the more regrettable.

Mercers' School Magazine (December).—An article entitled "Some things not known," contains some novel answers to examination questions:

Q. "What are Bank Holidays?"

A. "Bank Holidays are when they have cocoa-nut shies on Hampstead Heath."

Q. "Define predicament."

A. "A predicament is when you are equally in love with two girls, and do not know which to propose to."

Q. "What are Stalagmites?"

A. "Very minute insects which make water unhealthy."

The Morrisonian (Morrison's Academy Magazine).—To really appreciate the humorous report of the first meeting of Morrison's Naturalists requires some local knowledge; but some of the "Fables by the Fourth Form" are decidedly quaint. There is also a serial story called "The New Boy at Tomkinson's," and altogether there seems plenty of budding literary talent at Morrison's.

The North Point Annual (St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling).—This is well illustrated and complete in every respect. "How to make a Collection of Ferns" is an article giving several valuable hints to collectors, who have many opportunities for the pursuit of that hobby in the district. We also find an account of an expedition to Sumatra in connection with the total solar eclipse of last May.

The Olavian (St. Olave's School, Southwark).—We see no reason to alter the favourable opinion we expressed on a previous number. The two photographs by Mr Freeman of scenes from plays given on Prize Day are excellent, and the "Meditations of a Microbe" are both instructive and amusing. St. Olave's boasts a "School Parliament," and on October 4th the Conservative Government introduced and passed a bill for the prevention of alien immigration, but were subsequently defeated, and resigned. The Liberals then entered office and formed a cabinet.

The Pilgrim (Reigate Grammar School).—An unpretending but fairly good production. Like several others it wants an index of contents, and contributions of articles or letters from old boys are also lacking.

The Portcullis (the Chronicle of Warwick Grammar School).—The school news shows that there are Debating, Photographic, Natural History and Shakespeare Societies, all well supported. The school museum has lately been the recipient of several curiosities in the shape of weapons from Africa and Dervish relics, but a correspondent points out three alarming facts, viz., that the tigers' skulls are going bad; that one of the snakes has apparently swallowed half of the spirit in which he is preserved, seeing that the exposed parts of his body are turning bright blue; and finally, that there is a mouse-hole in the second case from the Ante-chapel.

Portmuthian (December).—We are very glad to observe a distinct improvement here. R.C.L.L.O., in an account of "A Week's Leave in Tientsin and Pekin," tells us how he attempted a Chinese dinner:—

"In all there were forty dishes, a most elaborate feast, all kinds of dishes, including the famous 'bird-nest soup, shark's fins and other delicacies. We also tried to eat with chopsticks, the Chinese substitutes for knife and fork. No one was able to eat much—in fact, we were afterwards compelled to tackle some sandwiches."

Quarterly Review (Liverpool Certified Industrial School).—Judging by the first number, this literary chick is full of promise, and should be warmly supported. We notice that six clarionets, two saxaphones, a flute and a piccolophone have been added to the school band. Music is evidently popular.

Quernmorian (December).—There is a very sensible editorial on the subject of the cadet corps. The writer urges that the Government should encourage schools in every way it can to turn out, not merely well-drilled cadets, but efficient marksmen. This obviously cannot be done if they are only supplied with drill practice carbines (as has been the case at Quernmore), which are useless for firing purposes.

Review (October and December).—The school notes are well edited, each section being fully dealt with.

Rolandseck School Magazine (Ealing).—Contains a readable article on "Continental Gymnastics." An old boy describes a visit to the Maoris. He and his companions gave them tea, sugar, coffee, and a roll of cloth. In return the Maoris gave them twenty sacks of kumaras, two pigs, and half a bullock, cut and dressed.

St. Andrew's College Magazine (St. Andrew's College, Dublin).—Although this is a new comer, its editor seems so thoroughly to appreciate what is needful to the making of a good magazine that it can hardly fail of success. "F." gives valuable information about the Indian Civil Service, and "A." writes a capital article on R. L. Stevenson, in which he sums up that great author's character as follows: "He was, in short, a man to whose spirit action was essential, whether the body acquiesced therein or not, one of his favourite mottoes being, 'Acts may be forgiven; not even God can forgive the hanger-back.'"

(Reviews of S–Z next month.)

THE CYCLING CORNER

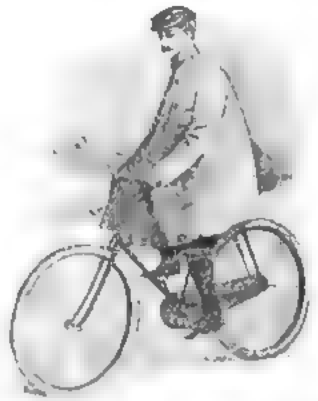
By HAYDON PERRY.

COMMON SENSE AND CYCLING.

THOSE who put off what they call the beginning of the "riding season" until summer has fairly set in, are liable to a curious disorder, sometimes spoken of as "cyclist's heel." It is really the result of the over-straining of what is known as the tendon Achilles. The best way of dealing with it is to use very gently the heel it has attacked, to lessen the amount of ankle action in that particular foot for a while, and to apply cold water treatment. This consists in the very simple process of allowing the cold tap to run upon the part affected until it aches again. This may be done every morning, or night and morning, and a few days generally suffice to bring about a cure. It is a mistake to stop cycling. The thing to do is to cycle in moderation and with careful avoidance of local strain until the local injury has been set right by natural process. Of course, a bit of some good lubricant, such as Elliman's embrocation, will not be out of place if rubbed well into the injured tendon; but this is merely to facilitate the healing process, which will go quietly on if common-sense methods of pedalling are observed.

Such as have experienced the little trouble to which I have referred have doubtless learnt their lesson. They know that they owe it to some over-exertion, most probably to straining up a very steep ascent at a time when the muscles were a trifle out of condition. Anyone who is in the habit of refraining from cycling all the winter is sure to be out of condition when spring arrives, and if he expects to be able to perform with equal facility the same feats which he performed easily in the autumn, he is expecting the impossible. I speak of this matter in the hope of giving a useful warning to such as have never suffered from the trifling ailment I name. Prevention is so much easier than cure that it is as well to know how to prevent, and so never to experience, this form of strain.

The whole secret lies in the simple resolve never to overdo it. There are several ways in which cycling may be carried to excess. One is the climbing of hills which the rider feels to be too much for him, as I have suggested above. Another is the senseless habit of "scorching." Then, again, there is the practice of racing with other fellows on the road—a piece of folly when you know them,



PIGGOTT'S COMBINATION PONCHO-JACKET.

and a bit of very bad form when you do not. Lastly, even among those who do not ride too hard up hills or too fast upon the level, there is still a not uncommon fault of keeping at it longer than is wise or good. The fellow or the girl who keeps doggedly riding after the pleasure of riding has ceased is unconsciously giving hostages to the future, and is throwing away possibilities of the keen delights of the road in years to come.

The motive for plodding on with half-exhausted powers is usually a very poor one. It is often because "So-and-So," with whom

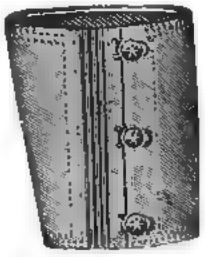
you ride, is a stronger rider than you are, and you perhaps don't want to let him

THE "LIBERTY" BELL.

see it. Well, I'll admit that there's something savouring of sport in the idea; but it may really at times be so very mischievous in other ways that I would urge all readers to eschew it altogether. The rule I laid down quite a long time ago is just as good to-day as it was then. For all cases of social riding, in companies of two or more, it should be definitely understood that it is the business of the weakest and slowest rider to set the pace. If there is one of the party who cannot conform to this, the only decent way of getting on with him is to let him indulge in occasional "bursts," and then wait about somewhere until the main body comes up with him.

Of course, for those who go in for racing a bit of speed work on the road is now and then essential. Such will naturally go about their work in a rational manner, and lay themselves out for proper training. It is the rider who does not take class among athletes who is in the greatest danger of overdoing it, and it is as a warning to him or to her that these remarks are addressed. When cycling is indulged in in moderation it is one of the grandest exercises imaginable; and those who are careful not to abuse it will find their powers steadily increase, until feats which at one time were quite impossible with them will seem very easy of accomplishment. Incidentally, too, the cyclist who rides well, and never recklessly, however fast, is doing good work in allaying that very general dislike of the pastime which exists among the non-cycling public.

There is another matter in which riders are very often careless. I refer to the question of clothing. This should be light, strong, porous, and preferably all of wool or some closely similar substance. The Jaeger wool is an excellent material for underclothing, and any of the clothiers I have from time to time mentioned will supply suitable garments for cycling purposes at a reasonable price. Speaking generally, the clothes worn at ordinary times are quite unsuitable for cycling. On grounds of taste I should like the time to arrive when the trousered cyclist shall be unknown. But apart from such a consideration, the trouser is not a garment fitted to the work of cycling, nor are high, stiff collars, big cuffs, and hard hats at all in keeping with the natural requirements of the exercise.



A LEATHER TROUSER PROTECTOR.

In the case of girls, there is an equally natural and equally emphatic demand for a special costume. The walking skirt is seldom cut so as to be just right for cycling. With the trend of present fashion, it is entirely wrong. Girls who wear boots will, of course, change them for shoes when going for a ride. The failure to do this is the cause of the very few exceptions to the rule which has come to be cited, that girls always ride more gracefully than boys. I know some girls who dress very simply, and whose every-day costume is just the thing for wheeling; just as I, when I have a lot of road work before me, dress in my cycling things every day. But we must be the exceptions. Speaking generally, there is a change required when the cycle is taken out.

BENETFINK'S GRADUATED HOSE.

If the conditions of the ride have been such as to engender great bodily heat, there can be no doubt as to the advantage of a change of clothing after the spin is over. A bath and a brisk rubdown will prove not only enjoyable, but beneficial; indeed, under circumstances of youth and health the two words have a closely allied meaning. After having got wet through on the road the bath is almost essential. If I should be cold as well as wet I always make a practice of taking the bath stinging hot; but that, of course, would not suit everybody. The main thing is to avoid chills, whether arising from clothes saturated with rain, or from the cooling of excessive perspiration. The refreshing feeling of putting on clean flannels after

a sweltering run is one that must be experienced in order to be thoroughly understood. The changing of clothes for appearance' sake is another matter altogether. If one's clothes are heavily coated with dust or bespattered with mud it is only decent to take them off on that ground alone. Girls, when on tour, very commonly carry an extra skirt in their kits, so as to be able to look tidy in the hotel in the evening. But these matters are more matters of taste than anything else What I have tried specially to emphasise is the wisdom of changing the underclothing whenever there may be the slightest necessity for it.

Attention to detail is a thing upon which I have often before insisted. If the machine has been at rest all the winter—and, although I never advise this, I know perfectly well that some riders make a practice of it—it should be thoroughly cleaned *internally* as well as externally. This is best done by ample lubrication, much more oil being used than is at all necessary at other times. If I have a machine which has for any reason stood idle for a while, I hand it over to a careful repairer, with instructions to overhaul it, to unpack all the ball races, and carefully wipe each ball free of the blackish slime which has been sure to accumulate. I should do this for myself if I had the time, and I would strongly recommend each of my readers to do it personally at least once, in order to thoroughly understand the operation.

Attention to the lamp and to the bell are perhaps equally important. One does not want to use one's bell too much, but it should always be ready to answer the call when needed. It is a good practice to touch it when starting out, just as it is well to put on the brake or brakes in order to be quite sure that they are in working order. Bells are nearly always all right after a long rest; but those who remember my chat about lamps will know that the opposite is the fact in their case. For reasons that I will not now recapitulate, it is highly advisable to empty out old stagnant oil and replace it with new. It is even more important to replace the wick with a fresh piece, preferably warmed first of all, or even toasted before the fire for half-a-minute, held meanwhile on the points of a couple of pins. Those who take this advice will probably save themselves the exasperation of a hopeless lamp failure during the still short evenings of April or May.

Our illustrations show a number of useful things in the way of clothing, *et cetera*, which are, from the cycling point of view, of commonsense design. There is the combination poncho-jacket offered by Mr. John Piggott, of Cheapside and Milk Street, London, E.C. Its advantages are that the skirt of the cape can be much longer and so more protective than usual, while at the same time the arms are not encumbered, but are left perfectly free. Messrs. Benetfink, of Cheapside, E.C., have a useful novelty in stockings. They weave them from a tapered wool, so that the thin foot and thick leg can be obtained without the ridges formerly employed. They also have a special contrivance, for those who ride in trousers. It is made in either black or tan leather, and fits round the ankle, the fit being assured by the insertion of a piece of strong elastic. The three fastenings which hold the thing on are like glove fasteners, and are extremely easy to manipulate. Passing from the feet to the other extremity of the body we

"FLYCANTALITE" CYCLIST TOURIST CAP.

have an invention which is extremely ingenious, and at the same time very effective, designed to protect the eyes from the swarms of flies that sometimes blind the cyclist in summer weather. The scheme consists of a sort of blind or half-mask of green canvas supported on a light crescent of wire, and so arranged that it may in an instant, and indeed without a dismount, be unfolded from its normal position, snugly out of sight beneath the peak of the cycling cap, and brought down over the eyes. The canvas is so openly woven that the sight is no more impeded than riders often like it to be on a hot glaring day, and yet the interstices are too small to allow of any flies getting through. I have put this invention to a thorough test, and can speak for its efficacy and comfort.

In bells, the "Liberty" is among the latest things. It is another of the Benetfink wares. It differs in action from most other bells, is

very strong, very loud in tone, and the best form of it as regards quality costs no more than 3s. 6d. I must conclude with just a word touching the commonsense of cycle cleaning—only a word, for the subject is in itself a large one. The word is, do your cleaning as soon as possible after the dirtying has come about. This will save worlds of trouble. You may, for example, have the very finest preparation for the purpose—say "Globe Metal Polish," which I have found to be excellent. But if you have allowed rust to fairly settle on the bright parts, the work will be increased many fold, and the machine will suffer in surface during the process. All the same, such a good paste as I have named will get it right in time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ethel G. (Blackpool).—The name of your town is not a sufficient address to give me if you are asking questions. I am pleased, however, to learn your experience; but can't you remember whether it was eight or ten guineas that you paid? **H.T.P.** (Reading).—Measure the diameter of your driving wheel from the tread to the top of the tyre. Count the number of teeth in the cog-wheel near the crank-bracket, and multiply the measurement by this number. Then divide the total thus obtained by the number of the teeth of the cog-wheel on the rear hub. The result will give you the gear of your machine. The first measurement is, of course, taken in inches, and the answer must, of course, be read in inches also. **"Free Wheel"** (Tain, N.B.).—I am glad I have been of help to you. I should advise you in this particular matter to deal with a firm more widely known. **M.B.** (Leominster).—I accept apologies. Always send name and address, and I will spare no trouble to oblige you. **S.C.H.** (Cannanore, Malabar Coast, India).—I fear you would find your suspicions only too well founded. Don't let your friend spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar, but urge him to spend a few more pounds on it. Yes; here in England the same opinion is emphatically held about The Captain everywhere. **H.E.B.** (Kilmacrenan, Co. Donegal).—Yes; your roads are rough enough to constitute a severe test, and your Rudge-Whitworth has certainly behaved well. (1) You might go over the chipped places with Club enamel, after having thoroughly cleaned and polished; but, to practised eyes, this is too often a sign of more hidden defects than those confessed, for you must always remember that the places will show. A brush is the proper tool to use. (2) You can get a first-rate lubricant for the purpose from Joseph Lucas and Son, of Birmingham. (3) The handle-bar might be re-nickled for about half-a-crown. (4) No; it is too young yet. (5) Excellent. See above. **"Campeche"** (Macclesfield).—You may trust the firm of Gamage. **S.M.R.** (Fairfield, near Manchester). Buy C. W. Brown's "Cycling," in the Nutshell series; Iliffe and Son, London. Price 6d.

H. P.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:

FICTION.

The Manchester Man. By Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Lem. By Noah Brooks. 5s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Boys of St. Elmo's. By Alfred T. Story. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

A Lord of the Soil. By Hamilton Drummond. Price 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The Tragedy of the Korosko. By A. Conan Doyle. Price 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Zike Mouldom. By Orme Angus. Price 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Green Barley. By H. Arnold Nelson. Price 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Dick Dashwood. By Amyot Sagon. Price 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Aunt Audrey's Story Book. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Peter the Whaler. By W. H. G. Kingston. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Little Snow-White and other Fairy Stories. By the Brothers Grimm. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Story of Architecture. By P. L. Waterhouse. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Underground Watering of Plants and Gardens. By John Grant. 1s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

How to Enter the Civil Service. By E. A. Carr. 2s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Simple Electrical Working Models. How to Make and Use Them. Fully illustrated. 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.)

Valour for Victoria. By James A. Manson. 1s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

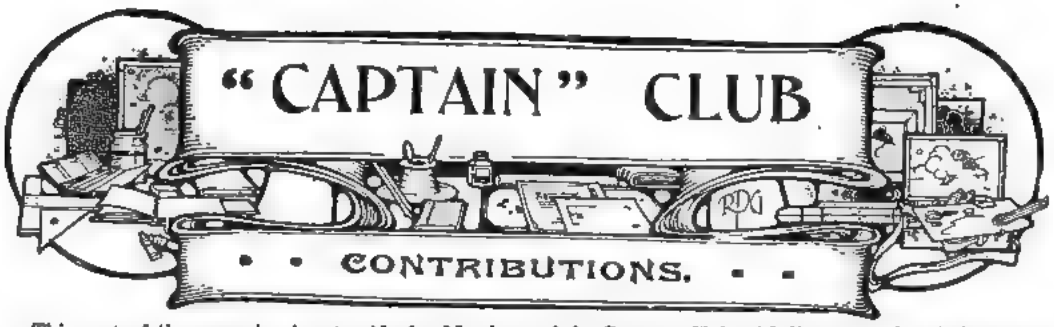
The Story of Euclid. By W. B. Frankland, M.A. Price 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Wide World Magazine. Vol. VIII. Price 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Simple Mechanical Working Models. How to Make and Use Them. Price 6d. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.)

From Cradle to Crown. The Life of King Edward VII. In 20 parts. 6d. fortnightly. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Twentieth Century Citizen's Atlas. In 26 parts. 6d. fortnightly. (George Newnes, Ltd.)



This part of the magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the magazine.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to C. L. Reinmann, 8, Bank Buildings, Hastings, for his series of sketches, "The O. F. Goes Skating."

A Busy Week in the Life of an Art Student.

MONDAY, February 3rd.—Beastly cold; turned out 9.30 a.m. Went out and got some breakfast. Black and White Life Class; slogged away all morning. Dined Hotel de Lockhart (funds low). Went to digs, lit fire, picked up back number of CAPTAIN, read Mr. Hassall's interview: very interesting, wondered if I should ever be interviewed. Knock at door; interviewed sooner than expected—landlady. Three weeks rent owing—turned out pockets—7½d. Threatened all sorts of things; dangerous woman, my landlady; tried to calm her; no good; promised it faithfully by Tuesday night; storm abated.

Tuesday, 4th.—Colder than ever, snow. Cash in hand 0, no breakfast. Went to Costume Life Class, pretty girl, model; costume Gretna Green style, romantic, very; couldn't keep my eyes off her, scarcely did any drawing at all. No dinner, no tea; desperate, very. Sold something at last (table, two chairs), paid rent. Late breakfast-dinner-tea at Swiss Café, waiter looked frightened, thought was never going to stop eating; bill, 5s. 6d. Sent comic (doubtful) drawings away.

Wednesday, 5th.—Black and White Design Class. Dined Hotel de Lockhart. Go slow. Cash in hand, 10s. 1½d. Try a CAPTAIN Comp. Old Fag not half a bad old boy.

> For having given me a beauteous prize—
> Alas! 'tis spent now—hear my heavy sighs!
> EYED AWAY.

Anatomy paper to do—rot! Postman, Editorial regrets, ugh!

Thursday, 6th.—Life Class. Washing bill, 4s. 6d. Boot repairs, 3s. 6d. Cash in hand, 2s. 1½d. Postman, Editorial regrets, rattas!!!

Friday, 7th.—Costume Life Class. Awfully pretty girl; would have offered to have seen her home if hadn't been stony—just my luck. Tailor's bill, £3 15s. 6d., phew—Great Scott!! Why was I born on a Friday? Sold something else (couch, chairs, etc.). Dined Hotel de Lockhart (Cash in hand, 2d. Bloater, 1½d. Bread, ½d.) Bankrupt. Who wouldn't be an artist? gay life, very. No tea, no supper, no fire, no table, no chairs. Gay, very.

Saturday, 8th.—No breakfast, no dinner. Visitor (sister). Enquired if I had sold anything lately. Told her yes, lots of things. Wanted to know what had done with furniture; said had warehoused it for the winter. (Uncle.) Borrowed a sov. before she went, and hoped she would call again next week. Gay life, very.

T. ALLWORK CHAPLIN.

The County Catching Championship, 1901.

County	Catches	County	Catches.
1. Yorkshire	282	9. Leicester	164
2. Surrey	277	10. Hampshire ...	161
3. Lancashire ...	239	11. Worcester ...	158
4. Gloucester	232	12. Somerset	152
5. Sussex	227	13. Middlesex ...	138
6. Kent	204	14. Essex	136
7. Notts	173	15. Derby	130
8. Warwick	165		

Compiled by H. L. DONRÉE.

The Morning Tub.

THE cold bath has always been peculiar to the Englishman. Continental states are by no means noted for their ablutions, but, with us English, the motto "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is revered. The morning tub, if we compare ourselves with our neighbours on the continent, is fairly common. But, if we take individuals who practise it, the case is different. You find, when at school, that there are very few boys who follow such a course. The circumstances are, no doubt, against them. A school of boys cannot utilise, say, four baths before morning prep. This, in some cases, has stopped the whole lot, so that no one has gone down at all. Most boys, however, never give the

thing a thought. But your tub ought to be almost a necessity. The ancient Germans used to insure the lives of their children, not by paying premiums, but by the simple process of taking them down to the nearest stream and dipping them in. There is no doubt, speaking from experience, that hardiness is gained by "tubbing." You will not be troubled with many colds once you really begin. Summer is the best time for a start. You are gradually led up to the chillier water of winter. Getting up is a hard job at first, but habit makes easy. Most boys can stand cold baths easily, but there are some whose circulation is poor. If a cold bath disagrees with you, give it up. Don't shiver through prep., blue all over, as some do, martyrs to their own ignorance and fool-hardiness. You who are full-blooded, take care also; for the sudden shock sometimes causes apoplexy, driving the blood to the head. If you can't get your bath at school, at least have it at home, and keep it up after schooldays also. Above all, don't rush to the opposite extreme by giving up hot baths. They are necessary to cleanliness, and can do no harm, if not taken too frequently. In conclusion, I only hope that a few more boys will think over and take up the far-famed English "tub." Remember "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

J. L. RAYNER.

Sheep-dog Trials.

WHILE on a holiday near Dovedale in Derbyshire last year, I was able to witness, from a distance, the sheep-dog trials which take place annually in that county. Only genuine sheep-dogs belonging to sheep farmers are eligible.

A piece of moorland is selected for the trials, and a circular course of about a quarter of a mile is marked out. The test is for the dog to drive three sheep round or between certain obstacles. Natural obstacles are usually selected, but when these cannot be found, posts are driven into the ground to supply them.

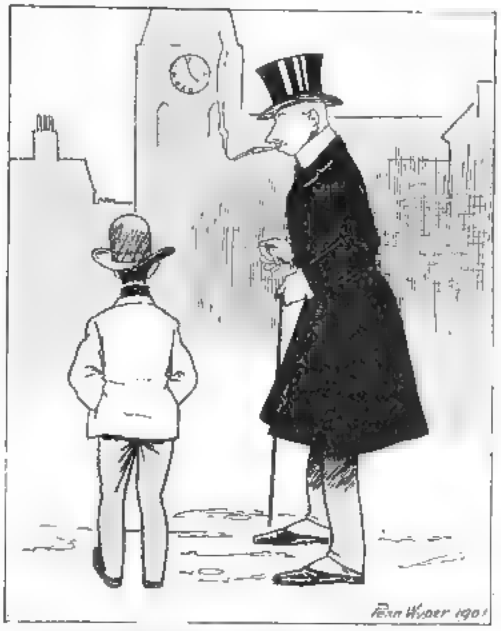
The owner is allowed to guide his dog with his hand; or, if he likes, with a small white flag about half the size of a pocket handkerchief. He is not allowed to guide the dog with his voice. Farmers pay a five shillings entrance fee for this event. The first prize is five pounds, the second two pounds, the third three pounds. Last year's winner, "Bob," only missed one post. The trials usually take place in September, and farmers come twenty or thirty miles in their traps to put their dogs in the trials. Any CAPTAINITES living or visiting near this part of the county in September should witness this event; it is well worth seeing.

S. G. W.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

"Now, if I hadn't been able to read, what a fix I might have been in!"

By J. Harrison.



"Is that clock right up there?"
"Vell, it certainly aint anywares else, is it guv'nor!"

By Penn Wyper.

The Aviary.

I THINK there is no hobby more pleasant or more instructive than the keeping of birds. When I say this, I do not mean keeping them in cages in the house, but in an aviary, where they can fly about and lead almost the same life as they would if at liberty. Some birds—canaries for example—are fairly happy in the house, but others only mope and end a wretched existence in a few weeks. We have had an aviary in the garden for some years now, and have been

very fortunate with our feathered pets. Perhaps the following hints may be of use to CAPTAIN readers; I have tried them and found them of great service :—Always try and give your birds their food about the same time each morning—this makes them look forward to it and relish it when it comes.

Always give fresh water and wash out the receptacle thoroughly; a rusty nail placed in the water now and then is very beneficial, as it strengthens the stomach. Watercress, about every other day, is greatly appreciated, and is almost a complete cure for consumption. In the winter months, besides the ordinary canary-seed, a little—say half-a-handful—of maw-seed should be added; this helps to keep out the cold.

In breeding-time, an egg chopped up and mixed with plain crushed biscuit should be given every day. To offer more hints would take up, I am afraid, too much space, but let me give you this parting injunction :—Keep your aviary thoroughly clean; if this is neglected, the insects will speedily congregate and do terrible mischief, with the result that your pets will mope and very soon die.

Look after your pets as you would look after yourself, and be sure of this—they will repay your kindness in many ways.

R. C. THARP.

Ambition.

I KNOW of no abstract quality in mankind possessing greater potential possibilities, either for good or for evil, than ambition. Whether it is a blessing or a curse is purely a question of motive and degree.

Philosophers and thinkers have tacitly agreed to classify ambition under two headings, worthy and unworthy; that which we term laudable, and that to which Shakespeare has immortally prefixed the adjective "vaulting."

The first may be briefly described as that which is incentive to the attainment of all that is purest, noblest, truest and best; which aims at the uplifting, in the highest sense, of the individual first, and, as an inevitable consequence, the benefit of the community at large. That ambition is laudable in the extreme which has at heart the deepest interests of one's religion, politics, nation and friends; which exists *mainly for the good of others.*

A self-centred ambition, born of the lust for fame, power, money or place, regardless of its effect upon others, is not only base and unworthy, but renders the man or woman tainted thereby a constant menace and danger to the weal of society.

There is no length to which an unscrupulously ambitious person will not go, no depth to which he will not sink, to attain the desires of his heart. Love, honour, truth, friendship, all are made subservient to the ruling passion; none are too precious or too sacred to be offered at the shrine of his false god.

Young men—be ambitious by all means. Spare no effort of body, brain or soul to reach the highest place you can. Make the very best of each faculty God has given you, but, for His sake, for your own sake, for your country's sake, see to it that your ambition is *worthy;* that your affections are settled upon lasting things, upon things which will tend to the happiness and prosperity of yourself and all with whom you come in contact.

THE "O.F." GOES SKATING.
Drawn by C. L. Reinmann.

So order your lives, so rule and cultivate your tastes, desires and ambition, that, with Tennyson, you may be able to say sincerely and truly :—

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Brave hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

HARRY PAYNE.

How Pens are Made.

FIRST of all the manufacturers receive the steel in ribbons about three feet long and of a breadth that will give least waste when the pens are stamped out. The metal used is rolled sheets of the best cast steel. The ribbons are first annealed in a muffle furnace, then steeped in dilute sulphuric acid to cleanse them of oxide, etc. When clean the steel is rolled to the required thickness. Then the pens are cut out and the central perforation is cut out of them, after which they are again annealed. When this operation is finished the trade mark, etc., is put on, and then the flat pens are rounded to the shape they are when used. They are now ready for tempering, which is done by heating them, and then plunging them into oil, and heating again over a fire till they are a dull blue steel spring colour. The pens are then put into a cylinder together with sand, emery powder, powdered crucibles, etc., and the cylinder is made to revolve by machinery. This scours them and makes them bright. After this operation the points are ground, first lengthwise and then across the nib, to give additional elasticity to the point. Then, and not till then, is the central slit made down the pen. This is done with a hand screw press with a cutting instrument attached. A good workman can do these slits at the rate of 28,000 per day. The perfection of the pen depends *entirely* upon this slit. A bad central slit spoils the whole pen. The instruments for writing are now completed except for colouring (in a revolving cylinder), and then varnishing with lacquer dissolved in naphtha. The pens thus made are sold for a few pence per gross, whereas far inferior pens were sold at the beginning of the 19th century for 5s. each, and considered wonderful at the price!

W. D. G.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

W. H. Thomson.—You are a quaint fellow, W. H. Thomson. **O. Friederici.**—"Force" and "loss" are not true rhymes. Young poets must not take liberties of that sort. Of the essays, I hope to use the one on Boulogne. **J. S. Cox.** "Up-to-Date Pictorial Advertising" makes very fair reading, but you can do much better work than that, you know, Mr. Cox. **Just One Girl.**—People with real literary ability don't need to have subjects found for them. They find them for themselves with perfect ease. That poking-fun-at-Latin French-German, etc., Grammar has been a good deal done. An article of this type doesn't strike one as a fresh idea. Above all things, be original. Write what you *want* to write. **J. S. Birkby.**—Instead of mentioning a lot of places, why not describe one place well—say the Fort de l'Ecluse? **J.H.W.K.B.** (HYÈRES).—Try me with something else, and don't jump from the past tense to the present so suddenly next time. Watch your English and spelling, and remember that I appreciate carefully-written contributions. **R. E. Jayne.**—The Photographic Editor will criticise your essay next month. **R. P. Smith.**—Sketch decidedly clever, but your technique is not so carefully worked out as it might have been, in particular the piano and stool; otherwise, you go the right way about it. **B A.G.H.**—There is a slight improvement in your drawing, but not as much as I should like to see. I hardly think you will be able to make much money by black-and-white work for a considerable time. In spite of your numerous endeavours, you must not be disappointed by your non-appearance in the CAPTAIN CLUB pages this month. **D. Buxton.**—Sketches clever; great improvement upon the last, but jokes not suitable; always keep backgrounds in simple outline. **S. Reid.**—Not sure that we can find room for cricket joke, the illustration of which shows much ability. **H. H. G. Begbie.**—The sketches, "Evolution of the Duel," are capital in their action and proportions. Take as much pains as possible with hands, head, and feet, and with detail generally. Don't "just knock a sketch off." **M. Perrott** (ADELAIDE, S.A.).—You *are* a persistent contributor. Third test match sketches better, but do take more pains, and study the line work of Mr. Gordon Browne in his illustrations to our serial, "J. O. Jones." **"Jersinis."**—The Competition Editor has handed me your drawing and letter. Although the picture hasn't won a prize, it shows you to be a painstaking student. The O.F. smiled when he saw what he had done with his racket; as you see, he is giving his own views on the game this month. **D. Betts.**—Clubbed. Sorry cannot make use of your article. It is well-written. **Will Lucas.**—Let's see something else from you. Keep your humour within bounds. **H. S. Dickins.**—Feelingly written; but something very similar has already appeared in THE CAPTAIN. **Beryl Wilkinson.**—Nicely written, but not quite enough "adventure" to warrant publication. **H. R. MacDonald.**—Hope to use your paper on the "Corinthians" when football comes round again. **Fred R. Ducé.**—Will use "London Sunset." **"Over-Worked Student."**—A touch or two of humour in your paper on your big brother. Try again. **Hal MacCrie.**—"Poles in Britain" and "Crusoe Land" are accepted. **Alan Leslie Snow.**—"My Books" is accepted. **Resident.**—Your article on Blackpool reads too much like a bit out of a local guide. An article of this sort should be something more than a list of piers, music-halls, hydropathic establishments, etc. However, you did your best, and, although your essay is declined, I hope you will continue to "bask in the sunshine with your CAPTAIN" none the less contentedly. **Chemist.**—Sorry; don't think your article would appeal to many readers.

Contributions have also been received from:—P. J. Campbell (U.S.A.), R. Mallett, Bertram Burrowes (Jamaica), P. Almack, T. Pittaway, Eric Earle, A. G. Leigh, Smith Quintus (who should send name and address if he wants to be clubbed), W. Dandie, "Nobody Much," William Bullough (accepted), J.W., G. H. B. Southern, P.G.B., J. Timms, "Kari," P. McA. Stewart (accepted), H. M. Piercy, G. H. L. Barnes, R. M. Robertson, J. W. Anderson (Scotland cricket article accepted), T. R. Davis ("West Hartlepool" is accepted), H. H. Proudfoot, W. T., E. R. Dutton, H. W. Waters, James Harrison, W. Bridge, F. Thompson, Frank R. Browne (accepted), L. Ray.

(A number of criticisms and accepted contributions are held over).

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

When a man is well stricken in years he does not take kindly to active pursuits—he doesn't like to be chased by a policeman, for example. When I heard the term "Ping-Pong," I said to the Art Editor, "Is this a new sort of tuning-fork or cocoa?" The Art Editor replied: "It is neither; it is an indoor game, sir."

"Bring forth this indoor game," said I, "and let us see what happens." We had just got the first part of a new volume to press, and, therefore, had a little time to call our own.

"How can I bring it forth," said the Art Editor, "when there is not a set in the office?"

I, therefore, called the office-boy, gave him half-a-sovereign, and sent him out to buy a set. "Get it from someone who advertises with us," I said, "just to encourage him."

This was just what the office-boy liked, because he had to go up Fleet Street on his way to Benetfink's, and could take his enemy, the office-boy of the *Mother's Help*, on the way. Between these two there is a deadly feud, of which one day I will tell you more.

"Do you sell Ping-Pong sets?" enquired the office-boy of the young man behind Benetfink's counter.

The young man pointed to about ten thousand boxes, neatly arranged in piles. "Yes," he said, "we sell Ping-Pong sets."

The office-boy said he would buy a set.

"What sort of a racket would you like?" said the young man.

"What sort have you?" said the office-boy.

"Oh, we have fifty different kinds," said the young man.

"Oh, well, give me the fiftieth kind," said the office-boy; "that is sure to be the most up-to-date."

Having procured his Ping-Pong set the office-boy walked back, taking his deadly enemy, the *Mother's Help* office-boy, *en route*. When he arrived back at the office he found that the Fighting Editor had just called in to draw his wages (he does this with great regularity; although sometimes I do not see the Fighting Editor for a week, I am always perfectly sure of seeing him on Friday afternoon—when I pay him his wages).

"Now, Mr. Fitzsimmons," I said, "let us try conclusions."

The Art Editor barricaded himself round with volumes of the *Sunday Strand*. "Don't hit my way," he said, "more than you can help."

We dragged out the biggest table in the

THE OLD FAG HAVING A QUIET GAME WITH THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

By W. B. Huntley.

office, and fixed up the net. When this was done the Fighting Editor took one of the rackets, and suggested that he should have first service.

I agreed gladly. I recollect lawn-tennis coming in when I was a middle-aged man, but I never was much good at it. I was always better at taking service than delivering it, so I said to the Fighting Editor, "Go ahead."

The Fighting Editor went ahead to such purpose that the first game was a love game—he had the game and I had the love; and in the second game the Fighting Editor again had the game, and again I had the love. The end of it was that the Fighting Editor won a set, upon which I said I should have no further use for his services, and he could take it either way he liked. He took it the Ping-Pong way.

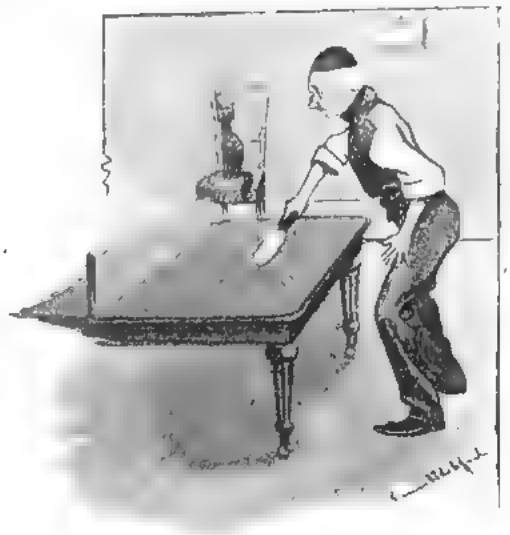
I left Ping-Pong alone for a few days, and then one of our readers came up—a smart-looking youth in an Eton jacket. He kept me flying about busily for two hours, and then I said I'd give him One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN if he'd go away.

THE O.F. IS KEPT GOING.
By A. B. H. Clayton-Smith.

He went away at once, and I think it was well worth it.

I played a few other people, and then I challenged the Art Editor. He came out from behind his screen of *Sunday Strands*, and the result was that he had all the love, and I had all the game. You can see in the picture that I am having it all my own way. Mr. Ashford has made a most excellent drawing of the occasion, especially of the cat on the chair. I may say that the cat on the chair is a great deal truer to life than I am. Although I may be old, I have a better fore-arm than the gentleman represented in this picture.

I was so successful with the Art Editor that I had a nice motto painted and hung up over the window. I see Mr. Buxton has



THE O.F. HAS IT ALL HIS OWN WAY.
By Norman B. Ashford.

included it in his picture, although not quite accurately. The correct wording is, "What is Home Without a Ping-Pong Table?" Well, I will tell you what home is without a Ping-Pong table. Home without a Ping-Pong table is not an absolute wreck; it is not a scene of all the furniture being smashed up; all THE CAPTAIN Club Contributions flying into the fire; all the tables and chairs with broken legs; all the pictures coming out of their frames; the Art Editor going mad with a broken racket, and sitting down under the table; the O. F. with his feet in the waste-paper basket, and not able to get them out; and a dreadful conflagration, causing the attendance of the fire brigade with muddy streams of New River water. That is what home is *not* without a

THE FINAL RESULT OF PING-PONG AT THE "CAPTAIN" OFFICE.
By Dudley G. Buxton.

Ping-Pong table, and that is what the office is with a Ping-Pong table.

I have determined not to play any rougher games than "Patience" in future, and if I ever decide to take any active exercise again it will be playing spillikins with the Art Editor.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Just now the thoughts of Bluecoat Boys will be busy with speculations concerning the new Christ's Hospital at Horsham, which will open its doors to them in June. At Horsham "houses" will take the place of "wards," with the result that the masters will be brought into much closer touch with the boys. There are rumours that the old dress is to be done away with, and in the country there will certainly not be the same necessity for such a distinctive costume, though there are still many arguments against a change in this respect. It is in their games that the Blues will find their chief gain. No longer will it be necessary for them to spend their time and money in going to a field in the suburbs every time they wish to play cricket or football. Now, with splendid playing fields at their very doors, the healthy athletic spirit which has thriven and flourished in spite of all disadvantages, will find the encouragement it deserves, and Christ's Hospital will, I doubt not, soon be turning out as many 'Varsity "Blues" and county cricketers as it does scholars. I wish the Blues every success in their new home.

CAMERA CORNER.—I have had to hold over the "Dark Rooms" article for another month. In June, however, I shall give photographic readers plenty to interest them, as, in addition to the "Dark Rooms" article, there will be a paper on "Hand Camera Photography." Next month, too, a photographic competition will be announced.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Elden writes: "With reference to 'Well Wisher's' letter in your March 'Editorial Notes,' he seems to think that the incidents portrayed in *In Deep Water* are impossible, so I will tell you the experience of a friend of mine. He sailed from Barry in the middle of November last, and the first thing the captain did was to get drunk. When they were a day out of port they had tremendously rough weather (you may remember it was very stormy all round the coast just then), and the first mate met with an accident, which confined him to his bunk. The sails were torn to ribbons, most of the deck-fittings were washed overboard, and the vessel was driving straight on shore. The second mate knew nothing of the coast, so the crew (my friend among them), thinking it was the only way of saving their lives, rushed aft and took possession of the ship, and, under directions from one man who knew the coast, just managed to get between Lundy Island and the mainland, but they had a very narrow shave of, as my friend put it, 'going ashore with their toes turned up.' Then they put back to Barry, as they did not intend to go to sea with the same captain. My friend was at the wheel when the captain lurched up from below and ordered him to alter the ship's course; this he refused to do, so the captain caught hold of the wheel and tried to do so himself, my friend pulling one way and he the other. But my friend, who had been at the wheel about four hours, got tired of this, and called one of the crew, who came up and knocked the captain right into the lee-scuppers, from where he was picked up and taken below. When they reached Barry they refused to go to sea again with the same skipper (who got a doctor's certificate saying he was ill, and so escaped Board of Trade enquiries), so a new one was obtained, and they started afresh, and have been all right since. After such things as these happening in the Bristol Channel, I am sure the adventures in *In Deep Water* seem quite probable."

A Royalist writes: "I consider it to be my duty to point out to you one or two things with regard to the article on John Hampden, published in the March CAPTAIN. Mr Fielding makes use of the term 'renegade' in referring to that staunch royalist, Baron Wentworth. If he did indeed change sides, could he have done better? He saw that the Parliament were going to extreme lengths—in fact, taking upon themselves the *King's* duty of governing. Pray God England may never again see herself kingless, as she was in that unhappy year, 1649, when that *martyr* King Charles the First was done to death by the leaders of an insurrection started by John Hampden. But I digress. Wentworth, as I say, was a moderate man, and from *no sordid love of gain* joined the King. He did *not* become the 'slave' of the King No! a thousand times no! Being a gentleman, he served the King loyally and well. In Ireland he did much good. Then, again, Mr. Fielding says he was 'debased morally.' Let him prove it. But enough. I have nought but Royalist blood in my veins, which, had I lived then, should have cheerfully been shed for his Majesty King Charles the Martyr. One last word. I do not think that Mr Fielding has any right to apply such insulting epithets as 'renegade' and 'slave' to a man who, if he were alive, would make him swallow those words, and six inches of sword to boot."

Hairace.—(1) The London and North-Western Railway is generally looked upon as the leading line, though some people give the Midland the palm for smartness, and many highly praise the Great Western, which has greatly improved its train service in the last ten years. (2) The highest recorded speeds on an English railway are a little over 80 miles an hour. Had the broad gauge been in existence now, it is very probable that, with the various mechanical improvements, 90 miles an hour and over could safely have been reached. (3) The Great Western Railway has not gone in for racing trains like those which run to the North. They, however, hold the record for the longest run without a stop, namely, Paddington to Exeter, 194 miles. They have recently eclipsed this by taking the King from Plymouth to London, a distance of nearly 247 miles, without a stop in the magnificent time of 4 hrs. 44 mins.

Mr. W. H. Williamson writes: "Some lady,

I understand, has been criticising the language of MacFinn, in my story "Rats!" and declaring by certain theories that, given the school, the parents must have been of a certain position—and much more to follow. It is hard to break up pet theories. MacFinn was known to me in the flesh. He spoke in my hearing as he did in the pages of THE CAPTAIN, and one of his favourite expressions was 'Na! na!' How shall we reconcile the lady to MacFinn? Perhaps we had better not try. I may add that there are 'all sorts and conditions' of boys at most schools. Also I have lived in Scotland, and under the same roof with Scotch people in England."

J. H. Mann.—Contributions to the CAPTAIN CLUB should be quite short; in fact, if they are much over 400 words they very often have to be "held over" for months. We like to get in as many things as possible, and, of course, as there are only a few pages, contributions have a much better chance of going in if they are brief. I only undertake to criticise contributions of this nature, and only a few then, as space is limited. You had better get an opinion on that long story of yours from some friend who has read a good many books and knows pretty well what is what, and could tell you whether it is any good or not. The best test to put a story to is: does it hold the reader's interest from beginning to end?

Roy Carmichael tells me that he erred in good company about the blocks of ice in Montreal, for he informs me that a member of the British Association made a similar mistake, i.e., thought they were put out on the pavement to cool the atmosphere.

J. H. T.—There were occasionally over twelve, but that was because the Competition Editor forgot about the extra consolation prizes. It did not make any difference to the award, I fancy. **A Little Fag.**—Your delightful flowers were put on my desk, and were much admired by my friends.

Poetry and Prose.—C. S. Murray writes to point out a mistake in this essay, which appeared in the April number. The words describing the parting of two lovers, which "Elpaysee" attributed to Carlyle, are really George Meredith's. They occur in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in the "Ferdinand and Miranda" chapter. The lovers are Richard and Lucy Desborough. This chapter, says my correspondent, has the unique privilege of being bracketed, by competent critics, with "Romeo and Juliet," so masterly is Meredith's treatment of the subject.

Daniel Owen (NOVA SCOTIA).—I will bear your complaint in mind. **M. A. Bynds** and others.—Can't you see? It means a rick (Eric) of the ankle.

Preserved Walnut.—You will find, if you read "Tales of Greyhouse" in book form, that "Parsnip" is called "Carew" whenever his surname is referred to. "Tales of Greyhouse" were, by the way, considerably altered for publication as a book, "The Top Room" and "Mr. Kitt's Sweetheart" having entirely different endings.

J. R.—Read Green's "Short History of England," Macaulay's "Essays," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," and like works. Read the chapter on books in "The Pleasures of Life." Am pleased to hear of your Civil Service success, and that our letter acted as a stimulant when your energies were disposed to flag.

An Old Light Blue (PARIS).—Comparing our athletes, boy for boy and man for man, I believe they are better athletes than the Americans. Our ideas about training are more liberal than theirs; our men are athletes, their men are athletic machines. Never mind; let us see what the future brings forth, and may the best man always win!

W. C. Helsden.—It was a good thing you did not send your puzzle envelope by post; it would have floored the smartest postman. I had to think over it a bit myself before I could see the true inwardness of the twelve tribes. Indicating the number of a street that way is about the roundaboutest way I've ever seen! **D. J. F.**—Clubbed. Writing very neat.

Frederick H. Johnson.—See answer to "Worried" in the April number. **H. F. G.**—I believe the wooden rackets are considered the best. **A. L. Harris** (KINGSTON, CANADA).—If you will forward your full address we will send you some CAPTAIN stamps.

A Tasmanian.—I am afraid I cannot give you competitions other than the foreign and colonial competitions which we occasionally have. **Tyke Eddy.**—I will remember your complaint. I am afraid the only thing you can do is to take your carvings, etc., to a fancy goods dealer. Try a local man.

London Girl.—There are thousands of boys' books. For A1 school stories you cannot do better than write to the Religious Tract Society, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and ask them to send you a list of Talbot Baines Reed's books; or you could borrow them from a library.

C. B. Liddell.—Thanks for your suggestions about silver tie-pins for CAPTAIN CLUB members. I do not think, however, we should sell very many, as tie-pins are not very largely worn—at least, I have not noticed that very many boys wear them.

E. J. B.—Clubbed. 5 ft. 9 ins. is a capital height for a boy of 17. I expect you will be six feet before you've done. As a rule, a fellow grows after he has turned 17. "Nuttall's" is a very good dictionary for general use.

Boat Race, 1899.—Several readers have written telling me of my mistake in the April "Editorial." Cambridge won by anything they liked—not Oxford. The official distance was, I believe, twenty lengths.

W. J. Nettleton.—You are certainly a very ingenious person, but I don't think the postmen thank you fellows who write my address backwards. You see, they don't carry looking-glasses about with them.

Thomas Pittaway.—I do not know of any weekly which makes a speciality of poetry. There is a monthly magazine, I believe, called "The Thrush," price sixpence, which is devoted entirely to poetry.

Xamayca.—In the course of my spring cleaning I have come across the book on Jamaica which you kindly sent me. I am keeping it by me in case I should receive any queries on the subject.

J. W. Bonsor.—Clubbed. Your writing is excellent. **J. A. Kinloch.**—I have handed your questions on to Mr. Fry, who was fishing in the Shetlands for a week or two last September.

H. Inman.—Capital! I am very pleased to hear that the gentleman to whom you sent your back CAPTAINS has become a permanent subscriber on his own account. That's a bit of a testimonial, eh?

Official Representatives Appointed: H. L. Dobrée (Weymouth); and H. N. South (Wanstead).

Letters, etc., have also been been received from "A Girl," J. W. Holme (clubbed), Bingo Mam (clubbed), Mark Miller, "Smith Quintus," Arbiel, "Boots," G. W. Ivey, Colin A. Arrol, and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books" (Second Series).

Winner of £1: C. Crossley, 32, Park View, Halifax, Yorks.
Winner of 10s.: Katie H. Dunnill, Palmerston House School, Ross-on-Wye.

Winner of 5s.: C. S. Wickman, 40, Sherburn-street, Hull.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Roderick Wynn, Crosslands Villa, Abbey-road, Barrow-in-Furness; Wilfrid Lefeaux, "Hollington," 43, Thurlestone-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Evelyn Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich; A. Compt, 99, Victoria Buildings, Clerkenwell-road, E.C.; S. Doune, 14, Chichester street, Chester; Joan Thomas, Glas Fryn, Forest Fach, Swansea, John Molphy, 14, Eyre-place, Edinburgh; William A. Whitehead, Fir Bank, Fulwood, Preston; Alex. Scott, Junr., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.; William Hunter, Bridge End, Tillicoultry, N.B.; Mary Green, Adderbury Vicarage, Banbury, P. H. Chappell, 25, New-road, Stourbridge, Maud Green, Coombe Lodge, 16, Castle road, Southsea, R. Webster, 19, Hatton wall, Hatton garden, E.C.; Daisie Macfarlane, Ochiltree House, Castle Cary, Somerset, W. W. Spendlove, "Cedars" School, 117, Uxbridge road, Ealing, W.; O. J. Chambers, Wesley, Northfield, near Birmingham; W. B. Sheppard, 2, Drummond-road, Ashley-road, Bristol; A. Gubert, 29, Lewin-road, Streatham, S.W., R. C. Woodthorpe, 3, Thornhill-road, Mannamead, Plymouth. (These are requested to send post-cards naming the book—by a CAPTAIN author—they would like. *Vide* advt. in this number).

Honourable Mention: Dora Daniels, F. H. Stone, Matthew Kennedy, R. N. Davis, Eleanor Gent, Guy T. Corrie

No. II.—"The Twelve Greatest Living Englishwomen."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty five.)
Winner of Prize: Sophie F. Shillington, 31, Spencer-park, Wandsworth, S.W

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Sheila Forbes, Rothiemay Castle, Banffshire, N.B.; and R. A. E. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.

Honourable Mention: Leonard A. Watson, Laura Mellor, Alice M.Tancock, Maggie Evans, E. M. Light, H. E. Houlston, Oscar Pearn

CLASS II (Age limit: Twenty.)
Winner of Prize: Rosalind F. Baines, Littlington Tower, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W

Honourable Mention: Joan Thomas, Lionel D. Saunders, J. Bramwell Lowson, J. L. Turner, W. A. Oldfield.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
Winner of Prize: Edward T. Fairlie, 6, Vaughan-road, Rossford-road, Stratford, E.

Honourable Mention: Harold Scholfield, T. Roberson, Fred. H. Stone, J. H. Weeks, J. S. Harper, Robert Williams, Robert W. Pugh.

No. III.—"Story of a Flower."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three).
Winner of Kodak: Winifred Lynch, 4, Cotham-street, Walworth, S.E.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Dorothy Hewitt, Colinton, Ross on Wye

Honourable Mention. Leonard A. Watson, Frank G. Chitty, Dora Wolferstan, Laura Mellor, L. M. Snelling.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
Winner of Kodak: Dorothy Owen, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Ethel M. Sheppard, "Northam," 211, Upper Richmond-road Putney, S.W., and E. B. Lye, Leagrave Hall, near Luton, Beds

Honourable Mention: G. A. Taylor, Molly Boam, May Ladell, M. P. Thompson, Dora Avril, A. M. Wilson, C. M. Wood, Joseph Heath, Cyril Burrage.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)
Winner of Kodak: W. H. Thomson, Bank of Scotland House, Callander, Perthshire, N.B.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: A. Percy Whitehead, South Newington Vicarage, Banbury.

Honourable Mention: K Myers, Evelyn Donne, Marguerite Schindhelm, Robin Jackson, D. Stewart, Sydney L. Wootton, H. C. Osborne, Mary Douglas

No. IV.—"What I Think of Boys and Dogs."

CLASS I (Age limit Twenty-one.)
Winner of 7s.: Hope Pottery, 29, St. Nicholas-road, Barry, Glam.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Alfred J. Judd, South View Villa, Summerland road, Barnstaple.

Honourable Mention: G. Edwards, Helen Baines, A. Elton Porter, I. Pickthall, David Loughnan, H. S. Dixon Spain, F. R. Duce, J. H Walker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
Winner of 7s.: Dorothy Ekas-Smith, The Rectory, Middleham, R.S.O., Yorks.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Dora Avril, "Roslyn," Hayward's Heath.

Honourable Mention: M. P. Thompson, Charles Jones, E. E. Taylor, Hilda Kirby, William Kentish, Edith Adames.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
Winner of 7s.: L. W. Hurman, Weston Villa, Bridgwater.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: George Dunn, The Grange, Stevenage, Herts.

Honourable Mention: Agatha Scott, "Portis," Nellie Hughes, Charles Junkison, Dollie Phillips, W. J. M. Menzies.

No. VI.—"The Old Fag Playing Ping-Pong."

Winner of set of Drawing Materials: W. B. Huntley, 33, Newington-road, Edinburgh.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Norman B. Ashford, 187, Anerley road, Anerley, S.E.

Honourable Mention: A. B. H. Clayton-Smith, Dudley G. Buxton, Cuthbert Crossley, Reader W. Bullard, E. O. Pearce, S. J. Edwards, Winifred D. Ereaut, Constance H. Greaves, A. J. Judd, H. M Bateman, H. R. Morris

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (No. V. November, 1901)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
Winner of 10s.: John McCharles, 169, Kent-street, Ottawa, Canada.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Lionel A. Brown, Government Laboratory, Kingston, Jamaica.

Honourable Mention: Beatrice Payne Le Sueur (Canada), Gerald Allhusen (New Zealand)

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
Winner of 10s.: Keith Eccles Ross, c/o Mrs. W. Rose, The Antlers, Mussoorie, India

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: H. Goodbrand, 6, North-street, Durban, Natal.

Honourable Mention: J. L. G. Reed (Malta), Edward Payn Le Sueur (Canada), Geo. H. Teed (Canada), A. V. Laferla (Malta), F. Brierly (Trinidad), A. W. Norman (Cape Town).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE MARCH COMPETITIONS.

I.—The list of "Hidden Books" will be found on an advertisement page. Ten had them all right, and sixty five had only one mistake, the prizes were accordingly awarded to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. The most difficult to guess seem to have been "Kidnapped," "The Stickit Minister," "Hereward the Wake" and "The Sign of Four." Several put "80,000 Miles under the Sea," instead of "20,000 Leagues."

II.—The List, according to votes, was:—1. Miss Ellen Terry. 2. Queen Alexandra. 3. Princess of Wales. 4. Baroness Burdett-Coutts. 5. Miss Florence Nightingale. 6. Lady Henry Somerset. 7. Miss Marie Corelli 8. Lady Butler. 9. Countess of Warwick. 10. Miss Clara Butt. 11. Mrs Humphrey Ward. 12. Miss Agnes Weston, Madame Sarah Grand came next, and then Princess Christian, Lady Sarah Wilson, and Mrs. Kendal

III.—This Competition was exceedingly well done and very popular. A great many, instead of giving the history of a flower, wrote a short romance which the flower is supposed to have witnessed. Quite a large number of flowers seem to have ended in the hand of a dead person

IV.—This was also well done and popular, some of the letters being very amusing. Class I. was certainly the best this time.

V.—The correct words were: Elephant, Sanguinary, Avalanche, Immediately, Discontinue, Traffic, Peppercorn, Nationality, Author, Boast, Ping-pong, Prize. As hundreds of competitors sent correct lists, another competition is being set this month *for them only*. See "Competitions for May," page 163.

VI.—This was productive of some very funny results, of which we print four Some excellent pictures were sent which were not quite suitable for reproduction.

Extra Consolation Prizes Vol. VI. The three "Extra" Consolation Prizes of One Guinea each, offered to the competitors who were "Honourably Mentioned" the greatest number of times in the results announced in Volume VI., have been won by W. J. White (seven times), W. S. Leeming (six times), and T. R. Davis (five times). The five following competitors also received "Hon. Men." five times:—G. Hudson, D. C. Hudson, E. W. Stiles, Mayne Reid, W Vaughan, the prize being awarded to T R. Davis as he is the youngest of the batch.

The Competition Editor.

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SOMERSET VILLA, CHELTENHAM,
March 24th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,

You will be pleased to hear that one of your bats that I purchased at the Oval was used in all my matches, both first and second class, last season. I should in all probability have been using it next season had not the damp got hold of it whilst crossing over to America. I can safely say it was the best bat I have ever had in my career. You are at liberty to make any use of this recommendation you please.

Sincerely yours,—GILBERT L. JESSOP,
Cambridge University and Gloucestershire.

Seasons 1899, 1900, 1901 - 3,600 runs with this bat.
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C. B. FRY, Sussex XI.

LORD'S CRICKET GROUND, LONDON, N.W.,
July 9th, 1897.

DEAR SIRS,

I played with one of your bats right through Lord Hawke's Tour in the West Indies, and made 694 runs with it, and also in England at the beginning of the season. It certainly was one of the best bats I have ever had, if not the very best, and those of your make I am now using are going beautifully.

Yours truly,—P. F. WARNER.
To Stuart Surridge & Co. Middlesex.

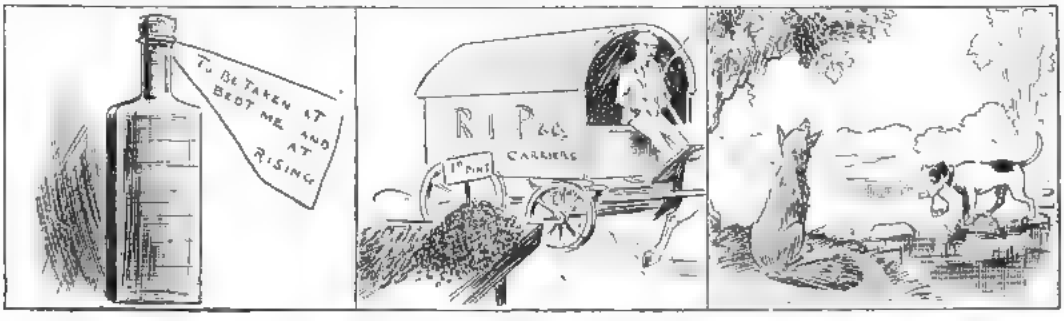
175, BOROUGH HIGH STREET, LONDON, S.E.

"HIDDEN BOOKS" COMPETITION.

SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY, PAGE 163.

1.—The Pioneers. 2.—..... 3.—.....

4.—..... 5.—..... 6.—.....



7.—..... 8.—..... 9.—.....

10.—..... 11.—..... 12.—.....

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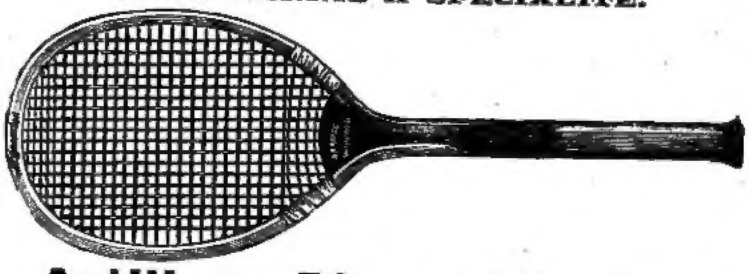

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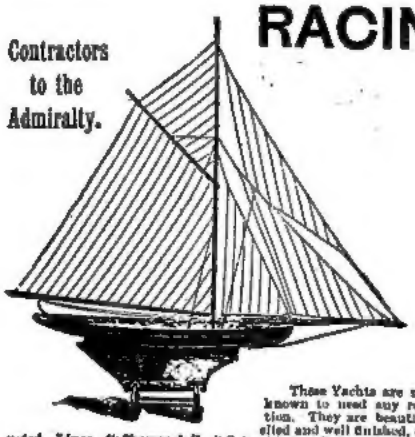

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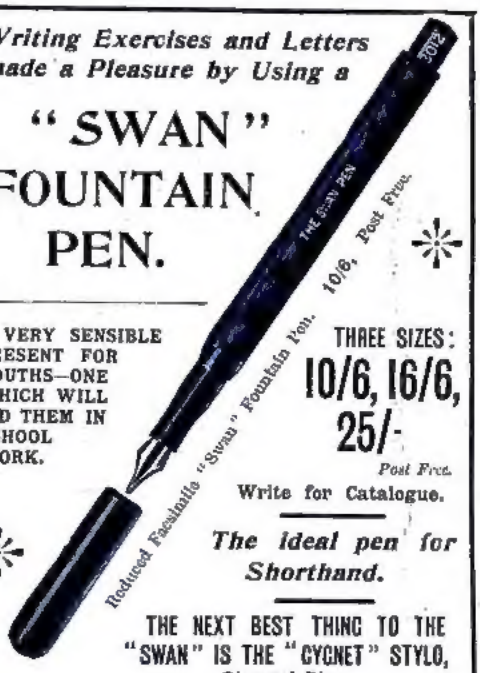

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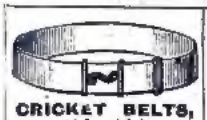

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